

Five
Cents

July 1920

THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE





Painted by George Gibbs for Cream of Wheat Co

Copyright by Cream of Wheat Co.

VICTROLA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Dance to the music of famous bands and orchestras—on the Victrola

The very latest and most tuneful dance numbers, played by musicians who are past masters in the art of delighting dance lovers. All the dash and sparkle and rhythm that make dance music so entrancing. And always ready on the Victrola!

Hear the newest dance music at any Victor dealer's. Victrolas \$25 to \$1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Company
Camden, New Jersey



This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.





Where were you on August 25, 1914?

And how has your progress in the intervening five years compared with the progress this man has made?

"ON August 25, 1914, I came to New York, owing money, to take a position at \$35 a week," says Charles C. Nicholls, Jr., in a letter to the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"That was a little over five years ago. I have recently been elected Vice President of the Schulte Retail Stores Corporation, the largest exclusively

retail cigar company in America, having stores in more than sixty cities.

"The definite, practical guidance furnished by your Course and Service has been one of the most important factors in my progress.

I wish I could speak personally to every young man in business and urge him to accept your help.

"Why should any man waste years of his life in getting a working knowledge of the

various departments of business, when you can give it to him in a few months of thoroly practical training?"

Men from every line of business are enrolled

IF Mr. Nicholls were an isolated example his testimony would mean little. But the Alexander Hamilton Institute has, for ten years, been giving to a great many men the same training that helped him arrive.

Thousands of men, representing every department and position in business, have decided that the years of their business life are too precious to be wasted in earning for themselves what the experience of other men can teach them.

They have found in the Modern Business Course and Service a more direct, more effective, route to positions of larger responsibility or to businesses of their own.

The men behind the Institute

THERE is no guesswork about the Institute's training.

It has gathered the experience and methods of the most successful men in business. Behind it stands an Advisory Council representing the best educational and business authority. That Council consists of:

Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; General Coleman du Pont,

the business executive; John Hays Hammond, the engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

What are the next five years worth to you?

YOU know better than any one else what a year of your life is worth.

On August 25, 1914, you may have been in a position similar to that of Mr. Nicholls. Have the intervening five years meant as much in progress to you as they meant to him?

Will the next five years yield you merely a few small increases in salary and position? Or will they lift you up into the class of men for whom the

demand always exceeds the supply?

"Forging Ahead in Business"

JUST what the Modern Business Course and Service is; just how it is fitted to your need; just what it has done for other men in positions similar to yours—all this is explained in a book entitled, "Forging Ahead in Business." You may have it without obligation. Send for your copy now.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
403 Astor Place NEW YORK CITY

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" without obligation.



Name.....
Print here

Business
Address.....

Business
Position.....



*The Most Astonishing Young Women in America***CLELIA BLEECKER
and NANCY FLEET**

Their stories, curiously interwoven,
and shot with gold and sunshine, form
the remarkable new novel of Today
that has been written for this magazine
by America's Balzac

RUPERT HUGHES

You have never read such a novel as
this master of fiction has written about
these two girls—girls of a sort that
abide in every great American city
today—the worry of their relatives and
the wonder of all who read of them in
the “society” journals and, from the
side lines, watch their actions in that
world of which they are the heart and
soul. Against a glowing background
of that society of today's opulence
and splendor the story of these girls as
Mr. Hughes tells it is unquestionably
his most remarkable achievement
and utterly unlike anything else he has
ever written.

The novel will begin in the September issue of

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Notice to Subscribers and Readers: The congested condition of the railroads is causing delays in mail, express and freight deliveries to such an extent that subscription copies of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, as well as the copies for news-stand sale, in common with other publications, are likely to be somewhat delayed. If, therefore, your subscription copy does not arrive promptly on the 23d, or if your newsdealer does not have the magazine on sale on the 23d, please take these things into consideration and wait a few days before writing to us.

We can assure all subscribers that their copies are being mailed as early as heretofore, in fact, earlier; any delay in delivery will, therefore, result from causes entirely beyond our control, which not only affect magazine deliveries but delivery of shipments of every description.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
Vol. XXXV, No. 3

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

JULY
1920

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin. Art Section, Beautiful Women

The Best Serial Novels of the Year

Periwinkle House	By Opie Read	36
	<i>Illustrated by Dean Cornwell</i>	
Mr. Billings Spends His Dime	By Dana Burnet	52
	<i>Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren</i>	
A Daughter of Discontent	By Clarence Budington Kelland	72
	<i>Illustrated by Frank Street</i>	

The Best Short Stories of the Month

The Blessed Season	By Wallace Irwin	31
	<i>Illustrated by Will Foster</i>	
The Palmated Pioneer	By Hal G. Evarts	42
	<i>Illustrated by Frank Stick</i>	
The Lovers	By F. Britten Austin	47
	<i>Illustrated by George Giguère</i>	
On Scarlet Wings	By Mary Synon	57
	<i>Illustrated by Jay Henry</i>	
The Cushion	By Sophie Kerr	62
	<i>Illustrated by H. M. Brett</i>	
The Nut	By William A. Fraser	67
	<i>Illustrated by O. F. Howard</i>	
A Matter of Loyalty	By Lawrence Perry	77
	<i>Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops</i>	
Mrs. Markyn	By William Mac Harg	82
	<i>Illustrated by Henry Raleigh</i>	
The Voice	By Edward Mott Woolley	87
	<i>Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor</i>	
If You Don't Weaken	By O. F. Lewis	92
	<i>Illustrated by Donald S. Humphreys</i>	

—And—

Bruce Barton's Common-Sense Editorial	29
---------------------------------------	----

TERMS: \$3.00 a year in advance; 25 cents a number. Foreign postage \$1.00 additional except on subscriptions for soldiers overseas on which there is no extra postage charge, the price for the subscription being the same as domestic subscriptions, viz.: \$3.00 per year. Canadian postage 50c. Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittances must be made by Post-office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check or draft, because of exchange charges against the latter.

ADVERTISING FORMS close the 15th of the second preceding month (September form closes July 15th). Advertising rates on application.

THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, Publisher, 36 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:
Do not subscribe to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. Many complaints are received from people who have paid cash to some swindler, in which event, of course, the subscription never reaches this office.

Louis Eckstein
PRESIDENT
Charles M. Richter
Vice-President and General Manager
Ralph K. Strassman
Vice-President and Advertising Director
Office of the Advertising Director, 33 West 42nd Street, New York.
R. M. FURVES, New England Representative, 80 Boylston St., Boston.
LONDON OFFICES, 6 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C.
Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
Copyrighted, 1920, by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION.
Copyrighted, 1920, by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Colonies.
Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is issued on the twenty-third of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all newsdealers after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news-stands, or on railway trains, a notification to the Publisher will be appreciated.



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Educational Guide



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN



WARD-BELMONT

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Ward-Belmont, one of the most popular schools for girls in the South, offers real opportunities for greater growth and development. It combines highest academic training and advantages of extensive grounds and equipment with that much sought-for Southern culture and refinement.

Courses to meet individual needs of students covering 4 years preparatory and 2 years college work. Unexcelled advantages in Piano, Violin, Voice, Organ. Strong Departments in Art, Literature, Expression, Physical Training, Domestic Arts and Secretarial.

Outdoor sports and swimming pool. *Woody Crest*, the Ward-Belmont Farm and Country Club, affords wonderful week-end trips into the open country. Application with references should be made as soon as possible. Booklets on request. Address

WARD-BELMONT BELMONT HEIGHTS, Nashville, Tenn.
Box AA



An established school. Faculty built by years of selection. Many graduates occupying positions of responsibility.

Beechwood Inc.

COMBINES the practical with the cultural. Junior College Departments, College Preparatory, Music, Physical Education, Expression, Arts and Crafts, Oratory, Secretaryship, Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten, Swimming, Athletics. Large New Gymnasium. Catalog.

M. H. REASER, Ph.D., Pres., Box 455, Jenkinsburg, Pa.

VIRGINIA COLLEGE

For Young Women Box F, Roanoke, Va.

One of the leading schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive Campus. Located in the Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery. Elective, Preparatory and College Courses.



Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, under the direction of European and American Instructors. Supervised athletics. Students from 32 states. For catalog address

Mattie P. Harris, President

Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-President

THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS



Founded 1853. Healthful, invigorating location amid picturesque surroundings. School park land of 100 acres. Six modern, home-like buildings for 90 girls and 14 teachers. Thorough college preparation and courses for girls not going to college. Strong Music Dept. Dancing, practical domestic science and athletic training. Gymnasium, swimming pool and sleeping porch. On Main Line Penna. R. R.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG
A. R. GRIER, Pres., P. S. MOULTON, A. B., Headmaster
Box 155, Birmingham, Pa.



Glen Eden

BY-THE-SEA
Suburban to New York City
(Fifty Minutes from Fifth Avenue.)

For High School Girls and Graduates

Magnificent granite buildings; spacious estate; immense gymnasium; co-sey theatre; all sports; riding, sea-bathing, boating, in season. All studies, no examinations. Music, art, expression, domestic science, secretarial. Social training. New York City attractions. Select national attendance. Membership, \$1,200. Eleventh year.

For booklet and views, address

Glen Eden, Elmwood Park,
Dr. F. M. Townsend, Stamford, Connecticut

FERRY HALL

FOR GIRLS

On a wooded bluff with a campus of 12 acres overlooking Lake Michigan stands Ferry Hall. It presents Eastern intellectual training in an ideal location—a north shore Chicago suburb.

Courses are College Preparatory, General High School and Advanced. Also special work in Music, Arts, Expression, Domestic Arts and Science.

Artesian well. Gymnasium, modern swimming pool. Horseback riding and open air sports. Physical director.

52nd year opens in September. Early registration advisable. For catalog address

Miss Eloise R. Tremain, Principal, Box 331, Lake Forest, Ill.

HOLLINS COLLEGE

Founded 1842. Standard college courses B. A. and M. A. Admitted by certificate or examination. Degree awarded for graduate work by leading universities. Home Economics. Student body 284. 700 acres in the mountains of Virginia.
Miss MATTY L. COCKE, President, Box 270



Bradford Academy



25 acre campus, splendid equipment.

Junior Academy

Junior High School course covering 7th, 8th and 9th grades. Early application desirable.

Miss Marion Coats, A. M., Principal
Box 176, Bradford, Mass.

LINDEN HALL SEMINARY

For 174 years it has been educating and training young women for worthy living. Aims at highest development of body, mind and character. Provides a happy, wholesome home life. Beautiful, healthful location. Comfortable buildings, modern equipment. Gymnasium, Academic, College Preparatory, Music, Art, Domestic Science. Secretarial. Junior Dept.
Rev. F. W. STENGEL, Principal, Box 127, Lima, Pa.

Lewisburg Seminary

For Girls. In the mountains near White Sulphur Springs, Main line C. & O. R. R.—2300 ft. altitude. College preparatory. Elective courses. Two years of college work. Music, Art, Home Economics and Expression. Terms \$400. Catalog on request. Address

LEWISBURG SEMINARY
Box 76,
Lewisburg,
W. Va.

HOOD COLLEGE



A beautiful, modern College, home advantages, accessible to National Capital and other historic places. Type to American ideals and traditions. Unexcelled health record, 46 acres—our own farm, garden and dairy. Standard A. B. and P. S. courses, the latter including four years of Home Economics. Also Music, Art and Expression. Terms \$400 to \$500. For catalog and booklet of course, write to
JOSEPH H. APPLE, L. L. B., President
Box R, Frederick, Maryland

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES
FOR YOUNG WOMEN

BRENAU College Conservatory

For Young Women

Gainesville, Georgia, 50
Miles North of Atlanta

Combines best features of SCHOOL, CLUB and HOME

Standard courses leading to the degrees of
B.A., B.O. and Mus.B. Special students and
candidates for certificates also accepted. Instruc-
tion also offered in art—household economics
—sewing branches and physical culture.

Breana Means Refined Gold

Faculty of 40 college graduates—student body of
100. Many states represented—non-sectarian, seven
fraternal Home-like atmosphere, democratic spirit,
Student Self-Government.

Modern equipment, 96 acres, 32 buildings, including
up-to-date gymnasium with swimming pool. Healthful
climate in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Separate "School" for girls 12 to 16 years of age.

Worship your inspection. For particular address:

BRENAU, Box F, Gainesville, Ga.



Illinois Woman's College

A STANDARD COLLEGE

Endowed

Fully accredited by universities for
graduate work and by State Boards of Educa-
tion. Degrees granted in Liberal Arts, Music
and Home Economics. Certificate granted
in Secretarial, Physical Training and other
special courses. Exceptional opportunities
to study for Teachers and Public School
Supervisors.

40 buildings, Campus 7 acres, Music Hall,
Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Tennis hockey
and all outdoor activities. For catalog address
Women's College, Box B, Jacksonville, Ill.

Frances Shimer School Junior College Academy

For Girls and Young Women. 8 modern buildings,
10 acres. Early enrollment for term opening in
September imperative. College department two
years with diploma. Four years academy work
with diploma. Music. Art. Secretarial and
Home Economics. 68th year. Catalog address

Rev. WM. F. McKEE, Dean,
Box 603, Mt. Carroll,
Illinois



Miss Mason's School for Girls

On the Hudson, 45 minutes from New
York. Graduate, preparatory, special, vo-
cational departments. Separate school for
girls. Summer School emphasizes vo-
cational training. For either catalog address
MISS C. E. MASON, LL. M.,
Forty town-on-Hudson, N. Y.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY



Founded 1873 by Henry B. Brown

A Practical Training at Reasonable Cost

VALPARAISO University was founded with
the idea of giving every person—rich or poor—
the opportunity of obtaining a thorough, prac-
tical education at an expense within his reach. The
numbers who yearly avail themselves of its advan-
tages demonstrate the measure of this plan's success.

Present living and working conditions require men
and women to be well trained before they can
command worth-while positions and salaries. Val-
paraiso University is well equipped with buildings,
laboratories, libraries, etc., for giving instruction
in the following:

Departments—Preparatory, High School, Commerce, Pho-
nography and Typewriting, Education, Arts and Sciences,
Engineering, Manual Training, Public Speaking, Music,
Home Economics, Pharmacy, Law, Pre-Medicine, Dentistry.

While the expense in all the departments is ex-
ceedingly low, this reduced cost has not been
brought about by sacrificing a high grade of instruc-
tion, but by applying business principles to the

Cost of Living

so that the most satisfactory accommodations for
board and room may be had at \$90 per quarter of
12 weeks. Tuition, \$25 per quarter of 12 weeks, or
\$95 per year of 48 weeks, if paid in advance. If the
entire tuition is paid in advance for a year, it includes
instruction in all departments except Law, Dentistry
and private lessons in Music.

Total expense of board, tuition and furnished room
for regular school year (36 weeks) need not exceed
\$330, or for 48 weeks, \$435.

For Free Catalog Address

HENRY KINSEY BROWN, President, Valparaiso University
Box 10, University Hall, Valparaiso, Ind.

Forty-eighth Year Opens Sept. 21, 1920

2nd Quarter, Dec. 14, 1920 3rd Quarter, Mar. 8, 1921 4th Quarter, May 31, 1921

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

FOR GIRLS

Mount Ida School

6 miles from Boston

Send for New Year Book

We send students to college on certificate. Many girls, however, after leaving high school do not wish to go to college. But often they desire advanced work in a new environment with competent instructors, and to select studies best meeting their tastes and interests.

We offer just these opportunities. Students take English or Literature, but the course otherwise is elective. All subjects count for diploma.

Graduation from high school not necessary for entrance.

Special work in voice, piano, violin, 'cello, harp and pipe organ, with eminent Boston masters.

A finely equipped school. New building (6 in all) with new pipe organ; gymnasium and swimming pool.

All outdoor sports. All the opportunities of Boston in Music, Art and historical associations are freely used. Domestic Science, Art, Elocution.

Excellent Secretarial Course. Courses in Business Management; Costume Design, Home Decoration.

A girl after leaving grammar school, can begin her studies at Mount Ida and continue them until she has an education equivalent to two years in College, taking through her whole course an elective program.

Junior College Courses.

Some rooms with hot and cold water. For 1920-21, early application is necessary to secure enrollment.

Special car for Western girls from Chicago, Sept. 23.

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life. 1677 SUMMIT ST., NEWTON, Mass.

TUDOR HALL SCHOOL

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Successful preparation for all colleges for women, and for universities. General and special courses for those not entering college. Supervised study hours. Fireproof school and residence buildings. Science laboratories. Art studio. Gymnasium. Roof playground. Directed play. Swimming pool. For catalogue address

MISS FREDONIA ALLEN, Principal

Starrett School for Girls

Thirty-fifth year. Seventh and Eighth Grammar Grades, Academic, College preparatory and special Courses. Co-operative with the University of Chicago; prepares for Smith, Wellesley and Vassar Colleges, member of the North Central Association. Full courses in all subjects offered by the best academic schools. Exceptional advantages in Music and Art. A Home school in elegant fire-proof building two blocks from Lake Front Park, Tennis Courts and Bathing Beach. Fall term begins September 15, 1920. Address

Registrar, Box 24
4932 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Russell Sage College

Founded by Mrs. Russell Sage in connection with Emma Willard School

A School of Practical Arts

Designed for the higher education of women, particularly on vocational and professional lines. Secretarial Work, Household Economics and Industrial Arts. B.A. and B.S. degrees. Address Secretary

RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE

TROY, N. Y.

Southern Seminary



53rd Year

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

In Blue Ridge Mountains, rare health record. College Preparatory. Special for High School graduates; Expression; Art; Music; Pipe Organ; Domestic Science; Business; Personal Attention to manners, character. Sports; Large grounds. Students from every section. Rate, \$25. Catalogue SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Box 174, Boone Vista, Va.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL

Life in the open. Athletics. Household Arts. College and general courses. Each girl's personality observed and developed. Write for booklet.

WEST NEWTON, Mass.

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY For Young Ladies. Established 1842. Term begins Sept. 9th. In the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, modern equipment. Students from 33 states. Courses: Collegiate (3 years). Preparatory (4 years). Music, Art, Expression and Domestic Science. Catalogue. STAUNTON, VA.

CHEVY CHASE SCHOOL

Unique advantages of the national capital are enjoyed at this residence school for girls. Ask your senator or congressman about Chevy Chase. Meantime write for catalog. Address CHEVY CHASE SCHOOL, Box B, Frederick Ernest Farrington, Ph.D., Headmaster, Washington, D.C.

FOREST PARK COLLEGE 60th year. Junior College, Virginia. Certificate admits to Eastern and Western Colleges of Music. E. K. Kroeger, Director; Nordstrom Carter Voice; Public School Music. Violin, Expression, Art, Bible School, Home Economics. Board, room and tuition, \$500. Missouri, St. Louis. ANNA S. CAIRNS, Pres.

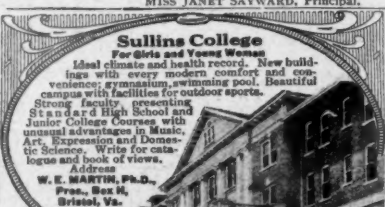
FORT LOUDOUN SEMINARY, Winchester, Virginia. For higher culture of young women. Delightful location in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and Business Courses. Special advantages in Music, Art, Languages. Gymnasium and all outdoor exercises. Opens Sept. 23rd. Terms \$425. For catalogue address MISS KATHERINE R. GLAS, Pres. Highland Manor, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

Non-sectarian boarding school for girls on site formerly occupied by Knox School. Liberal Arts, College Preparatory, Postgraduate, Secretarial, Home-making, Primary, Intermediate. Outdoor life. Address EUGENE H. LEHMAN, Box R, 216 W. 100th St., New York.

HILLCREST SCHOOL For girls from 6 to 15 years of age. Best home influences. Family life. Limited number. Individual care. Mental, moral and physical development equally cared for. Unusual advantages in music.

MISS SARAH M. DAVISON, Principal, HILLCREST, BEAVER DAM, WIS.

PENNSYLVANIA, OVERBROOK. Miss Sayward's School For Girls, Suburb of Philadelphia. College preparatory and secretarial courses. Music, Domestic Science, Physical training, outdoor sports, horseback riding, swimming. Develops character, mind and body. Write Dept. R. MISS JANET SAYWARD, Principal.



Sullins College For Girls and Young Women Ideal climate and health record. New buildings with every modern comfort and convenience; gymnasium, swimming pool. Beautiful campus with facilities for outdoor sports. Strong faculty presenting Standard High School and Junior College Courses with unusual advantages in Music, Art, Expression and Domestic Science. Write for catalogue and book of views. Address W. E. MARTIN, Ph.D., Pres., Box 31, Bristol, Va.

Lasell Seminary

More than a passing on of text book knowledge is achieved at Lasell Seminary. It is to arouse appreciation of the best in literature and to develop the best in each student. The course of study from first year high school through two years advanced work for high school graduates, covers a wide range of academic subjects, and electives necessary to individual development. Unusual training is given in various phases of home-making, from marketing to entertaining.

The school is delightfully situated on a thirty acre estate ten miles from Boston. All cultural advantages of the city are utilized. Many forms of outdoor sport and recreation play a part in the school activities.

Woodland Park

Junior Department for girls under fifteen. Catalogs on application.

GUY M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal
CHAS. F. TOWNE, A.M., Asso. Principal
140 Woodland Road, Auburndale 60, Mass.



1853 Maryland College FOR WOMEN

COURSES—College Preparatory, College, B. A. and Domestic Science, B. S., Teacher's Certificate, Music, B. Mus., Teacher's Certificate, Expression, B. O. Teacher's Certificate. ADVANTAGES—66 Years' History, Strong Faculty, 4 Girls from 32 States, 10 miles from Baltimore, 500-foot elevation, near Washington, elegant buildings, swimming pool, private baths and bowls, non-sectarian, ideal size, personal care. Address Box B, LUTHERVILLE, MD.

58th Year "Highest Virginia Standard" SOUTHERN COLLEGE

Junior College and Finishing Courses FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Attractive two-year courses for High School Graduates. Also Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Social Training, Gymnasium, Tennis, Basketball. Students from many states. ARTHUR KYLE DAVID, A.M. 240 College Place, PETERSBURG, VA.

Fairfax Hall

A select school for girls in the Valley of Virginia. College preparatory, 1 year graduate work. Music, Art, Home Economics, Expression, Secretarial, Spanish and French. Two main lines. If minutes of road facilities. High altitude, unexcelled scenery. Finest spring basketball, river sports. Terms \$450. Catalog.

John Noble Maxwell, President
Fairfax Hall, Box B, Basic, Va.



Virginia Intermont College



For Girls and Young Women

36th year. Students from 20 states. Preparatory and Junior College Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Music a specialty. Large campus. Bracing climate. Altitude 1900 feet. New gymnasium and swimming pool. A. D. KESSER

H. C. NOFFSINGER, A. M., Pres., Box 145, Roanoke, Va.

SCHOOLS FOR KINDERGARTEN TRAINING

1886

1920

NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN AND ELEMENTARY COLLEGE

KINDERGARTEN and Primary teachers in demand. Salaries rapidly increasing. Combined Professional and Cultural Education. College accredited. Diploma, 2 years. Three and four year courses. Four Dormitories on College Grounds. For catalog address

Box 92, 2944 Michigan Boulevard
Chicago, Illinois

Miss Illman's School For Kindergartners

Junior, Senior and Graduate Courses. Primary Methods. Practice kindergartens. Home-like students' residence. For particulars address

A. T. ILLMAN, Principal
Box R, 3600 Walnut Street Philadelphia

Kindergarten-Primary Training School
OSHELIX, OHIO. Accredited. Two-year course in theory and practice. Prepares for Kindergarten and Primary teaching. Special teachers from Oberlin College and Conservatory of Music.
Address Miss ROSE R. DEAN, 125 Elm St.

SCHOOLS OF DOMESTIC ARTS AND SCIENCE

School of Domestic Arts and Science

Offers one year intensive courses in HOME-MAKING, also INSTITUTIONAL MANAGEMENT. Subjects include: Cookery, Menu Planning and Preparation, Marketing, Household Management, Table Service, Food Values, Sewing, Millinery, Etc. Desirable dormitory accommodations. For catalog address:

Lillian A. Kemp, Director, Box 11, 6 N. Michigan Av.
Chicago, Illinois

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Worcester Domestic Science School One and two-year Normal and Home-making courses. Trains for teachers of cookery, sewing, matrons, dietitians. Normal Domestic Science training. Red Cross Work. Graduates occupy exceptional positions. Opens Sept. 28, 1920. Address Mrs. F. A. WETHERED, 158 Institute Road.

Lesley School of Household Arts
Kindergarten and Grade Work. Home efficiency and dietetics. Dormitory accommodation. Address
MRS. EDITH LESLEY WOLFARD
29 Everett St. Cambridge, Mass.

THE RIGHT SCHOOL

Finding it is the task by which parents are confronted. Let us help you, without cost to you, make the search. For there is in America just the right school for your boy or girl. We have just the information you are seeking. Tell us your problem to-day.

Address

THE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd St., New York

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

FOR YOUNG WOMEN

50 minutes from St. Louis

Stands for sound scholarship, Christian ideals and thorough preparation for the useful life. True educational environment. Two-million dollar endowment enables Lindenwood to offer the best in education, equipment and buildings. Four-year courses conferring A. B. and B. S. degrees. Degree courses in Music. Junior College 2 year courses lead to degree A. A.

Special Vocational courses.
Home Economics, Journalism, Secretarial, Library—Physical Education. 54 acres. 9 buildings. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Resident physical director. Address

J. L. ROEMER, D. D.
President

Box H1 St. Charles, Mo.



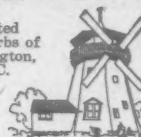
ST. MARY'S

An Episcopal Southern School for Girls

Founded 1842. Four-year preparatory and two-year collegiate courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Business, Gymnasium. Mild climate makes outdoor life possible the year round. 25-acre campus of old oaks. Fourteen electrically lighted, steam-heated buildings. Moderate rates. Catalog.
Rev. Warren W. Way, Rector, Box 25, St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

National Park Seminary

Located in Suburbs of Washington, D. C.



For Young Women

James E. Ament, Ph.D., LL.D., President

The Wind-Mill, one of eight charming clubs.

A Junior College for high and preparatory school graduates. Advanced academic subjects. Courses in Music, Art, Expression and vocational branches. 65-acre campus, gymnasium and pool. Athletic fields. Horseback riding. References required. Catalog on request. Box 195, FOREST GLEN, MD.

Bishopthorpe Manor

Box 257, Bethlehem, Pa.

Prepares girls for college or for life. Special two-year finishing course for High School graduates. Music, Art, Household Arts and Sciences. Arts and Crafts, Expression and Secretarial work. Junior Department. High, healthful location on the slope of the Lehigh Mountains. Near New York and Philadelphia. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, Visitor.

New gymnasium and tiled swimming pool. Tennis, basketball, skating, riding, etc. Aesthetic and Folk Dancing. Address Claude N. Wyant, Principal.

Oak Hall

founded 1853



Day and boarding school for girls. College Preparatory and General courses. Exceptional advantages in Music, Domestic Sciences, Gymnasium and swimming pool. Tennis, Riding, Hockey. For book address Royal A. Moore, A.M. (Harvard), Prin. 578-590 Holly Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Hardin College

Mexico, Missouri

John H. Mott, Pres.

A Junior College For Women

Two years' work at Hardin receives the same credits as Freshman and Sophomore years in universities. Hardin is heartily endowed and offers exceptional advantages in Music; Piano, voice, violin, organ, Art Expression. For catalog address Box 201.

The Colonial School

A distinctive school in the National Capital giving to a selected number of girls the best American culture. Preparatory, Collegiate, Domestic Science, Secretarial, Music, Art, Expression. Emphasis on out-of-door study, physical culture, athletics. Catalog. Address

Miss Jessie Truman, Associate Principal
1535 Eighteenth St. Washington, D. C.

For Girls



HOWARD SEMINARY

A Famous Old New England Country School

Twenty-five miles from Boston. College Preparation. General Courses. Domestic Science and Home Management. Strong Courses in Instrumental and Vocal Music. Modern Languages. The school, home and gymnasium are each in separate buildings. Large new sleeping porch. Fine new Y.W.C.A. swimming pool. Military drill. Horseback riding, excellent canoeing, trips afield. Extensive grounds. All sports. Live teachers. Upper and lower school. 50 pupils.

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS

MR. and MRS. C. P. KENDALL, Principals, 30 Howard Street, WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES FOR BOYS



CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

Culver's high academic standards have been obtained not only because of the capable teaching staff but because every boy is physically fit. Healthy bodies, correct habits, regular living make clear minds.

Culver's equipment enables the school to offer field work in various subjects which stimulates and holds the boy's interest in his studies.

For information, address THE DEAN'S OFFICE, CULVER, INDIANA



Powder Point School Will Understand Your Boy

—and help him to understand himself. Thorough instruction. Clean, snappy, athletics for every boy. Clearest understanding between boys and masters. Prepares for college and gives strong general course. Ages 10 to 19. Number limited to sixty. Boys must furnish evidence of good character. Unique location on seashore. Convenient to Boston. Address

RALPH K. BEARCE, A. M.
Headmaster
38 King Caesar Road
Duxbury, Mass.



RIVERSIDE

A military academy of the highest grade, fifty miles north of Atlanta, in beautiful Blue Ridge section. Cadets from 28 states last season. Special preparation for West Point and Annapolis. R. O. T. C. unit. Two West Point graduates on faculty. Elegant living quarters, 60-acre campus; government-built target-range; aquatic; golf; close personal supervision; individual instruction; compulsory gymnasium work; all athletics; expenses moderate; limited accommodations. For catalogue address

RIVERSIDE Box R Gainesville, Georgia

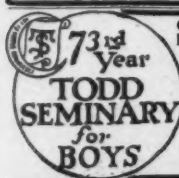


MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

14 miles from Chicago. Known for its thoroughness. Old-fashioned scholastic standards. Credits recognized at all colleges. Teacher-conducted visits to Chicago's mercantile, civic and industrial institutions with shop talks and business men's lectures as part of regular school work. Small classes. Individual care. Reserve Officer Training Corps. Resident U. S. Army officer.

COL. H. D. ABELLS, Supt.

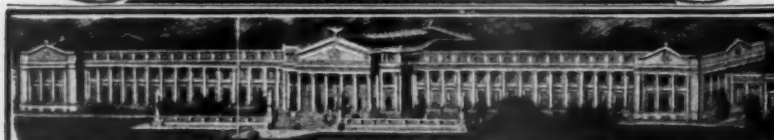
For catalog address Box 1506, Morgan Park, Ill.



Our Ideal: "For every TODD Boy a good citizen"

School designed for younger boys. Home life. Watchfulness of personal habits. Comradeship between teachers and boys develops right thinking and manliness. Pure

air, pure water, active outdoor life. In Illinois hill country, one hour from Chicago. 1000 feet above sea level, 20 acres woodland. Athletics. **CAMP—July-August** (next) from Chicago to Lake Portage. Rates reasonable. Unusual equipment. **NOBLE HILL, Principal, Woodstock, Illinois**



Northwestern Military and Naval Academy

70 miles from Chicago

A virile American college-preparatory school located on the high shores of Lake Geneva. Government, based on Honor ideals. Thorough military and naval instruction.

A personal visit to the school while in session is urged. Every known improvement in sanitation, heating and lighting. Fireproof. A fixed price covers board, tuition, uniforms and all necessary expense including pocket money.

Only those who qualify morally, academically, physically and as refined gentlemen receive diplomas. Automobile corps includes tanks. R. O. T. C. Completion of buildings gives increased capacity. Limit, 220 selected students. Large number refused annually for lack of room. Early registration necessary. A naval camp and school during summer months offering unusual features. Catalog. Address

COLONEL R. P. DAVIDSON, Supt., Lake Geneva, Wisconsin



MIAMI MILITARY INSTITUTE GERMANTOWN NEAR DAYTON, OHIO

Where right habits of living and thought are instilled in the boy. Promptness, responsibility, self-reliance and willing obedience become traits of Miami Military character.

High Academic Standards. Small classes, individual attention to each student. Boys are taught how to study. Competent faculty. All athletics.

Collegiate courses. Preparation for Government Academies, Higher Colleges, Universities and Business. Military training under U.S. Army officers. 36th year opens September, 1920. Early applications advised.

For Catalogue address
COL. UNYON GRAFF BROWN, Pres.

Recreational Summer Camp
July 5 to August 28

Academic tutoring and military training under our regular faculty for those who want it. Booklet.



Pillsbury Academy for Boys



44th year. 15 acres. 8 buildings. Maximum college preparation. Individual instruction. Military and Manual Training. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. Exceptional advantages in Orchestra and Band Music. Catalog.

MILO B. PRICE, M.D., Principal, OWAHMA, KAN.



Kentucky Military Institute with a Winter Home in Florida

Boys at K. M. I. are thoroughly prepared for college. The two homes afford outdoor sports and work all year round. Equipment excellent, including new laboratories, buildings and work shops. Designated "Honor School" by War Dept. Junior and Senior R. O. T. C. Early registration necessary. Large waiting list last year. References required. Address **THE HEADMASTER, K.M.I., LYNDON, KY.**

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

Government Honor School

625 boys from 47 States last session. Largest private academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially beautiful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring water. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy sixty years old. \$275,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges \$600. Catalog free. Address

Col. WM. G. KABLE, Ph.D., President, STAUNTON, VA.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES FOR BOYS

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

SENIOR AND JUNIOR R. O. T. C.

A SCHOOL where scholastic attainment is the goal. Boys thoroughly prepared for college, technical schools, and for business. For over forty years this school has used the values of military training and supervised athletics in contributing to academic work of the highest standing.

Mental energy and physical fitness go hand in hand—both are fundamentals in building the fibre of a sturdy moral and intellectual manhood, therefore, each day at Western has its military activities: supervised study and class recitations, manly sports and recreation—football, basket ball, baseball, bowling, swimming, golf, tennis, track.

The annual enrollment continuously for 16 years has exceeded our capacity. Early application for entrance in September is necessary. For catalog and view book address

Box 55, Alton, Illinois

COL. GEO. D. EATON, Supt.
MAJOR R. L. JACKSON, Principal



Barracks "A." One of the four fireproof barracks.

"KISKI" A School For Boys

Kiskiminetas Springs School permits boys to grow up out-of-doors. 200 acres highland overlooking river. Special preparation for college and technical schools. Preceptorial system. All sports. Gymnasium, swimming pool, etc. School owns its own farm and dairy. Rate \$850. For catalog address box 804

DR. A. W. WILSON, Jr., President
SALTSBURG, PA.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

Lexington, Mo.
Established 1889.

A high grade preparatory school for boys of good character. Capacity 400.

Military instruction under U. S. Army officer and World War veterans, R. O. T. C. unit. Largest school gymnasium in Missouri Valley. 43 miles from Kansas City.

Separate School for Small Boys

For Catalog address
COL. S. SELLERS, Supt.
1827 Washington Ave., LEXINGTON, MO.

Gulf Coast MILITARY and NAVAL ACADEMY

America's Great Year Round Open Air School on the Gulf

No other school offers such opportunities for study, athletics and water sports. Strong college bred faculty instruct your boy a rightly trained mind. A teacher to every 10 boys. Students sleep on screened porches. Separate Junior Department for boys 8 to 15. Military and naval training under U. S. Govt. Officers. One parent writes: "I and you my boy for two reasons: One, the four boys you took from this city; the other, the boy you didn't take."

Don't decide about your boy's school till you see catalogue of our outdoor and school life.

Gulf Coast Military Acad. y., R. 1, Gulfport, Miss.



STURDY AMERICAN MANHOOD

is this country's greatest present need. A manhood which combines sturdiness of body with a resolute character and a clear thinking mind. Such qualities demand cultivation. These require training and developing.

St. John's Military Academy

EPISCOPAL

THE AMERICAN RUGBY

furnishes to American youths the opportunity for just such training. Under men teachers and coaches and overseas officers the St. John youth develops the manly virtues as our forefathers developed them. He grows upright—ness of character along with uprightness of carriage and cultivates moral backbone as he learns to straighten his spine. The boy who puts himself in harmony with the St. John's system is laying the foundation for a sturdy manhood. Early application is imperative to secure admission for the coming school year opening September 22nd. For catalog and particulars address ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY, Box 16 G, Delafield, Waukesha Co., Wisconsin

THE TOME SCHOOL

On the Susquehanna
Makes boys physically fit.
National Boarding School for Boys.

SUMMER TUTORING FOR OLDER BOYS

Rates \$1000

MURRAY PEABODY BRUSH, Ph.D., Director
New Swimming Pool
Port Deposit Maryland



New Mexico

Military Institute

A state-owned school in the heart of the vigorous, aggressive West that is developing the highest type of manhood. Ideal conditions—bracing air, sunshine, dry climate. Altitude—\$700 feet. Preparatory and Junior College. Reserve Officers Training Corps. Address

COL. JAS. W. WILLSON, Supt.
Box 5
Roswell, New Mexico

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY



BEST equipped private boys' school in South. Eleven

Buildings with excellent library, laboratory, class-room facilities. Alumni Mathodrome—150 feet in diameter—to be erected before winter. Faculty of fifteen university-trained experts guarantees thorough work. Individual Attention and Close Supervision Day and Night. Boys from fourteen to twenty-one admitted. Separate Junior School for younger boys. Character-moulding good habits, sound scholarship, clean sport—academy ideals. Classical, linguistic, scientific, commercial courses. Certificate admits to leading universities, North and South. Military Department Under Direct Supervision of the Government. For handsomely illustrated catalog address COL. L. L. RICE, President, Box 114, Lebanon, Tenn.

CASTLE HEIGHTS JUNIOR SCHOOL

Located in the country, three miles from railroad; removed from drug stores, soda fountains, movie shows, corner groceries and other loafing centers. Environment absolutely wholesome, rendering discipline of boys from seven to fourteen years of age relatively easy. School property embraces nine substantial buildings: Dormitories, dining hall, gymnasium, library, bowling alley, recitation rooms, infirmary, on a 200 acre plot. Wonderful chalybeate spring supplies perfect drinking water. Hours of work and play carefully tempered to young boys. Much out-door exercise including hikes through the woods. Trained nurse and house-mother. Carefully selected faculty. Steam heating and electric lighting. Modern sanitation. Tuition \$500. In writing to Col. L. L. Rice, Lebanon, Tennessee, for illustrated catalog, specify Junior School, Box 114.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES FOR BOYS

Lake Forest Academy for Boys

Trustees:

Louis F. Swift, J. V. Farwell, H. G. Chatfield-Taylor, Clayton Mack, A. B. Dick, Alfred L. Baker, Rev. J. G. K. McClure, Geo. A. McKillop, A. A. Carpenter, J. H. S. Lee, J. H. Jones, W. M. Woolsey, Stanley Field, B. M. Linnell, M. D., Ernest Palmer, G. B. Moore, Rev. Andrew C. Zeno.



College Preparatory—Not a Military Institution

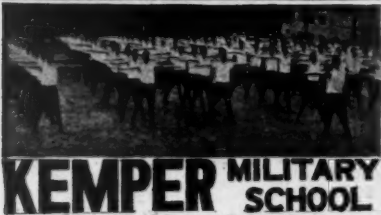
Preparatory Education as thorough as can be found East or West. Helpful co-operation between faculty and students. Honor ideals. Right kind of boys. Clean living.

Scholastic work is recognized by Eastern and Western colleges as equal to that of any preparatory school. Graduates admitted to all institutions East or West which admit without examination. Definite preparation for entrance examinations of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Mass. Inst. of Tech.

Beautiful country location on Lake Michigan, one hour north of Chicago. Modern buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool. Scientific physical training. All athletics. Aim distinctively educational. Not maintained for profit. Annual charges \$950.

Catalog covers details. For copy address

JOHN WAYNE RICHARDS, Headmaster
Box 156, Lake Forest, Ill.

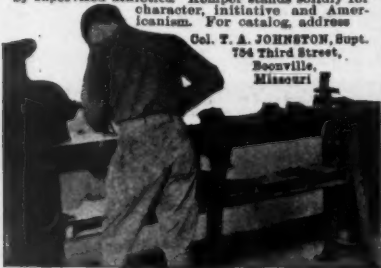


KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Junior and Senior R. O. T. C.

KEMPER is a military school in which an Honor System is maintained by the Cadets. With high scholastic standards, emphasis is laid upon the practical side of life. Extensive and modernly equipped forge, machine and wood working shops, and skilled instruction offers unusual opportunity for manual training. Body and mind kept in splendid condition by supervised athletics. Kemper stands solidly for character, initiative and Americanism. For catalogue address

Col. T. A. JOHNSTON, Supt.
754 Third Street,
Boonville,
Missouri



MANLIUS



Here, at Saint John's School, a boy is taught to study, to concentrate, to apply himself. He is taught his mother tongue first and learns to write good letters and to figure. On this foundation we build and prepare for college or business.

The attractive and superior military training of our Reserve Officers' Training Corps breeds fine manners, initiative, sense of duty, industry, develops character and builds the body.

Brig. Gen. Wm. Vorbeck, Pres.
Box 57,
Manlius, N. Y.

Separate School for Young Boys
Attractive Summer School. Send for booklet.



OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Founded in 1833

An academic, military and physical training school. Separate department for young boys. Located at College Hill, unusually beautiful and wholesome suburb of Cincinnati. Buildings well equipped. New Gymnasium. All athletics under careful supervision. Military subordinate to academic training. One instructor to every nine cadets. Certificate admits to colleges. No hazing. Moral and social influences of primary consideration.

Write for catalog to

A. M. Henshaw, Superintendent, Box 27, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

A school where orderliness, respect for government, and the desire to make good replace recklessness and the "don't care" attitude; where every boy is put on his mettle to measure himself by established school standards. Boys from 33 states and 3 foreign countries establish T. M. I. as the South's Best Known Military School. Good name of school rests on thorough academic work, efficient military training and physical development, and the spirit of T. M. I. which in-

spires boys to their best achievement. Sound government through sensible restraints and incentives to good conduct. Rated *Honor School* by Southern Commission on Accredited Schools. Situated in beautiful Sweetwater Valley—1300 feet above sea level. Health record unsurpassed. Mild cli-

mate makes possible all-year outdoor drills and exercises. Athletics, gymnasium, swimming pool. Modern buildings, science laboratories, library. R. O. T. C. Military equipment. Prepares for college, government academies, and business. Investigate T. M. I., a school where boys make good. Reference furnished in any state. For catalogue, address

Col. C. R. Endsley, Supt., Box 182, Sweetwater, Tennessee



RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY

FRONT ROYAL, VA.

Military Training

A CLOSE study of the boy's peculiarities—his temperament—his ability—his courage and his ambitions enables Randolph-Macon to prepare him for his proper place in life.

Front Royal is one of the Randolph-Macon System of Schools. Its surroundings are inspirational and of high educational advantage. Thorough preparation for College or Scientific Schools. Also prepares for business life.

Intellectual, moral and physical development combined with military training fit the boy for the needs of the times. Modern buildings, gymnasium and spacious grounds for all outdoor sports. \$450. 29th session opens September 21, 1920. For catalog address

CHARLES L. MELTON, A.M., Principal
Box 425, Front Royal, Va.



Porter Military Academy

A NATIONAL SCHOOL Founded 1867

Unit R. O. T. C.

Military science taught by U.S. Army officer. College Preparatory, Business and Music. Gymnasium and swimming pool. Boys enrolled from 25 states and 3 foreign countries last year. All sports. Out-of-door the year round. A broader preparation than the public school can give.

Catalog

REV. WALTER MITCHELL, D.D., Rector, Box P, Charleston, S. C.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

Develops red-blooded American manhood, through carefully co-ordinated military and academic training. Equipment and faculty exceptional.

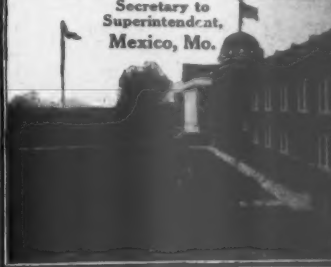
Unity of Reserve Officers' Training Corps with Army Detail, by direction of the President of the United States. College Preparatory, Business and Music. Graduates admitted without examination to Universities.

"Big Brother Plan"

of government brings boys into close personal touch with their instructors. New building for smaller boys. All Athletics. Debating and Literary Societies. Glee Club, Band and Orchestra. Special terms to good musicians.

Capacity taxed annually. Early enrollment necessary. Catalogue. Address

Secretary to Superintendent,
Mexico, Mo.



MILFORD

A College Preparatory School

Formerly

THE ROSENBAUM SCHOOL

MILFORD, CONN.

9 miles from New Haven on the main line to New York

The needs of each boy are analyzed and met. Thoro training for college examinations. Small classes and individual instruction. Country life, supervised athletics.

Our plan limits the number of boys we can accept each year. Tell us your needs and we will send you an outline plan of work, giving time required, cost, etc., for fitting for college.

Booklet on Request

SAMUEL B. ROSENBAUM, Principal
Milford, Conn.

Bordentown Military Institute

Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, small classes, individual attention. Supper and study. Military training supervised athletics 50th year. For catalogue address Drawer 026, COL. T. J. LARSEN, Bordentown, N. J. Principal and Commandant

PENNSYLVANIA, New Bloomfield, Box 18.

Carson Long Institute

22nd year. Thoro training for college examinations. Business. Junior courses. Separate modern Junior building for boys under 13 years. Healthful country location. Terms \$400 and up; Juniors \$375. Boys taught how to learn and to live. CARSON LONG INSTITUTE

MASSACHUSETTS, BOSTON, 557 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

Chauncy Hall School.

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist. FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal

The Massanutten Military Academy

Box 19, Washington, D. C. Preparatory School for boys. Healthful location, beautiful Shenandoah Valley, 100 miles from Washington. Prepares for college and business. Music, athletics. New \$25,000 Dining Hall and Dormitory. Limited to 100 boys. \$475. Address HOWARD J. BENCHOFF, A. M., Headmaster

OLD DOMINION ACADEMY

Robert Allen's Preparatory School for Boys, 7 to 16. Semi-military. At health resort in mountains of West Virginia. 100 miles from Washington, D. C. Limited to 60. Reasonable rates. Catalog. Address R. E. ALLEN, Supt., Box R, BERKELEY SPRING, W. VA.

WILLISTON A SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Preparatory for college or scientific school. Directed work and play. Junior school for boys from 10 to 14. A distinct school in its own building. Address ARCHIBALD V. GALBRAITH, Principal, Box 6, Easton, N. H.

MONSON ACADEMY for BOYS

18 miles from Springfield, Mass. An up-to-date college preparatory school. Aim To develop manly boys by the practical personal training. Athletics carefully supervised. Fund for boys of average worth. \$500. Booklet. JOSEPH M. SANDERSON, A. M. (Harvard), Principal, 6 Main St., MONSON, MASS.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES FOR BOYS

Columbia

MILITARY ACADEMY



Buildings, campus and grounds valued at half a million. Nationally recognized as one of the country's leading Military Schools. Open for college or for business life. Boys were enrolled in 35 states. Write for catalog. Give age of boy.

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Box 500, COLUMBIA, TENN.

Built By U.S. Government

Danville Military Institute

Danville, Virginia

In the far famed Piedmont Region. Unsurpassed climate. Property by college, university, business and Government. Excellent. Select patronage, strong faculty, home instruction, modern equipment. Department for small boys. Camps, etc. No extra. Catalog, address Box D.

Col. ROBERT A. BURTON, Supt.

Franklin and Marshall Academy

Junior School for Boys

Complete building from regular Academy—study hall, dormitories, recreation rooms and teachers—but with all Academy advantages of library, gymnasium, playgrounds, etc. Superior instruction of Academy principal. Best of care and attention. Matrons live on floors with boys. Address Box 610. E. M. HARTMAN, A.M., Prin., Lancaster, Pa.

COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY



Learn Photography

Good-paying positions in the best studios in the country await men and women who prepare themselves now. For 25 years we have successfully taught

Photography, Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn \$15 to \$100 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Now is the time to fit yourself for an advanced position at better pay. Some say, living is expensive. Largest and best school of its kind. Write for catalog today.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Box 111, 777 Wabash Ave., Effingham, Illinois

MISCELLANEOUS

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

School and College Bureau

Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

This year many young people will again be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to hurriedly select a school on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

School and College Bureau
Chicago, Illinois

PEDDIE

a school that educates the boy on all sides



LONG STREET LIBRARY WILSON HALL DINING HALL COLEMAN HOUSE TRASK HOUSE

Fitting Your Boy for the New Civilization

BY the very nature of things, there will be unprecedented opportunities for men of large caliber—good men—true men—men equipped physically, intellectually and spiritually to carry on the great work just ahead.

Somewhere in America today these men are boys—growing up. Some of them are even now on the threshold of a higher education. And the integrity of that education will determine in large measure their success in the future.

It is no easy task to find exactly the right school for your boy. It takes time. It takes care. It takes foresight. It takes vision. It often requires a personal visit. But it is worthwhile.

Learning the Lesson of Health

Every Peddie boy is given a comprehensive physical examination. Every organ is tested and charted. Reports are mailed to parents. Mental powers are developed by expert teachers. Character built and strengthened by contact with virile Christian men.

Write for Booklets and Catalog
ROGER W. SWETLAND, LL.D., Headmaster, Box 7-F, Hightstown, N. J.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

INDIANA, Angola, 10 R. Street

Tri-State College of Engineering

Makes you a Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years, \$260 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination.

Electrical Engineering

men with training are in demand. For more than a quarter of a century, this school has been training men of ambition and limited time, for the electrical industries. Condensed course in Electrical Engineering enables graduates to secure good positions in the electrical industries. Theoretical and Practical Electricity, Mathematics, Steam and Gas Engines and Mechanical Drawing. Students construct dynamo, install wiring and test electrical machinery. Course with diploma complete

In One Year

Over 3000 men trained. Thoroughly equipped fireproof dormitories, dining hall, laboratories, shops. Free catalog. 28th year opens Sept. 28, 1920.

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
115 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

Be a Mining Engineer

A great profession not overcrowded. The Michigan College of Mines (est. 1886) located in the heart of one of the greatest copper mining districts of the world offers a unique combination of theoretical instruction with practical experience in a four year course which can be completed in three calendar years. Its breadth affords foundation for expert specialization in that field of engineering which most appeals to the student. Great mines, mills, smelters, electrolytic and power plants are practically a part of the college equipment and constitute a factor of enormous value in the course of instruction. Managers of large operations regularly lecture to classes. Region affords unusual opportunities for geological study. Nine buildings. Advanced Mathematics. Vigorous Athletics. Bowling, Billiards, Tobogganing. "M. C. M. Men Make Good." For descriptive book address 256 College Ave., Houghton, Mich.

Michigan College of Mines

Learn Electricity

in the Great Shops of COYNE in 3 1/2 MONTHS

No need of taking from one to four years to become a master electrician. You get intensive, individual and practical instruction in America's greatest and best equipped Trade School. Master craftsman always at your side to guide you.

Electrical Experts Earn Big Pay

Greatest demand for trained electricians in America's history, right now. Other trades taught too in the great COYNE TRADE SCHOOL.

Drafting, Motion Picture Operating—all in short time, under expert instruction. You earn money while learning. We help them. We will gladly help you when you enter. FREE, Coyne's Book of Opportunity. Send for it NOW. It will make you want to get into the Big Pay Class. You'll sure get there if you make a start with Coyne. Tell which trade you want to master when you write for book—TODAY.

COYNE TRADE AND MECHANICAL SCHOOL—Dept. 63
20-21 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

FARMINGTON MAINE

Abbott School

"The boy at Abbott lives"

Athletics on a field that would be a credit to any college. Hiking, camping, snowshoeing, skiing, a winter carnival.

Small classes insure rapid and thorough work. Prepares for business but emphasizes college preparation.

Modern methods with old-fashioned thoroughness.

Catalog on request.

Moses Bradstreet Perkins, Headmaster

Shattuck School

College Preparatory, Military, Episcopal

FARIBAULT, MINN. 54th Year. Application should be filed now for the year 1921-22 to enter when 14 or 15 years of age. Catalogue and View Book on Request.

Page Military Academy

A Big School for Little Boys.

The Largest of Its Class in America

Page Military Academy builds a firm foundation for a successful career. Everything adapted to meet the needs of small boys. Military training fosters exactness, cooperation, self-reliance and initiative. Large, modern building; seven acre campus; seventeen resident teachers. Let our catalog tell you all about the school.

Boys grow big and strong in California.

Robert A. Gibbs, Headmaster, R.F.D. No. 7, Box 939. Los Angeles, Cal.

250 Boys 22 Teachers
\$800,000 Equipment
87th year opens Sept. 14th

WORCESTER ACADEMY

WORCESTER MASSACHUSETTS

Alumni all over the world. Strictly preparatory for college or technical school. JUNIOR SCHOOL for young boys.

For catalog address the Registrar G. D. Church, M. A.

SAMUEL F. HOLMES, M. A., Principal

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Chicago's Foremost School of Music

THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY is universally recognized as a school of the highest standards, and is one of the largest musical institutions in the country. Ninety artist-instructors, many of international reputation.

MODERN COURSES are offered in Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, all branches of Instrumental and Vocal Music, Musical Theory. Superior Normal Training School, supplies Teachers for Colleges. Pupils prepared for LYCEUM and CHAUTAUQUA engagements.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION and Dramatic Art

DESIRABLE DORMITORY accommodations. Numerous lectures, concerts and recitals throughout the school year. Teachers' Certificates conferred by authority of the State of Illinois. Students' Orchestra. Many free advantages.

THE CONSERVATORY is located in the heart of Chicago's musical center, in the new, magnificent sixteen-story Kimball Hall Building. For free catalog and general information, address John J. Harstaedt, President.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 554 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill.

Thirty-fifth annual session begins Thursday, September 9, 1920

ITHACA CONSERVATORY of MUSIC



Special advantages to those looking to educational or concert work. All instruments, Vocal, Dramatic Art and Physical Training. Graduates of Musical, Public Speaking and Physical Training Departments eligible to teach in N. Y. State Public Schools without State Certificate. Dormitories and Concert Hall. School of Piano Tuning in Connection. School year opens Sept. 21st. Address

THE REGISTRAR, 15 DE WITT PARK, ITHACA, N. Y.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

SEVCIK, teacher of Kubelik and other famous artists, the world's greatest Violin Teacher, is under engagement as a member of the Faculty for the season of 1920-21. Preparatory classes begin September 21st

ALVIENE SCHOOLS—Est. 20 Years

The Acknowledged Authority on Each department a large school in itself. Academic, Technical and Practical Training. Students' School Theatre and Stock Co. Afford New York Appearances. Write for catalogue, mentioning study desired.

R. C. IRWIN, Secretary
225 West 57th Street, near Broadway, New York

DRAMATIC
STAGE
PHOTO-PLAY
AND
DANCE ARTS

American Academy of Dramatic Arts

Founded in 1884

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President

The leading institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies. For information apply to

THE SECRETARY

177 Carnegie Hall NEW YORK, N. Y.



Emerson College of Oratory

Largest School of Oratory, Belles-Lettres and Pedagogy in America. Summer Session. 41st year. Degrees granted. Address HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS, Dean, Huntington Chambers, Boston.

School of Expression

FOR CIRCULARS, ADDRESS

S. S. CURRY, Ph. D., Litt. D., President
311 Pierce Building BOSTON, MASS.

Let The Red Book Magazine's Educational Bureau help you select the right school.

DETROIT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Francis L. York, M. A., Pres. 47th Year Elizabeth Johnson, Vice-Pres.

Finest Conservatory in the West

Offers courses in Piano, Voice, Violin, Cello, Organ, Theory, Public School Music and Drawing, Oral Interpretation, etc. Work based on best modern and educational principles. Numerous Lectures, Concerts and Recitals throughout the year. Excellent Boarding Accommodations. Teachers' certification, diploma and degrees conferred. Many free advantages. We own our own building, located in the center of most cultural environment.

Fall Term Opens September 13, 1920

For detailed information address

JAMES H. BELL, Secretary, Box 19, 1013 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.



Front View Conservatory Bldg.

Bush Conservatory CHICAGO

Kenneth M. Bradley
Pres. and Director

Edgar Nelson
Vice-Pres.
E. H. Schwesker
Secy.

An Institution of National Prominence

Accredited courses leading to Certificate, Diploma and Degrees in

Expression Physical Culture **MUSIC** Languages Dancing

Faculty of over seventy instructors including such famous artists as Charles W. Clark, baritone, Richard Oserowsky, violinist, Moses Bogoslawski, Mme. Julie River-King, pianists.

Only Conservatory in Chicago maintaining Student Dormitories and with exclusive use of its buildings

Fall term begins Sept. 14. Dormitory reservations now. For illustrated catalog describing this great institution and its many advantages, address R. B. JONES, Registrar, 839 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO



The Williams School of Expression and Dramatic Art

Teachers' Course; Lyceum Course; Dramatic Course and General Culture Course. Graduates eligible to teach in N. Y. State Public Schools without State Certificate. Dormitories and Auditorium. For catalogue address

THE REGISTRAR

18 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

School year opens September 21st

SCHOOL OF DESIGN

PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL of DESIGN for WOMEN

FOUNDED 1891



The oldest Industrial Art School in America offers the latest and best instruction in Art and Design. Commercial Art, Textile Design, Costume Design, Fashion Illustration, Book Illustration, Interior Decoration, Modeling, Portrait, Life and Still Life. Painting in Oil and Water Color. Practical training. Courses command good salaries. Pupils direct from Grammar and High Schools. Send for booklet. See

Broad and Master Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

In Selecting a School

greater care is required on the part of a parent than is needed in perhaps any other matter pertaining to his well-being. Any information which the Educational Bureau of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE can give you is at your service. Simply state the age and sex of your child, the sort of school you wish him to attend, the desired location, the amount of yearly tuition you would expend and address the

Educational Bureau

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

33 West 42nd Street New York City

ART SCHOOL



ART SCHOOL THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

COURSES in Drawing, Painting, Illustration, Modeling, Designing, Pottery and Normal Art. This includes classes in Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Costume Design, Cartooning and Poster Design.

Richest facilities for Art Study in Museum Collections, Lecture Course and Ryerson Art Library all under the same roof as the School.

Our graduates are holding the most successful positions. Big demand for women and men as Designers, Illustrators and Teachers.

Write Registrar for particulars.

Art School, Art Institute of Chicago
Dept. 3 Michigan Ave. at Adams St.
Chicago, Ill.

SCHOOLS FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES

Physical Education for Women

Accredited



School Dormitory located in excellent residential district

Two Year Normal Course for Directors of Physical Education, Playground Supervisors, Dancing Teachers and Swimming Instructors. Thorough preparation in all branches under strong faculty of experienced men and women.

Our graduates are filling the most responsible positions in the country. High School graduates from accredited schools admitted without examination. Fine Dormitory for non-resident students.

17th Session opens Sept. 23, 1920

Chicago Normal School of Physical Education

For illustrated catalog address Frances Musselman, Principal, Box 28 430 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

Summer Camp Session July 5-Aug. 13. Accredited Girl Scout School for Camping, Certificates. Regular classes, including swimming, dancing, folk dancing under Miss Louise Baylis, Chalf gold medal holder. Address:

W. WARD CRAMPTON, R. 9, DEAR, ILL. or BATTLE CREEK, MICH. Battle Creek Normal School of Physical Education

New Haven Normal School of Physical Education 1488 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn. 34th year. Fits for teaching, physical training, playground work. Bureau of Appointments. Dormitories. 2 gymnasiums. New Dining Hall. 10 buildings. Enclosed 3-acre campus. Pastimes, athletic fields. 250 acres on Sound.

The Sargent School for Physical Education

Established 1881.

Address for booklet

DR. D. A. SARGENT Cambridge, Mass.

UNCLASSIFIED



Write for full particulars of our courses.

THE PALMER SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC

(Chiropractic Fountain Head)

104 and Brady Streets, DAVENPORT, Iowa, U.S.A.

You can be quickly cured, if you **STAMMER** Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. Benjamin H. Bogue, 4068 Bogue Building, Indianapolis

College of Physio-Therapy Camp includes Massage, Corrective Gymnastics, Swedish Movement, Electro, Thermo and Hydro Therapy, Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, and new "cured branches." Catalogue P. PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA, 1700-11 Green St.

STAMMER NO MORE

Kill the fear of stammering. Re-education the key. The widely famed Hatfield Method fully outlined in an accurate, dependable, worthwhile book—"HOW TO STOP STAMMERING." It has helped thousands. Order a copy today. HATFIELD INSTITUTE, 100 S. Dear, Chicago, Ill.

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful school in the world curing all forms of defective speech by natural method. Write today. North-Western School for Stammering, Inc., 2349 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

AMERICAN COLLEGE of Accredited



PHYSICAL EDUCATION Co-educational



A rapidly growing institution. This entire building is devoted to the work of the college. Gymnasiums, dancing, auditorium, swimming pool, library, etc., all under one roof. Conveniently accessible women's dormitory.

If you are planning to become a PHYSICAL DIRECTOR or PLAYGROUND SUPERVISOR, the prestige of this progressive school will benefit you when you graduate, and while training you will have an interesting college life with its sororities, athletic association, student council, orchestra, etc.

A thorough, two year course. Intensive training in all branches of athletics, games, folk and aesthetic dancing, swimming, etc. Faculty of experts. Separate classes for men and women in some subjects. Our free graduate placing bureau assists graduates in finding positions.

Term opens September 21st. Early enrollment is advised. Write for Book of Views. Address the college.

Dept. R-7, 4200 Grand Boulevard, Chicago



THE ITHACA SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION School year opens Sept. 21st. Two year Normal Course. Graduates eligible to teach in N. Y. State Public Schools without State Certificate. Course includes athletics, dancing, fencing, public speaking, games. Co-educational. Dormitories. For catalogue address THE REGISTRAR, 15 De Witt Park, ITHACA, N. Y.

Summer Camp for Girls POWERS LAKE, WIS. July 7-September 6. Junior camp for young women 14-18 years. Senior camp for young women 18-25 years. Excellent boating, bathing, fishing, bowling, track athletics, etc. Provision, equipment, location, food, the best 16 acre camp and buildings operated and owned by the Chicago Normal School of Physical Education Address Registrar, Box 2, 430 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Grace Hospital SCHOOL FOR NURSES, Detroit

2 1/2 years' course. Registered by the State of Michigan. Theoretical and practical class work thruout. Modern nurses' home, includes summer vacation home for nurses. Minimum entrance requirement, two years High School work or its equivalent. For free catalog, address Superintendent of Nurses, Box R, THE GRACE HOSPITAL, John R. St. & Willis Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Training School for Nurses The Michael Reese Hospital

Cleveland and 29th St., Box 103, Chicago, Illinois Registered by the State of Illinois. 3-year course preparatory instruction. Theoretical and practical class work throughout the course. Minimum entrance requirements, 4 years' High School work. For information, apply to MISS M. H. MACKENZIE, Superintendent.

Three Careers of Independence, Prestige, Service WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE?

A Nurse?

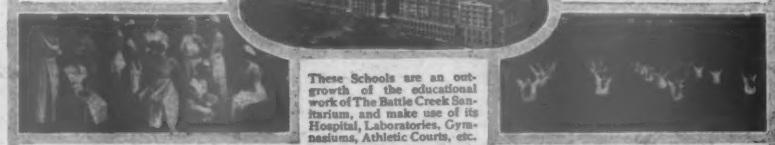
The most womanly of professions. Graduates of first-class schools are assured of constant, congenial employment at good salaries, with many personal expenses saved. Choice of private, hospital, school, industrial, public health nursing, with advancement to executive positions. Battle Creek trained nurses in special demand. World-famous Sanitarium, with 1000 patients, gives opportunities for special training in Hydrotherapy, Massage, Dietetics, Health Reconstruction, added to usual course. Recreational advantages; pleasant environment; no tuition fee; merit allowance, \$100 per year. Students may enter any time, but should apply at once. Write for illustrated catalog, B. C. Sanitarium and Hospital Training School for Nurses, Box 120, Battle Creek, Mich.

A Dietitian?

Or a Teacher of Home Economics? The demand is greater than can be met. 2-year Course for Dietitians, preparing for lucrative positions in colleges, clubs, hotels, sanitariums, hospitals, etc. Social Service work. 2-year Course for Teachers of Home Economics in public or private schools and colleges. Our graduates in special demand. Exceptional advantages, pleasant surroundings, recreation, health-building. Partial self-support plan if desired. Write for illustrated prospectus. School of Home Economics, Box 120, Battle Creek Michigan.

A Director of Physical Training?

Or a Playground Director—in schools, colleges, Y. M. C. A.'s, clubs, big plants—pleasant, remunerative, constructive work, mainly outdoors. Complete diversified training, in charge C. Ward Crampton, M. D., recent director physical training, N. Y. public schools; superb equipment, outdoor and indoor gymnasiums, swimming pools, athletic fields, courts, etc.; games, aesthetic and folk dancing, pageantry, girl scout courses. Special 1-yr. course. Summer camp session at Cull Lake, begins July 5, Fall term September. Low tuition; self-support plan. Write for illustrated catalog. Normal School of Physical Education, Box 120, Battle Creek, Mich.



For illustrated catalogues and further information, address **BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM SCHOOLS** Box 120, Battle Creek, Mich.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

PEIRCE SCHOOL



of BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Many men have found that getting ahead in business is simply the use of knowledge acquired at Peirce School.

Peirce is America's foremost business school. Courses for young men: Business Administration; Salesmanship. Courses for young women: Secretarial; Shorthand and Typewriting. Send for 56th year book. Address the Director, PINE STREET, WEST OF BROAD, PHILADELPHIA

Two Year Course



in Business Administration

Young men trained for executive positions. Training includes essentials of a University Course. Graduates in demand. Strong faculty. Other courses are: Accounting, Secretarial, Spanish.

BURDETT COLLEGE

Established 1879 BOSTON (11), MASS.

Send for
special
catalog.

"Think Beyond Your Job"

Are you working for the present or future? If you are not prepared to become an accountant, a secretary, to take charge of an office—look to your needs or the onward rush of the tide of business will leave you high and dry.

In DAY or EVENING SESSION
You Will Find the Classes You Want

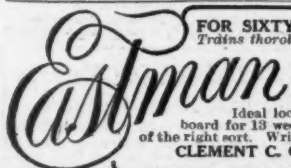
Over 100,000 graduates are our
best recommendation

BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Established 1856

Address Principal R. B. Lake View Building
116 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Let The Red Book Magazine's Educational Bureau help you select the right school.



FOR SIXTY YEARS THE LEADING AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Trains thoroughly for Office Work and obtains employment for students who can be recommended for efficiency and good character. Intensive vocational courses in Accounting, Business, Civil Service, Secretarial and other studies leading to dignified positions, good salaries, rapid promotion, and the best chance to use to advantage a high school or college education.

Experienced, efficient, faithful teachers. Strong lecture courses. Ideal location. Moderate expenses. \$185 pays total cost of tuition, books and board for 13 weeks. Exceptional opportunities for self-help to young men and women of the right sort. Write for illustrated prospectus. Address
CLEMENT C. GAINES, M.A., LL.D., Box 646, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Selecting the Right School

is, we realize, a matter of no small importance

If you are having difficulty in making a decision, the intimate and comprehensive information supplied by our Educational Bureau is at your service.

In order that we may most satisfactorily assist you in making an intelligent and happy selection, it will be necessary for you, when writing, to give complete data on the following points:—

1. Type of school you wish—preparatory, college, finishing, business, technical, art, music, dramatic, or summer camp.
2. Location (City or State).
3. Approximate amount you wish to pay per year.
4. Exact age, and year you will enter school.
5. Religion and previous education.

In order that information sent you may be reliable, all data supplied by this Bureau is gathered through a personal visit to the school.

Educational Bureau

The Red Book Magazine
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

The Red Book Magazine

A Good Position Awaits You

Never before were there such opportunities for well-trained stenographers and secretaries. The demand is very great both in business and government service.

Gregg Shorthand

leads because it is the recognized system of results. It is taught in the high schools of 2652 cities in the United States as against 669 cities teaching all other systems combined.

Gregg School

is ideally located, splendidly equipped, and offers exceptional accommodations to the non-resident student. The better thinking students attend our school.

Enroll Now

Write now for free illustrated catalogue.

Address the Principal

Gregg School

Box 10, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Train Here To Earn \$1800—\$5000 a Year

A guarantee of a high secretarial or executive position and the assurance of a successful future are yours when you enroll in the

Ransomian Business School

Our co-operative scholarship plan puts this master training easily within your reach. It Department covers every phase of business training including Stenography, Accounting, Advertising, Salesmanship, Business Administration, International Merchandising.

We Will See You Through

No matter where you live or what your education and circumstances are, Ransomian Training is your opportunity. We obtain employment to pay living expenses, if desired, and guard your business and social welfare. Reservations for 1920 men and women for big fall term now being made. Write today. Write TODAY. A postal will do.

RANSOMIAN BUSINESS SCHOOL
1332-54 Grand Avenue Kansas City, Mo.

Accountancy and Business Administration

Pace Institute, through its daytime and evening Courses in Accountancy and Business Administration, gives ambitious men and women market value as certified public accountants, controllers, cost analysts, tax specialists, treasurers, and general executives. A special nine weeks' Summer Day Course begins July 7. This course will be of interest to high-school and college graduates planning to enter Accountancy or Business, and to teachers. A limited number of scholarships are available to teachers without charge. Send for Bulletin R.

Pace Institute

Hudson Terminal 30 Church Street
NEW YORK

CO-EDUCATIONAL

Wyoming Seminary A co-educational school where boys and girls get a vision. College preparation, Business, Music, Art, Geography and Domestic Arts and Science. Military training. Gymnasium and Athletic field. 76th year. Endowed. L. L. SPRAGUE, D.D., President, Kingston, Pa.

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

Philadelphia, College of Pharmacy and Science. Chemistry, Pharmacy, Bacteriology. Complete courses in Applied Sciences leading to recognized degrees. Faculty nationally known. Individual instruction. Opportunities to earn expenses during course. Catalogue B-108, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day



blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

ON the way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have had memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone,

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

THERE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now make a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course—The Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

You need not pay a single penny until you have examined the Course and found that it fully lives up to all the claims made for it. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete Course will be sent to you instantly—all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep the Course, then return it and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you find, as thousands of others have found, that the Roth Memory Course will do wonders for you, then merely send seven dollars in full payment.

You have always wanted a good memory. Now you can have it. Remember, you pay no money until you have proved that the Course will benefit you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking immediate action. So mail the coupon NOW before this liberal offer is withdrawn. Independent Corporation, Dept. B-367, 319 Sixth Ave., New York.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. B-367 319 Sixth Ave., NEW YORK

You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either return the Course (or Courses) or send you the price indicated after each in full payment.

- ☐ Roth Memory Course (\$7).
- ☐ By David M. Roth.
- ☐ Mastery of Speech (\$7).
- ☐ By Frederick Houk Law.
- ☐ How to Read Character at Sight (\$7).
- ☐ By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford.
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship (\$7).
- ☐ By Arthur Newcomb.
- ☐ Practical Course in Personal Efficiency (\$7).
- ☐ By Edward Earle Purinton.
- ☐ Ferrin Home-Account System (\$3.50).
- ☐ By Wesley W. Ferrin.
- ☐ The Lederer Art Course (\$7).
- ☐ By Charles Lederer.
- ☐ Independent Weekly (\$5).
- ☐ (52 issues—15¢ per copy).

Name

Address

.....Red Book 7-20



"Countless thousands of men and women are now doing work they dislike when they could be free from the turgidity of life—could enjoy all the happiness and prosperity of successful authorship."

"Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!"

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out*? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or a play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

LISTEN! A wonderful **FREE** book has recently been written on this subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers"*, shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling,

realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to **WIN!**

This surprising book is **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. No charge. No obligation. *YOUR* copy is waiting for you. Write for it **NOW**. **GET IT. IT'S YOURS.** Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing*. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain! Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—**BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.**

So why waste any more time wondering, dreaming, waiting? Simply fill out the coupon below—you're not **BUYING** anything, you're getting it **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. A book that may prove the Book of Your Destiny. A Magic Book through which men and women young and old may learn to turn their spare hours into cash!

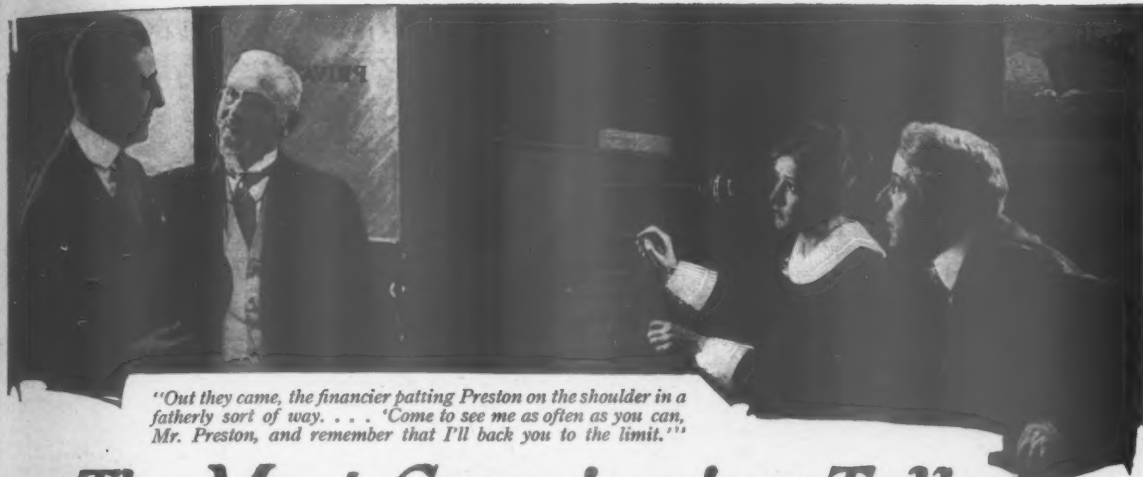
Get your letter in the mail before you sleep to-night. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New To-morrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. 127, Auburn, New York.

This Book FREE



THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 127, Auburn, N.Y.
Send me **ABSOLUTELY FREE** "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way. (Print your name plainly in pencil)

Name
Address
City and State



"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. . . . 'Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit.'"

The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America have tried to win over this financier. They failed dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

ASTOUNDING? Yes! But it WAS done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing, and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliations, one man—a great financier in New York—controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed—turned down cold and flat.

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat it is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting, when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be asked out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10:15 train out of Chicago we headed for the suburbs and got to talking with the crowd there. Then I noticed something. Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men dropped off at stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was THE man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car trucks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be

eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate?

But no! In less than an hour out they came, arm in arm, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words, "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit!"

AT the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! . . . Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be. So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room, told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I well—that is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted. Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. It's amazing! There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work."

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible . . . but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly, it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the

humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. *When you talk people listen and listen eagerly.* You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort you can rive the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the centre of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasms. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business, ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often out-distanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, you've got to know how to talk convincingly!

THE method Preston told me about is Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr. Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval.

You needn't send any money—not a cent. Merely mail the coupon, or write a letter, and the complete Course "Mastery of Speech," will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. If you are not entirely satisfied with it, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

But if it pleases you, as it has pleased thousands of others, then send only seven dollars in full payment. You take no risk. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. So mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. Independent Corporation, Dept. L-367, 319 Sixth Ave., New York.

Independent Corporation

Publishers of the Independent Weekly

Dept. L-367, 319 Sixth Ave., New York

You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either re-mail the Course (or Courses) or send you the price indicated after each in full payment.

- ☐ Mastery of Speech (\$7). By Frederick Houk Law.
- ☐ Roth Memory Course (\$7). By David M. Roth.
- ☐ How to Read Character at Sight (\$7). By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford.
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship (\$7). By Arthur Newcomb.
- ☐ Practical Course in Personal Efficiency (\$7). By Edward Earle Furinton.
- ☐ Ferrin Home-Account System (\$3.50). By Wesley W. Ferrin.
- ☐ The Lederer Art Course (\$7). By Charles Lederer.
- ☐ Independent Weekly (\$5). (52 issues—15c per copy).

Name

Address

.....Red Book. 7-20

LITTLE HEADS

"You cannot begin too early," says Packer's Tar Soap to Mothers of the Rising Generation



TODAY Packer's Tar Soap is the same good friend to children as when Grant was President. It has given thousands of "young ideas" a real start toward lasting hair health.

Plenty of mature men and women, if questioned about "Packer's," would tell you that associated with their earliest recollections is this same pleasant-smelling, "piney" soap which sensible mothers are using on the heads of the youngsters.

Tousled heads and mud pies bring no terrors to mothers who know Packer's Tar Soap. Let your children play to their hearts' content. With "Packer's" to help you, whatever play-time dirt gets into little heads of hair is easily put to rout.

The experience of many mothers is that their tots actually enjoy having their rumpled locks shampooed with "Packer's." It feels so good. And then—what fun to have mother dry the pretty clean curls with soft warm towels!

"There," says mother, as she surveys the pleasing result. "Now you're all clean again till next time."

Boys and girls who have their hair looked after regularly by Mother and Packer's Tar Soap, are less likely to be troubled by dandruff and falling hair and unhealthy scalps when they become grown-ups. That's one great advantage of growing up in a "Packer" Family.

If you want your children to have nice hair in later years, hair which will show the result of early training, see to it that they meet Packer's Tar Soap once a week at least.

And be sure to set them a healthy example by using it yourself.

Whether you use "Packer's" or not, however, you should have a copy of the "Packer" Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," written by a New York physician. It contains no end of valuable information about the care of the hair, presented in simple, non-technical terms, and is well worth reading.

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. 83 G, 120 WEST 32ND STREET NEW YORK CITY

for Mosquito Bites

Wet the end of a piece of Packer's Tar Soap and rub it on the puncture. The irritation will soon pass away.

When the Mercury is up

The acid in normal perspiration, if allowed to remain on the scalp, will injure the hair. As the scalp perspires freely during hot weather, shampooing may then be practiced more frequently to maintain cleanliness.



Send for these
"PACKER" Samples

1. HALF-CAKE of Packer's Tar Soap, good for several refreshing shampoos—10c.
2. LIBERAL SAMPLE BOTTLE of Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed and delightfully cleansing—10c.



PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY WILLIAM MADRICK

ZERO HOUR in the Dark Ages!
The Time-Candle has burned to its seventh ring, the marauding Dane sleeps in his camp—to arms, ye warriors of Alfred the Great!

Inventions run in cycles. * Alfred's Candle recalls the Cave-Man's timepiece. The grass rope was divided by knots, the candle by notches or rings.

King Alfred's grasp of the value of Time was amazing—his working schedule a challenge to modern executives.

To God he dedicated one-half of his most precious possession—Time! The Time-Candle, with its twenty-minute divisions, was his shrewd device for more accurately fulfilling that vow—a thousand years before the timekeeping marvels of our day—



Elgin Watches





FRANCINE LARRIMORE
in "Scandal"

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York

Beautiful Women



MME. OLGA PETROVA
Film Play Star now appearing in Vaudeville
Photo C by Hixon-Connelly Studios, Kansas City



WANDA HAWLEY

Film Play Star

Photo by Hoover Art Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

Beautiful Women



MARGUERITE CLARK
Film Play Star
Photo C by Evans Studio, Los Angeles





ESTELLE WINWOOD
in "Too Many Husbands"



MLLE. DAZIE
Dancing in "Aphrodite"
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York

SELZNICK PICTURES



OLIVE THOMAS



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM



ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN



EUGENE O'BRIEN



ZENA KEEFE



OWEN MOORE

Remember when you played pirates as a youngster and dug for buried treasure? That was the quest of adventure. It's just as keen today. You're always looking for it "just around the corner." And you'll find it at the nearest theatre where Selznick Pictures are shown.

That's why

**SELZNICK
PICTURES**

Create Happy Hours

At Theatres Where Quality Rules

The Magazine of a Remade World

You Needn't Expect the Lamb To Do All the Loving

A common-sense editorial by BRUCE BARTON

WE were discussing the remarkable hold which a certain popular orator exercises over his audiences.

"I'll give you the secret of it," one man said. "I have known him for many years, and once he took me into his confidence. He makes a point of reaching the auditorium a few minutes before his lecture is scheduled to begin. Then he shuts himself in a room all alone, and begins to think about that audience. He says to himself: 'Out there in the hall are some of the finest people imaginable—not famous people, but the kind of folks that make the world worth living in, just the same. There are men who have sacrificed in order to give their children a start: there are women who have been angels of mercy in their neighborhoods. There are boys who fought for their country, and girls who will be the mothers of great men.'

"So he goes on, firing his imagination about that audience of commonplace folks," my friend continued, "until when he finally steps out before them, his face fairly beams with good will and affection. And his hearers, catching the warmth of his regard, simply can't help responding to it."

I thought of that incident a year ago when I visited a factory which was presided over by a very shrewd and able man. As I walked with him through the hall to the door of his private office, we passed at least six of his employees. He did not speak to one of them, and not one of them spoke to him. It did not surprise me to hear last week that the board of directors had supplanted him with another man. No matter how

able a man may be, no matter how keen his judgment, he can't succeed permanently in large enterprises without some warmth in his being, some capacity for loving people and making them love him.

When I was in college, I read a good many muck-raking articles about the strangle-hold which a few men have on the business of this country. Later, in New York, I met some of those very octopuses about whom I had read, and was surprised to find them not merely human but actually gracious. In their offices I encountered all kinds of folks coming with all kinds of requests; and the bigger the octopus, apparently, the more time he wasted every day in doing decent little favors for other people.

I hold no brief for octopuses: doubtless they deserve many of the harsh words said against them. But their critics would be amazed, I imagine, if they knew how much of their power rests on the solid foundation of good will—the accumulation of many acts of friendship performed for all sorts and conditions of men.

Perhaps a man can get to the top without friends: but I have never seen one do it. In the library of my son, aged four, I ran across this bit of business wisdom which I commend to every young man ambitious to succeed:

"Why does the lamb love Mary so?"
the little children cry,

"Because Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
the teacher did reply.

In other words, if you would have friends, take care to show yourself friendly. It isn't fair to expect that the lamb is going to do all the loving.

Another of Bruce Barton's Common-sense Editorials will appear on this page in the next issue of the Red Book Magazine.



COPYRIGHT 1920 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

CLEANLINESS finds in a pool of CLEAR WATER
that which she has sought

-a soap as pure and clean, in itself, as
the water in which it floats.

-a delight to the softest, tenderest skin
because of its whiteness, its mildness,
its delicate fragrance, and its bubbling,
velvety, easy-rinsing lather.

What soap can this be, but **IVORY**?

IVORY SOAP  **99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% PURE**

IT FLOATS

JULY, 1920
Vol. XXXV, Number 3

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor

THE distinction of RED BOOK MAGAZINE fiction could not be better exemplified than in this most unusual and original story by Mr. Irwin, who brings to the present expression of his art those qualities of discernment and charm that have won him his high place among contemporary American writers.

THE BLESSED SEASON

By
WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by
WILL FOSTER

Sometimes her eyes revealed
that she knew he knew.
Then he thought of Por-
phyria's Lover.

THIS story deals with many precious ancient beauties and with one beauty not at all ancient; and had the modern beauty been a work of art essentially instead of a gift of nature freaked into the esthetic by a lover of artifice, the poor Andrea Romanez might have known his market and have pocketed his losses without so much as a sigh.

Romanez was, without abusing the word, a connoisseur. To every creative genius there are a hundred connoisseurs, and to every connoisseur a thousand collectors. Romanez was of a species very rare, especially in America. A nomad, a cosmopolitan, he knew the land of his birth; if Andrea knew it, he nursed his art well. One story had it that he had been born in Algiers of a Spanish father and a native woman; another mentioned an English army officer who had stolen a wife from a Bedouin tribe. All who dared question Romanez in the matter, he reserved the same answer, which came with a whimsical shrug of his high shoulders and a smile on his fine lips. "My people were collectors," he would say, and return as rapidly as possible to the matter at hand.

Romanez kept his place of business in a loft over one of the many photograph-galleries which flourish along Twenty-third Street. He displayed no sign, and nobody would have suspected a place for world art in this claptrap neighborhood from

which the sea of trade had already receded, leaving wreckage on the strand. Only luck and obscurity saved him from being robbed poor at least twice a year. A deaf old negro did what little cleaning the place required; he kept no clerks or assistants. When mysterious crates and barrels were hoisted up the narrow stairs into the unexpected glories of his show-room, it was Romanez himself who tore away the boards and delved into the excelsior to bring forth examples of Ming porcelain or lovely Sheffield urns with handles twisted and copper showing through the plate.

When he was in New York, Romanez used to eat—usually alone—at a famous little restaurant in Sixth Avenue. One warm, clear night in mid-November he came shambling back from dinner toward his precious loft. The Sicilian who kept a fruit-stand near the corner tipped his hat as Andrea passed and informed him in Italian that it was a fine night; but the tall, distinguished, hawk-nosed gentleman had scarce responded and gone his way when the fruitman's wife was heard to say that the Signor was a lonely man. Andrea Romanez caught her pitying tone on the sharp corner of his ear. He smiled under his fine mustache, and as he smiled, he sighed. New York was beginning to weary him again. He knew of a man in Barcelona whom he suspected of owning a Velasquez painted over by an inferior landscape. A million to one the man was an impostor; but the millionth chance would be worth the trip. He must sell something for ready money.

Against the dimly lighted curb in front of his place Romanez saw a fat blue limousine, its silvered trimmings shining like the handles on a giant's coffin. A liveried Japanese chauffeur sat at the wheel, and by the dingy doorway leading to Romanez' stairs another Japanese, similarly clad, stood at attention, a huge furry robe across his arm.

"Mr. Rose to see me?" asked Romanez.

"Yes, sair," hissed the little yellow man.

Romanez uttered a relinquishing sigh as he mounted the stairs. It was no calamity, at worst, for an eminently wealthy collector like Mr. Elgar Rose to be calling on a needy dealer. But to sigh in the face of luck was one of the luxuries in which Andrea Romanez indulged himself.

Under the gaslight at the head of the stairs he found Mr. Rose, his thin growth of red hair seeming to add brilliance to the obscurity. He was a hugely fat man, violently pink of complexion, amber eyes staring out through thick-lensed horn-rimmed spectacles. When he smiled, he showed large square teeth with wide spaces between. The presence of this forceful old man who had begun as a buttonhole-maker and had lived to become a great patron of the arts shed an aureole of prosperity along the squalid passage.

"Late as usual!" he taunted, but there was no ill nature in his tone.

"Art is long," suggested Andrea, groping for his keys.

"And time is fleeting—how much truth in one little bromide! I was dining downtown and I thought I'd take my chances—"

"Mighty glad you did," replied Andrea quite truthfully. "I was a bit lonesome, I think. I've been considering a trip abroad. Wont you come in?"

He had opened the door and clicked on the electric lights, revealing the magnificent hodgepodge of the interior. Romanez scorned decoration and reveled in disorder. A Spanish monastery mantelpiece lay aslant against the wall, jumbled against un-assembled fragments of elegantly carved wood. One side of the wall was covered by six Chinese kakemono panels; on another hung two splendid landscapes by an unknown Flemish master; a great table was piled high with portfolios; innumerable cabinets hinted at smaller and more fragile treasures.

ELGAR ROSE passed round and round the room, making a solemn, heavy progress, and never a word spoke he. Romanez adjusted the lights, helped himself to a cigarette and smiled. He was used to old Rose, just as old Rose was used to Andrea Romanez. At last the rich man paused before a Venetian marriage-chest, a beautiful object with faun-headed pilasters, and panels painted in scenes representing the Judgment of Paris.

The fat man knelt, more in criticism than adoration, and examined the figures carefully through a magnifying glass.

"It has been retouched," declared Mr. Rose, glaring around.

"That's what I told you the last time you were here."

"Can you prove it's authentic?"

"To my own satisfaction, yes."

"Ah! But when I buy, I have to satisfy myself."

"Not in this case, Mr. Rose," declared Andrea. "That chest isn't for sale."

"By George!" Elgar Rose scrambled heavily to his feet, thrust a panetella deep into his mouth and chewed without lighting.

"By George! How in the world do you ever make a living?"

"I don't," replied Andrea, the same smile on his keen, melancholy mouth.

"I'd like to know your system," spluttered the elderly enthusiast.

"Sit down, Mr. Rose. I'll tell you my system. I like better things than I can afford to buy; that's all. I waited seven years to get that chest. I've had it for my own now less than seven months—my blessed season, do you see?"

"Your what?" The coarse, intelligent face grew eager with attention.

"Blessed season—my season to worship and possess. Some of these days I've got to see it snapped up by one or another of your rich amateurs. But here's one thing: I don't intend to sell it to anybody who doubts its merit. It would be like passing a woman you loved over to—"

"Rubbish!" snorted old Rose.

"You have my idea exactly," smiled Andrea.

But the important patron had begun another tour of the room and was slyly scrutinizing every corner.

"Haven't you got anything new since I was here last?" he inquired finally.

"I don't deal in new things," replied Andrea with a chuckle.

"You know what I mean. You're always keeping something back. Remember that Yi-Hsung Foo teapot you hid away for a year—I scoured New York for it and found it in one of your cupboards under a strip of oilcloth. That's no way to run a business—treating customers like so many pickpockets. Take my advice: Open a place on Madison Avenue, dress your windows, palm off reproductions and bad seconds. You'll be a rich man. I'll back you—any amount. Hello! What in the world's this?"

Mr. Rose, who had been rummaging in the closet under discussion, brought out a pottery statuette some eighteen inches in height; it was the figure of a horse, undoubtedly Chinese in workmanship and design.

"H'm!" said Mr. Rose. "I thought you were keeping something back. Ming, isn't it?"

"What do you think?" asked Romanez unbendingly.

"I should say it was Ming," declared old Elgar, holding the spirited animal with its full panoply of war. "But it's so hard to tell nowadays—the Germans and the Japs have been learning old Chinese so well. Even so clever a man as Solomon got fooled on a pair of so-called Tang camels. How much are you asking for this piece?"

"Not for sale."

"Look here, Romanez! What are you keeping—a museum?"

"I think so. Are you interested in Aubusson carpets?"

"Not so very," replied Rose warily, evidently scanning the dealer's eagerness to create a new interest.

"A Coypel design, twenty-one by eleven—"

"I'm not collecting Aubussons," interrupted Rose, "but I'll look at it."

Already Andrea was unrolling the gorgeous strip and pointing out the famous signature: "*Vitra—M.R. d'Aubusson.*"

"It's pretty," conceded the dealer, then relinquished the carpet he had been holding under his nose and asked somewhat querulously: "Now, what do you want for that Ming horse?"

THE conversation which followed could scarcely be called haggling, because haggling implies intent to buy on one side and intent to sell on the other. But argument and the friendly combat brought them to the small apartment on the rear of the loft. Here Andrea had produced Russian cigars from one sealed box and from another a pulverized coffee in the brewed Turkish fashion into a thick, chocolate-like liquid. The aroma sent old Elgar into ecstasies of delight.

"Where do you get it?" he marveled between sips.

"I know an Armenian dealer."

"I never tasted anything like it."

"I imagine not. There are less than six pounds of it in America."

"Romanez," said old Rose, setting down his cup, "is this your system too?"

"System?" Andrea raised his fine eyebrows, just as he had never before heard the word.

"You live in a loft that a decent tramp would scorn—eat and sleep in a king's bed. How you eat, I don't know; but drink coffee a sultan can't afford. You've spent your life creating a sense of beauty; yet I suppose you've never looked at a woman."

"On the contrary," replied Andrea with one of his about faces. "I've looked at several."

"Ho!" crowed Rose, pursing his thick lips. "So you've looked at her?"

"I don't think you understand me. There have been one or two. I'll admit. But the tragedy of my business is that it makes a man fastidious. It's too bad, in a way. I sometimes wonder if I'm gone in for wholesale clothing and made myself rich and become an art amateur. But one gets to be a sort of monster in this game. I knew a girl in Java. It lasted years—but she was dangerous—"

"Knifed you one night 'cause you wished she was white," suggested Rose.

"I never wished she was white, but she knifed me just the same. Then there was a girl in Glasgow—consumptive. I think I have married her—"

With one of his impatient movements Romanez came to his feet and went over to a small cabinet, where he unlocked a drawer.

"I'm going to show you something beautiful—and for sale," he said.

He had brought out a folded square which he shook at the corners, unloosing yard after yard of enchanted cobwebs. The threads interlaced in a marvel of design. Elgar Rose drew breath as he came to his feet.

"Such lace I never saw!" he whispered.

"*Point d'Alençon*," said Andrea quietly, "and there is no finer in the world finer than this piece. Of course you know the *d'Alençon* industry."

"Louis XIV's minister Colbert established it, I think."

"The Grand Monarch, as you remember it, took a fancy to revive the French lace-making industry. All the fine lace had been coming in from Venice, but Louis and his Colbert had set up a royal edict excluding all foreign lace from France. So he himself established a great lace industry at Alençon; and he wasn't too proud to import the best Venetian lace-makers to show him how. There's the genius of the French—they always learn from the best."

gly.
holding
it's
have been
as F
camels

eping—

pets?"
scenting

"but I

and poin
"

ned the co
hat queri

rcely be
to buy
ument
apartme
ussian cap
d coffin
like be

ands of

"is this

as the

orn—live
now; he
ur life
er look

s short

ou've been

en one

at it m
imes
rich eno
ort of h
sted re

was

just the
think I

z came
he unde

—and

shook
webs, a
ose dres

re is
now

think,
ok a

fine
olbert

rance,
encon; and

makers to
always



He paused and took one long, critical look at the slender young thing. "By the way, Romanes," he said, "I'm showing my Dutch masters tomorrow night. Why couldn't you and Miss — ah — Harlan dine with me?"

the things they borrow. Before the Revolution they were making at Alençon—well, look at this—

Andrea was holding out the marvelous piece of lace. Almost savagely Elgar Rose had snatched it and was holding it in his coarse hands, permitting thread after thread to rill through his stubby fingers. Finally he held it at arm's length before the light: his amber eyes narrowed; his throat gave forth a fat clucking sound.

"My God, man!" he said. "It's a wedding veil!"

"And that's the story," replied Romanez quietly. "Prince Jean d'Hivray—perhaps you've read of the famous old dandy—had a shopkeeper's daughter among his favorites. The time came when she wanted to become honest and bourgeoisie and happy; so Prince Jean helped her find a husband and promised to give her a splendid wedding—something of a mockery, you understand, but

Prince Jean was a humorist. The old chap did everything in a large way; so he went to Alençon and ordered such a veil as a *dauphine* might have worn. You're holding it in your hands, my good friend."

"What an affair it must have been!" sighed old Rose.

"The wedding? It never happened. The Revolution was about then—hell and equality were loose in France. Prince Jean shot himself to save the expense of an execution; and Marie—or whatever her sweet name was—never got her head under a wedding veil, because that poor little head was carried away in a basket."

"By George!" exclaimed Elgar Rose. "So it has never been worn."

"Never yet," smiled Andrea, taking the lace and folding it reverently away.

"You're saving it—for the woman?" suggested the rich man slyly as he bit into a fresh slice of cake. "I'll save it for a long time, I'm thinking," replied the dealer, unlocked the drawer and resumed his seat.

Elgar Rose laid a hand almost reverently on Andrea's knee.

"It's not healthy for a man to live alone. I'm a widower, in my prime, but my life has been influenced by women—all I should be. You love beauty. Well! Certainly there are beautiful women in America, suit the most exacting—"

"Superstition!" muttered the connoisseur. "American women are not beautiful."

"What?" Rose asked.

up.

"Pretty? Yes. But advertising models—models. A lovely girl here and there, a bit of good modeling on a badly designed figurine. In Europe and Asia they have different standards of hands and feet, of face; there must be distinction, spirit, esthetic quality. I can't make good Quattrocento furniture in Chicago; new is always raw."

"There are plenty of old races here, and bro-

knows."

"Something new, them new again, awfully new."

"Cultivated in New York?"

"Cultivated machinery. The product is glassy and false. It wears off. No hope for me there."

"Nor anywhere, I guess. Mr. Rose had consulted the watch and arisen."

"Occasionally I see a glimpse of the people," insisted Romanez, not to be cheated of his fair share.

"Gum-chewers," declared Elgar. "They mix their blood and prefer Charlie Chaplin."

"Possibly. But take them as material, something educated, molded into form."

"You're a peculiar



"By George! How in the world do you make a living?"

everything decided Rose as he brought out his check-book. "And now how much for your horse?"

Rose. It was a little after ten o'clock of the same evening that Andrea Romanes sighed and quitted the loft, locking the door after him.

He went to the cupboard where the long-legged Ming horse had been stabled was now bare, but Andrea carried in his pocket a check which, he had been any ordinary dealer, might have salved the wound of bereavement. He had grown to love that ancient pottery animal even

an Arab loves his horse. Old Rose's check, however, would suffice to pay the interest on certain pressing loans and would leave sufficient

capital for a pilgrimage to Barcelona—or to Tibet, for that matter.

The empty night lay heavy upon Andrea's spirit. He had a morbid desire to be rid of New York at once and forever. He had overheard

the ancient Italian crone muttering about the fruit-stand be-
"Always like that!" he kept telling himself. "My blessed seasons are so short!"

He struck into Fourth Avenue and sauntered along, hands in pockets, head down, until a riot of electric lights smote his vision and brought him up standing. Fourteenth Street—cheap amusements, cheap clothing, cheap morals, cheap people. A hideous

man with a ridiculous little hat passed close to him and said, "Hullo!" Andrea sauntered on. Two youthful sailors, arms

linked with those of ladies who might have been their aunts, and weren't,—brushed noisily by. A chain of electric lights whirling round and round like an infernal millrace accentuated the

leading sign: "Best Burlesque in New York."

He stood at last before a giant conch-shell, maddeningly illuminated and disfigured with framed posters showing men and women wild-eyed in the throes of motion-picture drama. In the

center of the composition there stood a little glassy booth wherein sat a young person, put there no doubt to sell tickets. The

back of the booth was turquoise blue. The ticket-seller had turned her head slightly in order to converse with a uniformed

man. Andrea gazed and gazed again. Her pure, pallid face, gently

framed by outline, fine gilt hair brushed simply back from her forehead, suggested against that plane of heavenly blue a Della

Robbia saint on some precious medallion. An accidental resemblance, of course, but the eye of man is caught by accidental

resemblances. "This is amusing," conceded Andrea as he took a few steps toward the doorkeeper, scenting business, relinquished his flirtation for

the doorkeeper, scenting business, relinquished his flirtation for

the doorkeeper, scenting business, relinquished his flirtation for

the doorkeeper, scenting business, relinquished his flirtation for

the doorkeeper, scenting business, relinquished his flirtation for

the doorkeeper, scenting business, relinquished his flirtation for

the doorkeeper, scenting business, relinquished his flirtation for

the doorkeeper, scenting business, relinquished his flirtation for



"Well," said she, "I'll come around tomorrow morning and talk it over. Can I bring Annie along?"

his ticket-box. Andrea stood some six inches from the small glassy hole in the booth and waited for her to look up. Her eyes, it proved, held the clear, kind ultramarine of tropic seas. Her forehead, above perfect eyebrows, was white as marble, and she carried her little head with a sort of languorous pride on the straight column of her neck.

"Wanna ticket?" she asked finally.

Andrea would have preferred her silence, save for the sweet thrush-note with which she uttered the inelegance.

"Are there tickets to Paradise?" he asked dreamily.

"No such film showing here," she informed him. "Norma Talmidge till Wednesday. I guess you're kind of late, anyhow."

"It doesn't matter," replied the connoisseur, continuing to admire.

"You aint interested in the pictures?" she asked with a languid little smile, plainly indicating a desire to be amused during the doldrums.

"The pictures—oh, yes," he replied (Continued on page 172)

A Romance of
the Mississippi
River in the
days of its
greatest glory.

PERIWINKLE HOUSE

By OPIE READ

Illustrated by
DEAN CORNWELL

CHAPTER I

OUT upon the sheen of the mighty river the pine-torch flames fell in rippling streams, and the full moon, peeping over the tall timber, made mouths at herself in the wrinkled mirror of the flood. On the steamboat *Leona* the negro deck-hands were chanting the buoyant anthem of the June rise. In the gilt, enameled saloon, a sweet-stringed waltz, centuries removed from the melodic bellow of the black bucks below, swelled out upon a breeze that seemed eager to mingle with it, while sentiment smiled and gallantry bowed in the studied graces of a floating ballroom on the Mississippi. All ceremony was precise with the inherited observance of precedent, save when some hair-greased and less refined dandy of the woods, having lingered too long at the bar, let liquor fly to his heels to cut a rebellious pigeon-wing.

Here on this pleasure-jaut was gathered by gracious accident a romantic remnant of civilization such as the modern world has never beheld but once, and which the future can never countenance: tenderness and chains, the love of freedom set forth in Attic oratory—and by public auction the separation of a child from the arms of its mother! Whence came the soulless part of this institution? From the court of the Virgin Queen, from the ship of John Hawkins, flattered for his shrewdness in entrapping the negro and knighted by Elizabeth for his brutal greed. From the open door of *Tom's* cabin, on the stage, came loud wails; but the refined generations of the South had softened slavery from its heartless inception, softened it as much as a great evil could be assuaged: and the orator in the pulpit and on the stump proclaimed the divine origin of enforced servitude. The black mammy was loved as a second mother; and at the feet of old Uncle Ben the white boy sat to receive the quaint wisdom of the ages.

The boundless ranch of the West was unknown, and along the

lower Mississippi lay the great plantations of America. Easy for the toil of the slaves, industrial life had been only a new, happy indolence; but society held many a thrilling charm, with its libraries from Europe, intellectual life indulged the luxury of ceremonious romanticism. This atmosphere was breathed on the big Mississippi steamboats, for fantasies rendered poetic the condition of us all linger on the water after having been driven from the land.

In the ballroom of the *Leona* the dress of the men and women was variegated with the odd ends of different periods of style. Old chests, hidden during the Civil War only a few years past, had been opened to give up the faintly scented frocks of gourd-flowered vests of Andrew Jackson's day; and the brigand in ruffled shirt poured gallantry's extravagant figures of speech upon the graceful young dame arrayed in the silk that had adorned the form of her grandmother when in the village of Washington she waltzed with Lafayette.

During a lull in the music-measured capering a tall, handsome young man, garbed in the fashion of the day, passed with light and careless strides from one end of the saloon and out toward the upper deck.

Admiring eyes were bent upon him; and one lady turned to her partner and said:

"Oh, please, Colonel, tell me who he is."

The Colonel placed his right hand on the bosom of his wife's shirt and bowed. "Miss Lucy," he said, "it would be one of the satisfactions of my life to gratify your more than natural curiosity, but that pleasure is denied me. I can't tell you who he is."

And then—because the Colonel had sighed his own sentimental distress in the presence of Miss Lucy and because her curiosity concerning the young stranger stirred a jealous qualm—he said:

"He looks like a Yankee to me."



"That wine is going to
Stepho on the *Bumble-
bee*. And so are we!"

The young man was a Yankee. And because he was journeying to the South upon a grim and terrible mission, the gayeties of the ball-

room had grated upon him and he had sought the solitude of the upper deck. Yet it was this moment that Fate chose to bring him face to face with one who was to change the whole course of his life.

For as he turned into a long passageway, aflame with light but deserted, there suddenly entered at the far end a girl thrilling in loveliness and almost barbaric in dress. In swift unconsciousness as she approached, a great handful of roses in red glare hid her features. She lowered her hand; he caught full view of her face; and it seemed to him that his heart ceased to beat, like a pendulum caught and halted, then thrown again into motion. She did not look at him as he slowly passed her. He gazed into her eyes as she bent them upon the roses held out in front of her; and then he wheeled about to follow her. She turned into a passageway, was gone; he ran to the entrance, but she had vanished.

In the young man's heart was a struggle to call her, but there was no appropriate word; and then sobered, the Yankee smiled at himself. But the smile did not balm his delicious wound; and he continued his search into the ballroom. There were many handsome women, belles of proud villages, but to none did he give a second glance. Again he passed out toward the upper deck.

For a time he stood gazing down upon the never-solved mystery of night on the Mississippi. The fiddles were going again, and he heard slippered feet whispering over the floor, but it seemed to him that this scene of gayety was forced, like a melancholy laugh; it reminded him of a book of poems in tatters, of a love-letter in faded ink.

BUILT about one of the smokestacks was a shanty of boards called the "dog-house." Turning a corner of the passageway, the young man stumbled against some one; a man growled at him.

"I beg your pardon!" "I should say you do!" A young fellow of unusual height and humorous slenderness came forth out of the shadow. The boat was landing, and a turpentine-torch on the shore revealed him, tall and long of face, with collar cut low and chin standing out.

"Yes sir," he added, "and although it may not be necessary on this occasion, yet if you knew who I am, you would apologize to me more."

"Ah, you don't say!" replied the Yankee, smiling. "And as you seem to be fond of the music of apology, will you please tell me who you are?"

"I can do that easy enough, but I don't wish to frighten you."

"You are considerate. But the fact is I rather enjoy the sensation of fright."

"Then tremble: I am Liberty Shottle."

"What, you don't mean that you are really Liberty Shottle?"

"I swear it."

"Well, well! And now will you please enlighten me as to

who Liberty Shottle is? And why do you suppose that people who have heard of you, tremble in your presence? What have you done?"

"Sir, modesty puts a clamp on me. . . . And now would you mind telling me your own name?"

"Not at all. My name is Virgil Drace."

"You don't say? Well, well! But I never heard of you, either."

Now they laughed, the joyous and unsuspecting mirth of youth. They stood looking down upon the deck-hands, loading freight, listening to the stream of the second mate's profanity, who swore his emotion by the stars, the moon, the river, the universe; and when the *Leona* was on her way again, the fiddles going, the muddy roustabouts singing, Liberty Shottle and Drace seated themselves on campstools, eagering toward swift acquaintance, the friendship of two natures far apart in aim and principle.

"If you've got two cigars, I'll join you in a smoke," said Shottle. "Thank you. You see, my people, what few of them are left, say that I don't exist. They haven't cast me off, or anything of that sort, but being of staid habits themselves, they swear that I am too unreal to exist. Lord, what is the world but queer? What's your game?"

"I haven't any—any game," parried the Northerner. "But what are you doing on this boat yourself?"

"I'm going down to New Orleans," replied Liberty, "to see how long I can stay there. I had a pretty fair job a couple of months ago, teaching a school near Memphis. They liked me, too. I've got a sheep's-hide from Chapel Hill University, North Carolina, with all the wool singed off; and the board acknowledged my qualifications, but they caught me shaking dice with the boys and told me that as there were some branches of learning they didn't care to have instilled, I'd better get a professorship in some higher institution. Have you been in there?"

Liberty Shottle waved his hand; and Drace, thinking he meant the ballroom, answered him:

"Only passed through. I've been rather worn with that sort of thing."

"Oh, you think I meant the ball. Hang the ball! I meant the poker-room."

"Yes, I sat in there for a time."

"How did you come out?"

"Not very well. Lost two hundred."

"You speak of losing two hundred as lightly as if it were a matter of breath instead of blood. Would you mind holding my hand till you say it again? Two hundred! Why, you know, a fellow would teach bullet-heads and sissies two months for two hundred dollars. . . . Now, let me lay down a proposition: I am lucky tonight. I lost fifteen dollars, all I had, but I'd just got up to the point of winning when I lost my last dollar. Just one more ante, and it would have come my way. I saw it coming, but a blundering fool headed it off. Now, here's my scheme, and it's a good one: you want your two hundred back; you stake me to a hundred, and I'll go in there and make a cleaning. Don't refuse, now, until you have let your mind digest the situation. Most of the errors in this life come from snap judgment."

"Ah, you think you can win, because you lost?"

"My dear Virgil, there is, you might say, a psychology in everything. Who wins a fight? The man who believes he can't? No, the man who knows he can. And I know right now. Why, I'd stake my life on it. You give me the hundred and stay right here and wait. As for my honesty, I can give you references—the mayor of New Orleans, and Judge Hebbins, of Memphis—but he died last week. No matter—I'd jump into the river and let the paddle-wheel beat me into sausage-meat before I'd deceive you. Liberty Shottle, that's my name!"



"I'd jump into the river and let the paddle-wheel beat me into sausage-meat before I'd deceive you. Liberty Shottle, that's my name."

Drace leaned back and laughed. "Liberty, a thing astonishing to me is going to happen. I'll stake you to the hundred."

No superstitious devotee ever received from the priest of the gods a libation with more of emotional strain than Liberty Shottle evinced when he closed in tight clutch on Drace's adventurous hundred. Then he bowed and—disappeared.

Drace sat musing, and soon he began to wonder why he had been so weak as to give a hundred dollars to this peculiar fellow, a stranger. Well, Liberty had amused him, made him laugh; and in this world there is more money spent for the promotion of laughter than for the relief of tears.

Presently Shottle returned. He sat down, and though physically he was light, the camp-stool groaned beneath him. Drace waited. The *Leona* blew her great horn, and all the world seemed to tremble. When the sound had died, echoing miles away, the gambler coughed lightly and groaned. Drace wondered why he should be tickled over anyone's misfortune, but he felt a merry tingling in his blood.

"This boat's got a good bass voice," he remarked.

"Bass voice! Do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to bore a ten-inch hole in her bottom and let her go down."

"You must have lost, Liberty."

"Don't call me Liberty. Call me Lib—just Lib; that's enough. But let me tell you something. Never in all my life have I ever come as near being a rich man as I was just now. I had won—by George, I had so much money stacked up in front of me that a mulatto from the North called me 'Marster.' And then a cog slipped. We could have split and had a small fortune apiece."

"Blundering fool again?" Drace inquired.

"Yes sir, and I was the fool. I wanted to be a rich man—and came within one of it. You know, sometimes Fortune hesitates as to whether she shall crown you or slap you."

"In your case she didn't seem to hesitate long, Lib."

"No, the hair-tangled hag! And then do you know what she did just as I was forced to get up from the table in as hot a fever as ever scorched a man's blood? She smiled at me. Now, I'll swear to that. But it's all over. A fellow has his little day, and the stretches out and lets the undertaker measure him."

"Yes, Lib, and I'd advise him to bring along extra tape when he comes after you."

Shottle attempted to smile, but the fever within him was so hot that his effort ended in a grim tightening of mouth.

"That's all right, Virgil, but you must remember that you are one out of a million. How a fellow can lose two hundred dollars and get up from the table with money still in his pocket is beyond me. However, it means that you haven't got your blood, which of itself is a marvel. But I want to tell you that every man is food for some sort of desperate passion. It isn't gambling, it may be love. How about that?"

"Hasn't caught me yet," answered Drace stoutly, even though the picture of the girl in the passageway was at the moment as bright before his mind's eye. "Of course," he added, "I'm married, Liberty; that sort of thing runs in our family, you know. But I don't think the subject very interesting."

"I grant you. In this we walk shoulder to shoulder. There is something of vital interest. Just now—I lost."

"Yes, and a very natural thing," Drace agreed.

"No, it wasn't natural. It was unnatural that I should lose just at that time. It was an accident. Listen to me for a minute. Anybody can do the natural and expected thing. A dog or a cat or any other animal always does. It is doing the thing that nature didn't intend that marks the progress of civilization. Now, I have a proposition to make that may seem unusual. Perhaps no man you ever met before would make it. But I never met such a man as I am, before. You couldn't look at me and see me. Could you?"

"I didn't," Drace cheerfully admitted.

"And it would have been hard for you to believe that I am which I don't, according to the belief of some of my folks. Then, what are we getting at? Another stake? No, I'm not going to ask you to risk any more of your money. But this is my proposition: You let me have a hundred dollars; if I win, I'll pay back all I owe. And if I don't, I'll belong to you—body and soul—but with this understanding: I am not to perform any menial service, in public. And if you understand and agreed upon that if by any chance I can

hundred dollars, I am to have the privilege of buying my freedom. The first hundred, you understand, was a stake and not a man. Before you decide, weigh the advantages of owning a man. You will be your Greek, your enslaved philosopher, be your Epictetus and turn your mill. We will revive the ethics of ancient society. Don't that prove that history really does repeat herself?"

"Yes," answered Drace, "but I don't care any more whether history repeats herself than I do that a stammering man repeats himself."

"Now, my dear friend,—soon to be my master, I hope,—I ask you: isn't it something to own a companionable slave?"

"Yes. By the way, do you know New Orleans very well?"

"What! Does a bloodhound know the scent of a dinky?"

"All right, Lib—here's the hundred. And I believe that within an hour from now you'll be my property."

CHAPTER II

DRACE sat musing over the strange creature who had just left him, but soon his mind flowed down another channel, far different from a whim or an amusement: his mission in the South, secret, grim and desperate. But life on a river steamboat in that day left little time for brooding; for, a few moments after Shottle left to risk his perty and Drace's hundred, a roustabout thrust his head in at the door and announced that down on deck there was to be a growing and tying match. The big fireman of the *Leona* was out to encounter Vicksburg Joe for the championship of the river.

In an instant Drace was on his feet, all his instincts keen and ready to jump. He was something of a boxer and wrestler, but had not been taught in this peculiar art of tying an adversary as one has thrown him. And there was that in his mind which made the acquisition of this knowledge seem to him desirable indeed.

As he joined a group of men making their way below, he over-

heard the Colonel, Miss Lucy's admirer, explaining the gentle pastime. "Tying a man once you have thrown him," the Colonel was saying, "is the mark of prowess. I saw Cal Blodgett throw and tie Nick Brown at a barbecue at Mount Zion camp-ground, and I have never since to remember it, the young lady that went with deserted for the hero, sir—usually stuck flowers in his hair. Here are."

Two enormous fellows were struggling, while near by lay a convenient rope. Finally Vicksburg Joe tied the fireman, and he lay helpless, unable to get

"I will give you five dollars if you can throw me and tie me the way," called Drace to the victor when the excitement had a little subsided.

Joe looked at Drace a moment. The young man seemed powerful enough to be dangerous, but—five dollars was five dollars. He smiled, bowed, spread out the blanket rug and took Drace by the hand to lead him to the astonished of all, Drace threw Master; but he could not tie the champion.

"Show me how it's done," said Virgil, "and I'll give you the money."

For a long time, and until the Colonel and Shottle were worn out with waiting, the two struggled; and so apt was the student that he succeeded finally in turning the master over and tying him. But it seemed that the burly champion was too willing, and Drace insisted on another fall. And now, though the struggle was gen-



Boyce regarded Shottle suspiciously. "Well!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know they did that sort of thing here."

uine on Joe's part, Drace tied him. Still more, another five promised, and Virgil was willing to quit.

"Finest sport I ever had!" he said as he turned away to the upper deck again to avoid the questions and felicitations showered upon him. . . .

Drace was musing—not, it must be confessed, upon the serious purposes which had brought him to the South, but upon that girl of the red roses—when Shottle appeared again. Liberty stood in his presence, not with a droop but straight in the manly resolution to discharge the duties an adverse fate had thrust upon him. In the belief that it would make him look more like a slave, he now wore his coat turned wrong side out.

"Master, I salute you," he remarked.

"All right," said Drace. "But turn your coat. I want my slave, the grinder of my mill, to appear respectably clad. You may sit down."

"I thank you, sir."

"You didn't last long."

"No, master. The tangled-haired hag kicked me sidewise, like a cow. In only two pots! But what can you expect of a man that has an ace-full beaten? How long can a man preserve his freedom at that rate? And a fellow with a spindle chin and a nose no bigger than the average wart beat me with four jacks. Crushed me! And he would have crushed Julius Cæsar just the same. Well, after all, freedom has many responsibilities. As a slave I'll cultivate what virtues I can get hold of, and look toward old age and a cabin on the hillside. And now, as it is natural for every man to hide his degradation, will you permit me to call you Virgil in the presence of other people?"

"I thought you didn't believe in the natural thing! But 'all right; I grant your request. And now I suppose I'd better give you some pocket-change. It isn't well for even a slave to be broke."

The slave's face brightened with hope. "You couldn't make it as much as five dollars, could you?"

"No, thirty cents."

Shottle took the money and sat drooping. Drace gave him a cigar, and they smoked for a time in silence. At last Shottle looked toward Drace, his face guiltless of the whimsical humor that had hitherto possessed it.

"Master," he said, "I don't want to be inquisitive, and if I'm prying into what's none of my business, I won't mind your saying so. But I want to be a faithful slave, and I can serve you best if I know what—what are my master's purposes in life. For example, was there any special reason for your learning to throw and tie that way? Is there anybody in particular I could help you to put the rope on?"

Drace made no answer for a moment, but bent a searching eye upon his new servitor. Somehow the man's soul seemed to shine transparent in his face; and through it Drace saw sincerity; moreover the longing of youth for comradeship was strong within his lonely soul and won him from reticence.

"Liberty," he said, "did you ever hear of a man called Stepho la Vitte?"

Liberty nodded. "Yes, I've heard of him; they say he's an outlaw, a smuggler."

"And worse," said Drace. "He's the man who—Liberty, give me your word, your oath, that you'll keep this a sacred secret!"

Liberty gave his word and his oath with a certain quaint dignity, and Drace went on:

"Liberty, before the war my father, Alfred Drace, was manager of a line of steamboats on the Ohio. In his employ was the crew Stepho la Vitte. After a time it came to my father's knowledge that Stepho was not only dishonest in ordinary dealings but had been guilty of piracy along the Gulf coast. And so my father dismissed Stepho from a position which the creole's dishonesty had made lucrative and valuable to him."

"Just after that," Drace went on, "the war broke out. La Vitte became a guerrilla—one of the men of Quantrell's stamp, who kept out of the army but who gathered in bands and lived by rapine along the border. I was only a little boy, Liberty, when La Vitte's band of guerrillas crossed the Ohio near Cincinnati and raided the little town where we lived. But the horror of that night still burns like a flame in my brain, Liberty."

Drace stopped, drew from a breast pocket a card and handed it to Shottle. On it was written in bold black characters: "Stepho la Vitte, with the compliments of Alfred Drace's son Virgil."

Shottle read the card, then looked inquiringly at Drace.

"Liberty," the young man explained, "those guerrillas under La Vitte burned our little town and killed nearly every grown man in it. For word was brought of their coming, and the men—nearly all of them married men or old—who had not gone to the war seized weapons and went out to defend their houses."

"They were massacred almost to a man. . . . And it was not plunder alone that led them to choose our little town for outrage, Liberty, but a passion for revenge. For next morning my father was found hanging to a tree. And on his breast was pinned a card that read: 'Alfred Drace, with the compliments of Stepho la Vitte.'"

Liberty looked again at the card he held in his hand, then handed it back to Drace. "I reckon I understand now, master," he said. "You are huntin' this Stepho to—"

"To hang him high as Haman and to pin that card on his breast," declared Drace passionately. "While my mother lived, Liberty, I could do nothing. You know how women are in such matters. But—she died this spring, Liberty, after long years of grieving for the man that damned outlaw foully murdered. Now I am free to strike for my honor and my father's memory—to carry justice to that murderer."

With an awkward gesture Liberty stretched forth a hand, caught Drace's and wrung it warmly. "You're like—like Hamlet!" he exclaimed. "I'll do my best to help you."

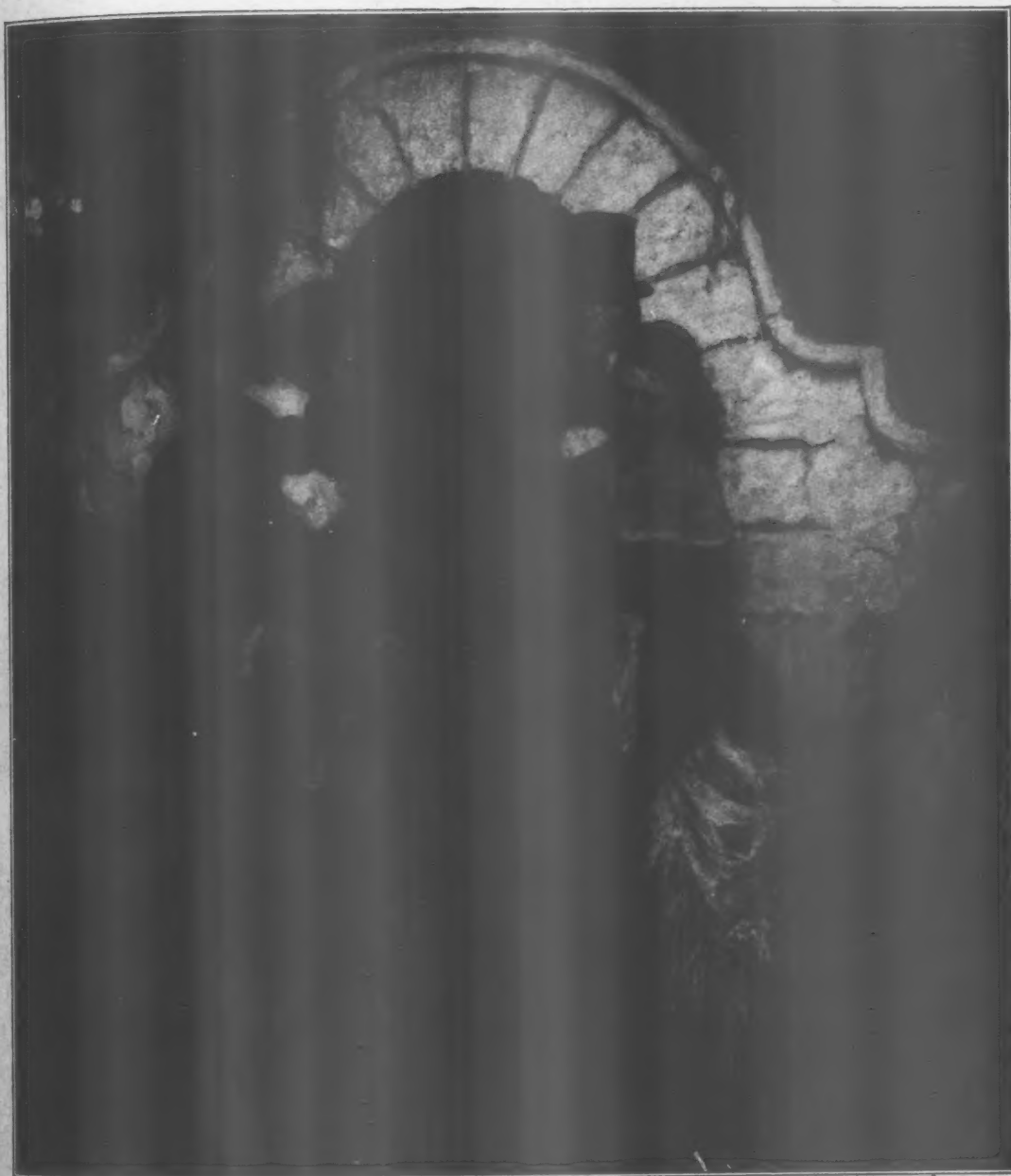
Hamlet. Let me be your Horatio as well as your slave!"

Drace returned the fervent handclasp. "My Horatio!" he agreed. And then, solemn again, he added: "It's a worthy cause, Liberty. It's not alone my private vengeance but the wrongs of a whole community that the ordinary machine of justice can never right. Why, Liberty, dozens of men were murdered by these drunken fiends; little

children were trodden under the hoofs of their horses; and women—Near our house, Liberty, an old couple are living in poverty. At the time of Stepho's raid, their son and his young wife lived next door to them; they were well-to-do and prosperous. The day of the raid the son had received ten thousand dollars from the sale of

some lands. When rumor of the raiders came, he hurriedly hid the money somewhere in the neighborhood, scribbled on a piece of paper the location of that treasure and gave it to his wife before he went out with the other men to fight. Next morning he had been shot; and the young wife had been carried off by those devils—her child with her, after the Indian custom, to





Nadine turned to Drace, her face lighted with gratitude. "I thank you much. You are like one on the stage, the hero."

manage her from suicide. No one knows what became of her. Liberty, if I could find that money ever been found. Liberty, if I could find Stepho, get him in my power, I believe I could at least learn that became of that poor young woman—possibly find that money and learn where to find the money those poor people so much need; for once, some years ago, a mysterious fellow was digging about their yard. . . . But I've talked enough, Liberty. Action! Do you know any more about La Vitte?" "Not much," replied Liberty, "I believe he is often seen up the River, and sometimes down on the coast. He has his friends, and nearly everybody else is afraid of him. So you—we—must keep dark till we get our chance. And you mustn't show your feelings in your face. Remember, master, you're just a young man out to see the world. H'm—here comes Colonel Josh. Suppose we talk to him. He was a mule-buyer in the War and may know something about Stepho."

The door was darkened. In came Joshua Mortimer, the man whom Miss Lucy had plied with questions concerning Drace. He had dodged in for a smoke, he said, when Shottle had introduced him to his master, and it was evident that it was his aim to impress Drace with his military bearing. He had not been actually in the army, but had acquired the title of colonel from his adventurous work of buying mules for the Confederate Government. The Colonel "took it" that Drace was from the North.

"Yes, but some of my people were from the South."

"Ah! I congratulate you, sir. I have a match, thank you."

Drace had offered him a light. He filled his pipe with tobacco-crumbs dug out of his breeches pocket, and long legs crossed, sat back to enjoy himself.

"Well, sir, Mr. Drace, the war has been ended some years; and if we forget an evil as easily as a (Continued on page 162)



THE author of this story of the out-of-
is one of the greatest of all writers of
has come to be called the Animal story.
years he has been a trapper of animals
now a breeder of fur-bearers in the West.
early issue a long story by him will begin
title is "The Yellow Horde," and it tells
life of one animal as that story has never
told before.

THE PALMATED PIONEER

By HAL G. EVARTS

Illustrated by FRANK STICK

LAWTON the trophy-hunter, and Kennedy the guide, were the first two men to ponder over the strange case of the palmated pioneer. Later there were thousands who deliberated long upon this identical theme, but it fell to the lot of only those two men to know the Stranger.

It may have been unfavorable feed-conditions that led him to undertake the long journey. Perhaps he merely lost his bearings and imagined that he was headed for some other spot, which is unlikely in view of the fact that the sense of direction is almost unerring in animals of his kind. No man can say with assurance what the real cause of it was.

A possible solution is that he possessed more initiative than other young bulls and that having chanced across a few cows at the first of the running moon, he herded them away from their home range to avoid losing them to some bull mightier than himself; more plausible still is the supposition that the cows wandered off of their own accord and he merely followed them. It will ever be shrouded in mystery, for there was none to witness the start of his journey, and there was none to chronicle his arrival in a strange land.

It is fairly certain, however, that he was a British Columbia moose, and that his route of march lay across the State of Montana, or possibly through Idaho.

Kennedy was the first man to discover his presence in the Land of Many Rivers. The guide's trap-line gave evidence of coming spring, for his catch yielded several pelts that were badly rubbed, and at least two that were shedders. He sprung his traps and cached them along his line. Idleness soon palled, and by the first of May he set forth to explore the little-known country over the divide at the head of the Yellowstone. He traveled on skis, and by starting early at the snow-line on the Shoshone side, he made a forced march across the divide and dropped below the snow on the Yellowstone slope in a single day.

He rolled in his blankets before a tiny fire, and with the first rays of dawn he breakfasted, hung up his skis to be picked up on

the homeward trip, resumed his scanty pack and headed up through the broad bottoms of the Yellowstone. He noted a lot of elk-carasses dotting the open meadows along his route, testimony to the fact that many of them had failed to pass across the divides the previous fall and had been wintered. There were a few fresh elk-tracks marking the return of first straggling bands to the summer range.

Kennedy reached the confluence of the Yellowstone and Thoroughfare, plunged waist-deep into the latter and finally making his night camp on the shores of Bridger Lake, nestled between the forks of the streams. He unwound a coil from round his hat, cut a willow pole and prepared to cook an evening meal, then stopped and whistled with surprise as he saw a great track in the mud of the lake bank. At first Kennedy thought that a bull elk must have passed that way, slipping every stride, but closer inspection proved the hoof-print clearcut and distinct. It was almost twice the size of any elk's. Kennedy had ever seen.

There were other tracks but little smaller than the first, and he knew that a number of beasts of a kind strange to him had some time in the vicinity. Many white men had passed that since Jim Bridger had first reached the shores of the lake that bears his name, but none of them had reported any beast could leave a track such as Kennedy looked upon now. This was a vast country, extending from the Shoshone to Buffalo Fork of the Snake, and the few men who crossed there it could easily have missed finding signs of one small band of rare animals. Kennedy scoured the country for a week and found much evidence that the strange beasts had wintered there. Tracks were old—not a trail on the Yellowstone that had left less than a month before; but on the Thoroughfare the tracks seemed a trifle fresher.

The bears had come from their dens, and the guide found tracks of blacks, browns and grizzlies wandering aimlessly through the country. A series of open ridges, partly devoid of vegetation

ched down to the shaking bogs in the bottoms a mile from the mouth of the Thoroughfare, and as Kennedy moved across them keep out of the swamps, he noted tracks that appeared to have been made by a two-year-old black bear. No less than a dozen times in the course of a mile he crossed this trail on the dusty shores and along the shores of the beaver-ponds, and he wondered if all the two-year-olds in the hills had suddenly swarmed into this locality, or if one of them happened to think so well of it that he lingered in the vicinity instead of wandering on from place to place as is the habit of most bears in the spring.

The sign was increasingly difficult to read, for the elk-herds were turning to the summer feed, and the game-trails and meadows were littered with their tracks. Kennedy abandoned the search and started for home. As he came out upon the opposite bank of the stream, he spied a strange object slanting up through a patch of stunted brush, another similar one lying flat beyond it—and here Kennedy had found the first pair of moose-blades ever shed on the Thoroughfare. He wedged the mighty antlers in the forks of a tree and resumed his way, the mystery clear at last.

Even though he had never before looked upon a moose-track, he recognized the blades from descriptions by other men. He half expected to find some undiscovered monsters, some last

survivors of a vanishing breed, to learn now that the tracks had been made by an animal common in many parts, a stray bull moose, the only oddity about it being his presence here five hundred miles from the natural range of his kind. He was but a minor in a strange land, and Kennedy thought of him as the stranger. He looked off up the Thoroughfare.

"He's up there," he said. "The stranger is prowling round in the Thoroughfare bogs."

And this surmise was true, for the Stranger was at that very moment bedded comfortably in the edge of a moist thicket, the bull moose that had ever left tracks in the beaver-swamps of the Thoroughfare. And he was well content with his surroundings, for the long journey and its hardships were fresh in his mind.

Stranger had crossed much country that was not to his liking, for after once leaving his home range, he had refused to turn back. He had crossed mighty snow-capped ranges where the winds shrieked and whistled, in open valleys that afforded no cover and little feed, wide stretches of barren sage-covered flats and foot-hills, strips of broken bad-lands where the going was hard. He had carried but little on the way, for the country over which he traveled had been partly settled, and any protracted stay in one locality would have been noted by men. The fact that there was even a rumor of this pilgrimage of a bull moose and five cows was proof conclusive that he had moved swiftly on in search of a land that was more in accord with his notions of what a moose country should be. There was one to report the exact point at which he first struck the Yellowstone, but he had found this strange to his liking. At the time Kennedy gave up his search for the stray bull, Stranger must have felt that after many vicissitudes of the trail he had reached moose paradise at last.

He rose from his comfortable bed and moved out into an open meadow, turning his feet downstream along the little river toward its junction with the Yellowstone. Rank grass stood knee-deep in the meadows, and the water was very near the surface, sloshing round his feet as he walked. Where the surface was but a few inches lower, the grass-lands were replaced by quivering bogs covered with dense jungles of brush. Thickets of cottonwood alternated with clumps of spruce, the silvery aspen-trunks shimmering in bright contrast to their darker fellows.

Stranger splashed through beaver ponds, their waters backed up into thickets of willow and birch. Countless springs oozed from the slopes and formed spongy sidehill bogs in the matted tangles of spruce and fallen timber. Moose country—miles and miles of it! Near the junction of the two streams Stranger saw a moving object on a bare hillside that rose from the oozing marsh in which he waded, and he stopped.

He had seen bears before, grizzlies and blacks, and the light cinnamon and dark brown color-phases of the Western black bear; but he had never seen a bear like the one that shuffled across the dusty hillside. It was a small bear, evidently but a two-year-old, and its pelt was very light brown, almost taffy-colored, and it glistened in the sun. Stranger loosed a coughing grunt, and the



Stranger had crossed mighty snow-capped ranges where the wind shrieked and whistled.

little bear stopped and peered down toward him. His small, near-sighted eyes could scarcely make out the monster in the swamp, but his ears caught the gurgle of water and mud as Stranger shifted his position. He elevated his nose and tested the wind. A shifting eddy carried the moose-scent to him, an odor strange to him yet plainly announcing that it came from some beast that was no meat-eater, and he shuffled on.

The new antlers on Stranger's head had attained but a portion of their growth and looked strangely out of place on such a tremendous beast, but the matter of his appearance caused him little worry; his one concern was to protect the soft and tender horn growth from injury until it should mature.

ALl through the spring and summer he roamed widely on the Thoroughfare and the Yellowstone. There were no enemies to disturb him, and not once did he cross the man-scent in the hills. He no longer felt the necessity of seeking dense cover for concealment, and when so inclined he stalked abroad in the open parks in the full light of day.

When the days were bright and hot, he bedded in the moist thickets or in the edge of some marsh well back on the heavy spruce slopes. On cooler days and cloudy ones he frequently rested in the open meadows. Four of the five cows that had made the journey with him now had long-legged calves at their sides, and he often saw some of them as they fed out from the timber into the swamps at sunset or in the early dawn before sunrise. Several times he saw the strange taffy-colored bear, always near the same spot where the first meeting had occurred.

In midsummer a mountain lion, that terror of all antlered game, crept toward him as he lay in his bed. There was little wind, the air heavy and damp under the trees, and Stranger's nostrils drew one whiff of the rank scent of the killer. There was a sucking of mud as he lurched to his feet from the spongy bed, and the big cat that stalked him crouched flat without a move, hoping that his prey had mistaken the direction of the menace and would rush toward him in a panic and thus come within striking range, as so frequently happened among elk and deer.

True to his hopes, the killer saw his intended victim move a few steps in his direction—but such a victim! The beast before him towered almost seven feet at the shoulders, his massive neck covered with coarse hair and hide of exceeding thickness; the little eyes, set high up in the monstrous head, glared wickedly as Stranger gave vent to his coughing grunt and moved a few more paces in the direction from which he had detected the scent.

Stranger was moving within striking distance of the slayer, but not through accident, for he was deliberately seeking the beast that had disturbed his nap. For the first time the tawny cat had met an antlered animal that failed to flee in horrible fear from the first taint of his scent, and he executed a cringing retreat, keeping well out of the monster's sight. Stranger's antlers were yet too tender to be of any use, but the lion had no desire to engage a beast with such rangy legs and the will to deliver crushing blows with his ponderous hoofs.

Other cats soon learned that the cows of Stranger's kind, having no antlers whatever, were yet to be dreaded when roused by a slinking cougar that attempted to creep upon a calf—that these strangers did not fear them. This, coupled with the fact that the cat tribe had small liking for the swampy habitat of the moose, worked to protect them, and there was not one mortality in the ranks of the little band.

IN the late summer the insect pests troubled Stranger somewhat. There were clouds of gnats and flies, humming swarms of mosquitoes floating over the swamps. The big moose made a bull-wallow by trampling the oozing mud of a spring, and in this he bedded, plastering his tender underparts and flanks with a coating of mud. He scattered these wallows throughout his range, and when in need of a fresh coat he repaired to the nearest one and covered himself with a new layer.

On the far side of the divide there was but one man, Kennedy, who suspected Stranger's presence on the Thoroughfare, and the guide had speculated long as to how he could best turn this knowledge to account. There was a collector named Lawton who came each year and offered prizes to the various guides who could show him rare animals of the hills to add to his hundreds of trophies. It would be this same Lawton who would pay the best for Kennedy's secret—not that moose were difficult to obtain, but surely the head of the first bull on the Thoroughfare would be a prize worth taking.

Kennedy acted as guide for one hunting party in the early fall, then crossed over the divide to make certain that the animal

whose tracks he had seen still lingered there. As he crossed the Thoroughfare, he noted once more the numerous tracks of a two-year-old bear, and he recalled having seen them in the locality in the spring. He did not see Stranger but found fresh trails and caught a distant glimpse of a cow moose and a calf in the edge of a beaver-swamp. This was all the evidence needed, and he turned back, knowing that he could locate the bull when he brought Lawton to the spot. He swung back to the bare ridges near the mouth of the stream to avoid the lake and stopped in his tracks and stared.

"Sun-bear!" he whispered. "The last sun-bear left alive!" circled widely lest he disturb the small bear whose pelt glowed in the rays of the sun. Here indeed was knowledge that would net him a pretty sum, for the collector had offered a thousand dollars for a guide who would put him within range of one of the fabled tribe of sun-bears.

The collector had not yet left the hills, and Kennedy learned the tale of the last taffy-colored bear and the first bull on the Thoroughfare. The offer was renewed—a thousand for the bear and a thousand for the bull, this in addition to the customary guide fee. With two packhorses they set forth at once to cross the divide to the Thoroughfare. There was no time to lose, for the snow would soon retire to his winter den and sleep the long winter spring. The first drifting flakes of a storm hurried about as they started, thickening so rapidly that a two-foot blanket of snow covered the hills by nightfall—and they had ascended the first slopes of the divide.

All through the night the white crystals sifted through the trees and drifted deep across their blankets, and when dawn came, they turned back, the hunt postponed until next year.

Lawton was a practical man, and he had small faith in the tales of fabled animals that frequently reached his ears, believing that naturalists would long since have discovered them. But the legends of the sun-bears he had lent a credulous ear, for he had seen specimens based on a variety of things that had come under his observation.

Among the tribes that had once peopled the country the tales of a small sun-bear that lived in open foothills and in the brakes. The early white settlers testified that some few of these animals survived in the low country after the coming of the winter. Lawton was well aware that the brown bear of the West is but a color-phase of the black bear, ranging from rich chocolate to light cinnamon tints. But the men who had seen the sun-bear denied that he was but a freakishly light phase of these, and that specimens were never seen that had attained greater size than that of a two-year old black, though worn and rounded, often attested the animal's great age.

These things, coupled with a pet theory of his own, had converted Lawton, and he believed in the sun-bear of the hills with small hope that he would ever look upon one in the flesh. Kennedy's tale of the bare hillside where this survivor had made his home accorded well with Lawton's theory in regard to the color and color of the bear, and he begrudged the long period that elapsed before he could investigate for himself and bring home the pelt of the last sun-bear and the head of the first bull moose seen in the land of the Yellowstone.

But Stranger's scalp was safe for another extended period. The band of five cows had split, two remaining on the Thoroughfare while the rest headquartered on the main stream a few miles lower. With the cold days of fall Stranger spent much of his time ranging through the swamps between these two bands. His palmated antlers had hardened and attained great size, the spread of more than fifty inches, terrible weapons when used by almost a ton of energy which he could put behind his head. He was the monarch of the valleys, his supremacy unquestioned for there was no other bull to question his authority.

THE shining bear had sought winter quarters in the first heavy storms of late October, and Stranger had seen more of him. Every new snow packed the former by its weight, and even the tall meadow-grass was buried deep. The bear had moved out of this high basin country, and the wide expanse of it was devoid of life; save for tracks of the moose and of a few prowling bobcats, the white landscape was unmarred by a single footprint other than those left by the snowshoe hares.

When the mating season of the five cows had passed, Stranger followed his natural inclination to range in search of other animals, whom the mating moon might possibly come later. He crossed the Yellowstone for a dozen miles to the last basin, where

d Fin

he tawny
us seen
in the
found
oose
eviden
ocate the
g back
id the b

t alive?
pelt gl
e that
d a th
of our

edy la
bull
d a t
guid
the
for the
ng slo
about
anket
ded

thru
hen the
until

h in the
believe
But
r, his
under

ry the
and he
few
of the
rich
the
ese, no
gr
roush

a, had
the p
in the
vne
to the
iod the
bring
ll mon

period
Th
few
ch the
He
sine
when
nd the
uncon

ters
range
how
The
whole
he
e six
by

ased
of other
He
in, when



For the first time the tawny cat met an antlered animal that failed to flee in fear at the first taint of his scent, and he executed a cringing retreat.

main stream feathered out into a network of small tributaries that drained the encircling slopes. He found no cows of his own kind but discovered a drove of thirty elk that had failed to migrate to the winter range in time, and for two months he lingered in the willow thickets near where these ill-fated ones were making their last fight for life.

The big moose fared well, browsing on the tender twigs of willows, cottonwood, birch and a variety of other brush that reared above the snow. But—the elk were grazing animals that must have grass and could not subsist on twigs; so while Stranger waxed fat in the thickets, the elk grew gaunt and emaciated in the open meadows. They were forced to paw through the crust for every scant mouthful of grass. Day and night the crunching sound of their desperate pawing at the snow shattered the white silence of the valley. At the end of the first month Stranger chanced across five old cows bedded in the edge of the timber, too weak to rise, their feet sore and tender from pounding through the crust. Every day thereafter he saw more still shapes in the timber and fewer moving elk in the open parks.

The bull with the drove was the last to go. He was a splendid animal in his first prime, his great branching antlers bespeaking strength and vigor, announcing that he had wintered well the season past; but his vitality was slipping from him now. His pawing was without energy and of little avail. He braced his tottering legs and gazed at Stranger as the moose passed up the valley to the birch-clump that grew at the upper end of the meadow. For two days Stranger heard the feeble crunch of his hoofs; then this sound ceased. The noise of his own progress was now the only sign of life, and when a few days later he headed down the country, there were two bobcats prowling round a dark hulk in the snow, all that was left of the fallen lord of the elk-herd.

The two bands of cows and calves had drifted together on the Thoroughfare, and Stranger wintered with or near them. Late in February his antlers loosened and dropped from his skull, but he had small need for them, for his hoofs were adequate protection against any enemies he might meet. Spring found every moose in prime condition. The snow melted from the valleys, and Stranger could once more plow through open bogs and marshes while the higher hills still showed solid white. And as the season advanced, there were four new calves to swell the ranks of the moose herd.

The high country once more teemed with life. Beaver-colonies busily repaired breaks in their dams caused by spring freshets from the melting drifts. Thousands of elk fed in the meadows. Ducks and geese swarmed on the surface of Bridger Lake, and nesting pairs chuckled contentedly on the reedy edge of the beaver-ponds, while silvery strings of huge white pelicans drifted up from Lake Yellowstone on lazy wings, looked the valleys over from above and winged back to the lake. And the taffy-colored bear had waked from his nap under the roots of an ancient spruce-stump and wandered ceaselessly back and forth across the dusty ridges of his restricted range.

Stranger milled through his adopted country at his pleasure, unafraid in this land where the man-scent was practically unknown, and lesser creatures gazed in awe at the massive newcomer whose size was almost twice that of the mightiest bull elk. He waded in the swamps and smaller lakes, thrusting his great head beneath the surface to pull water-plants from their moorings in the bottoms, and he plunged boldly into the larger lakes and streams and swam across them in sheer joy of the life and power pent up in his tremendous frame. And across the divide a man was busily planning how best to end that energy and reduce it to a lifeless hulk in the space of seconds.

Yet Kennedy was an observant man and opposed to needless slaughter of game. He had lived long and had seen the sacrifice of the buffalo herds, the crowding of the antelope bands back into the rough country at the foot of the hills, and the extermination of beaver and otter on the Arkansas and the Platte.

In this country where the game-herds were making their last stand, the old man tempered his killing with judgment, and had foresworn the wastefulness of the early days.

When fur-sign grew scarce on any part of his line, he set traps, and he refrained from leaving them too long in a beaver-swamp, not caring to trap too close and bag more than one of each colony on his line. The more he considered the lone sun-bear, the more he disliked the idea of bringing it to its end. It was possible that there might be more than one somewhere in the hills it would find a mate. The downy moose would matter less, for his kind was plentiful in the north.

The winter had been long, the peaks drifted deep with snow, and Kennedy found the treacherous snow-combs too hard to cross in the early spring. The bear's pelt would be rubbed, and the bull would have long since shed his horns if a crossing could be made, and so the hunt must be postponed to the coming fall.

As the time approached, Kennedy found himself loath to out to take the pelt of the bear and thus destroy the promise of an increase of its kind, and when at last he piloted his party across the divide, it was only after extracting a promise from the event of locating the sun-bear it should not be killed. The lector could not shake this stand, his persuasive powers were not altering the old guide's determination to spare the life of the rare beast they sought, and he agreed at last, knowing that it was at least an opportunity to verify his belief in the legends of the shining bears, even though he could not bring in the pelt. The scalp of the moose he could take, but this trophy paled in significance beside the thought of the one which might have been but for Kennedy's obstinacy.

Their route was not Kennedy's former one, but lay over Rampart Pass instead, which would lead them down the trails of Open Creek to the head of the Thoroughfare and that stream to the Yellowstone. As they stood on the far side of the divide, Lawton could gaze off across an immense country partly timbered, but with vast stretches of gently-rolling free of trees, and broad upland pastures rank with grass; open meadows showed in the bottoms, and thousands of open hill parks—ample feed for two hundred thousand elk with hundred miles: Kennedy estimated that perhaps seventy thousand head summered within that distance of where they stood.

The guide found old moose-sign within half a mile of the where they first came out into the bottoms, evidence that of the band sometimes ranged to the very head of the Thoroughfare, and Kennedy commenced a systematic search for it. They hunted slowly, covering both sides of the stream and smaller tributary valleys that opened into it. There were many moose-tracks, some old, others indicating fairly recent occupancy. The traveling was hard, for Kennedy left no nook unexplored which might shelter the bull. The two men plowed through drifts on the slopes, waded beaver-ponds and covered quivering marshes, scrambled through acres of blow-downs, floundered in the mud of side-hill seeps—moose country, all.

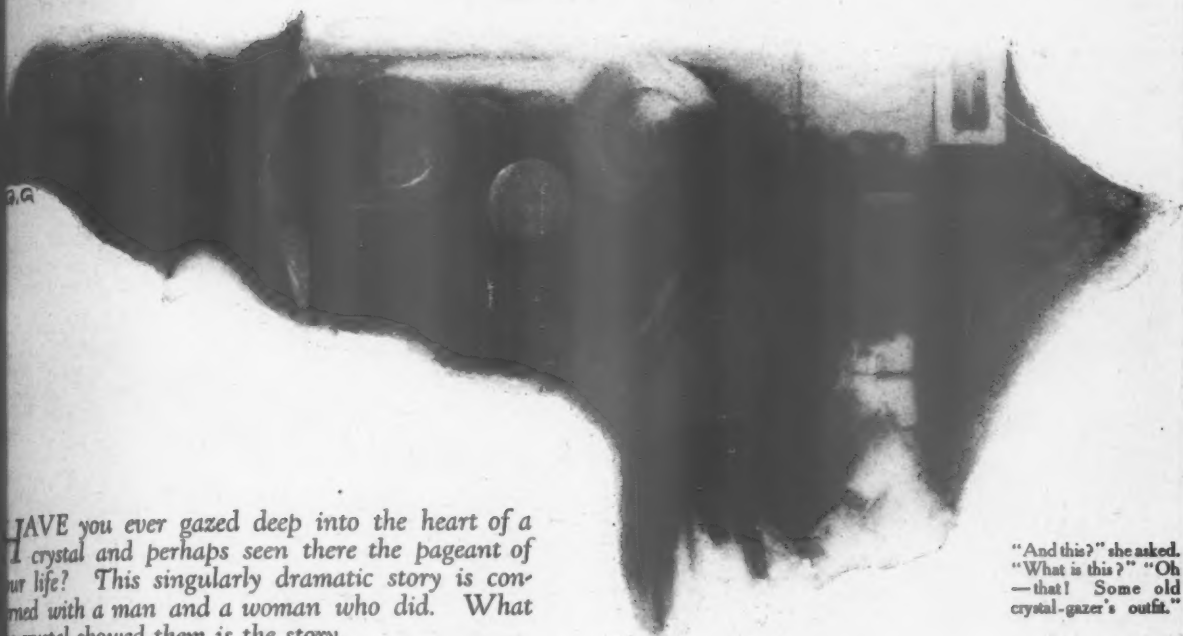
THE third day of these strenuous operations Kennedy heard the gurgling swish of water and the suck of being pulled from clinging mud as heavy beasts moved to a swamp ahead of them. He motioned Lawton, and they climbed swiftly up a shoulder of an adjacent hill and scanned the lands. A cow moose, a yearling and a calf stood contentedly two feet of water and mud, the swamp brush even to the back of the old cow and almost concealing her from sight. A careful survey of the surrounding country failed to yield a fresh trail of the father of the herd, there were tracks that Stranger had left less than a week before.

A mile farther downstream Kennedy entered a thicket of brush that rose above his head, and here he observed a curious thing that caused him to linger and study it. The brush grew straight-stemmed and erect to a height of three feet from the spongy surface. Above that much of it was broken short or bent and splintered, the tips stripped off. Kennedy, though knowing of the ways of moose, yet a thorough woodsman and he rightly read

(Continued on page 47)



A small taffy-colored bear shuffled into sight.



HAVE you ever gazed deep into the heart of a crystal and perhaps seen there the pageant of your life? This singularly dramatic story is concerned with a man and a woman who did. What the crystal showed them is the story.

"And this?" she asked.
"What is this?" "Oh—that! Some old crystal-gazer's outfit."

THE LOVERS

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Illustrated by
GEORGE GIGUÈRE

HE opened the door into darkness and fumbled for the switch. The spacious, beautifully furnished living-room of the flat—long, dark bookcase filled with mellowed leather bindings; large, soft bearskins compensating for the insufficiency of the delicate Persian carpet on the parquet floor; a few precious prints spaced with an exquisite reticence on the walls; an Oriental bibelot here and there emphasizing the quiet charm of English eighteenth-century furniture with its touch of the cunningly grotesque; two great leather-covered chairs by the fireside—was suffused with soft light.

He stood in the doorway—tall, lean, handsome; forceful, with a touch of asceticism—and smiled to the corridor.

"Here we are!" he said, his voice on a note of happiness.

He stretched out his arms to the girl upon the threshold. She came into the light—tall almost as he, long fur coat half-open over her tailor-made costume, finely-modeled head poised in a graceful, winsome upturn of the face, smiling at him in a radiance of eyes and mouth—and on the movement of an irresistible impulse, cast herself into his embrace.

"At last!" she echoed. "Oh, Jim, dear! At last—at long last!" He held her, and she snuggled into his shoulder, face upturned to his, drawing his kisses down to her with the magnetism of her lips. The quaint enamel clock upon the mantelpiece ticked, just and the passing seconds of eternity, the only sound in the silence of their union.

Then, with the long breath of recovery from the timeless swoon of a kiss prolonged to its uttermost limit, she turned her head away to gaze about the room.

"Oh, Jim!" she said in affectionate reproach. "And you told me you were a poor man!"

He shrugged his shoulders, his lips mobile in a little smile.

"Well, dear," he replied in whimsical apology, "compared with the character of a man who owns half a city—compared with what you might have had!" He looked into her eyes. "Helen! do you want regret? They'll rub it in to you—the title you've

thrown away, the position in society, what they'll be pleased to term your hole-and-corner marriage—"

She laughed happily.

"Oh, Jim! I've got you, and you've got me—and nothing else matters. It seems to me that you and I are the only two people in the world!" She assured herself of a tightening of his embrace with a touch of her hand on his as she looked up into his eyes with a slow, smiling shake of the head that affirmed her love. "As if only you and I had ever existed—and had always loved! As if all through eternity we had waited for this! As if I was born to be just Jim Dacres' wife!"

He looked down upon her, eyes into eyes.

"Darling!" His voice was low and earnest in a sincerity beyond doubt. "Jim Dacres' wife you are—and please God, I'll never let you go!"

With one more kiss she disengaged herself, came to the center of the room, threw her fur coat back from the shoulders with a smile that invited the assistance he was prompt to give.

"Are we all alone?" she asked, glancing round, struck by the quietude of the flat.

"All alone, dear," he replied, folding her coat over a chair. "I told Mrs. Wilkinson she could go out. I thought it would be good to have it all to ourselves for this first evening—you and I alone in paradise, darling!" He kissed her, drew her toward the fire. "Warm yourself, my beauty—and pretend it is my heart!" He squeezed her shoulders with broad, strong hands.

She shook her head at him in roguish reproof as she spread her fingers—the new gold ring upon one of them—before the blaze.

"Pretty, pretty!" she rebuked him. "Where has Jim Dacres learned to make love, I should like to know!"

"In your eyes, dearest!" he replied, smiling into them. "In your eyes that open right back into a soul that knows immemorial secrets and knows them all as love!"

She felt quietly for his hand and held it, without a word, through moments where speech was profanation. Then, with a long breath,



Forcing its slow passage through the maddened crowd came the fatal cart.
.... He shuddered, slipped his right hand into his pocket, held it there.

the Lo
feminine c
ence more
"It's ch
so much
he left th
cabinets, I
the pages
He wat
"All
a few in
"And th
a lotus
amb
noise.
"Oh—th
It's a
low. Th
tortoise.
Her fac
"And h
"Of cou
or that s
ve it to
more
"Oh, Ji
sudden
"You w
ridge at
ject.
"Oh, bu
an hand.
in th
city.
He shr
"All rig
"Is any
ended u
part of th
of the
H
sitting h
"How c
superior
"chair
"I
hold up t
hold
danced th
me, d
and
or t
that
up of
the rem
land in
water
vision v
quitted
"I see
"Oh!
"Tatter
a lit
"No—k
"In
multiple
do
"Look!
"no
"The no
"The ex
"they
"the
"o
"in a
"Look!

curiousity awaking in her, she turned her head and glanced more around the room.

"It's charming, Jim!" she asserted. "I didn't know you had so much taste. Where did you get all these beautiful things?" She left the fireside, began to roam about the room, peering into cabinets, picking up one precious object after another, turning over the pages of the books that lay upon the tables.

He watched her lithe, graceful movements with admiration.

"All over the place," he answered negligently. "China, Japan, a few in Italy—"

"And this?" she asked, holding up a large crystal ball supported by a lotus cup upon the back of a carved ivory elephant studded with amber and turquoise and coral, its feet upon an ivory base. "What is this?"

"That! I got that in India. Some old crystal-gazer's outfit. It's a few hundred years old—symbolizes the universe, you know. The world rests upon an elephant, and the elephant upon a tortoise. I don't know what the tortoise stands on—"

Her face was bright with interest.

"And have you ever looked into it?"

"Of course not." His tone was contemptuous. "I don't go in for that sort of thing. I didn't buy that; an old Hindoo priest gave it to me—a nice old chap who was good enough to adopt me more or less, years ago now."

"Oh, Jim! Do let's look into it!" Her voice was ecstatic in sudden excitement. "Do let's look!"

"You won't see anything." He emphasized his pessimism in a sneer at the interest she diverted from him to this inanimate object. "It's all rot, you know—only people with brain-sick imaginations ever see things—or think they see things."

"Oh, but do let's try!" She came across to him, the crystal in her hand. "Do, there's a darling!" The appeal of the kiss-pouted lips in the face turned up to him, eyes bright with ingenuous entreaty, was irresistible.

He shrugged his shoulders with large good-humor.

"All right—but it's waste of time."

"Is anything waste of time when we are together, dear?" She looked up to him, drew the kiss that was inevitable. "It's all part of the romance. Now be good and do as I tell you. Switch off the lights—the firelight is enough."

HE obeyed, with a gesture of tolerant complaisance that could refuse no whim. The room relapsed into shadows, glowing in the blaze of the fire he had stirred.

"Now come and sit close by me here," she dictated, delightfully conscious to this tall, strong man, seating herself in one of the chairs by the fireside. "There is room for two. That's all."

He squeezed his long body into the seat beside her. She held up the crystal ball. "Now you hold it with one hand and I hold it with one hand—like this!" With her free hand she pressed the hand that remained on his knee. "That's all I want, dear—our joint fates, linked together." Her voice was soft and tender, thrillingly sincere. "Just you and I—forever. In the future, darling, what does it matter? It's all one long kiss—that is only real when you and I touch." She finished with a little squeeze of her hand. Together they passed into the crystal sphere they jointly held. Minute after minute passed in silence, in a pervading sense of intimate communion where their pulse-beats, in the contact of their hands, beat themselves to an identical rhythm.

"Nothing," he murmured, vaguely disappointed, "nothing at all!"

"Nothing!" she breathed, intent on the crystal, but sparing a little squeeze of the fingers in recognition of his presence. "Keep on looking!"

There was silence. The ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece became almost hypnotic in its monotony. The fire died down, its light no longer reflected in leaping flashes in the grate.

"It's clouding over—going milky! Do you see?" she whispered.

"I added assent, unwilling to break the spell by speech, and suddenly awed as he too saw a milky cloud suffuse the depths of the crystal. Holding their breath, they waited, closely linked, and knew not what of vision.

They stared into it, almost unconscious now of their own effort of the muscular effort that held the crystal globe in unbroken focus from their eyes, they saw the cloud break and a widening rift that seemed to open into infinity.

"Look!" she murmured. "It's coming! Look! People—"

crowds of them—running and jostling each other! Look, it's a fête of some sort—a lot of them have cockades! Do you see?"

THE depths of the crystal were suddenly inhabited. A throng of tiny figures, men and women, surged, broke up, flocked together again in high excitement, arms waving in the air. Over their heads other figures leaned out from the upper windows of a row of more distant houses—evidently the scene was a public square—and waved also in diminutive enthusiasm. Their costumes seemed like fancy dress: men in long brightly-colored coats with enormous lapels and tight-fitting trousers with broad stripes of some contrasting color, women in high-waisted dresses and poke bonnets or no bonnets at all—and men and women, and these the greater number, the dominant majority of the crowd, in the nondescript vestments of squalid, ugly poverty. The better-dressed men and women wore prominently, all of them, a cockade or rosette of red, white and blue.

The crowd packed close together in a common impulse, was agitated by a common emotion that set a forest of arms waving above their heads and contorted their faces in cries that were inaudible. Something was happening in that square—something that evoked fierce passion—invisible behind the densely serried mob whose backs alone could be seen.

"Look!" breathed the girl in the chair. "Look—that poor girl!" There was a curious accent of vivid sympathy in the whispered ejaculation.

A young girl was forcing her way through the throng, her face covered in her hands, her shoulders shaking with sobs, weeping convulsively in a paroxysm of despair. The crowd, intent on the spectacle beyond, parted and made way for her automatically.

"Oh," murmured the girl in the chair, "I feel so funny. I feel I want to cry too—as if a terrible calamity had suddenly come upon me—a frightful danger to some one I loved." She shuddered. "Oh, it's awful! It numbs me—it's—it's as if I felt what she was feeling!"

The girl in the vision took her hands from her face, looked about her with eyes of wild misery.

"My God, Helen!" whispered the man in the chair in a thrill of excitement. "It's you!"

"Shh!" she breathed, gazing intently into the magic scene. The air about them seemed mysteriously charged with tumultuous passion, with the inaudible vociferations of that surging mob. To both it seemed as though they were in contact with a real crowd, beset by the vague, fierce emotions that gather and roll in the collective, primitive soul of humanity in congregation. It set their hearts to a quicker beat, bewildered their brains with unheard clamors.

The girl in the vision—so strikingly like the girl in the chair that she seemed a duplication of her personality—drew herself erect on the edge of the crowd and wiped her eyes. Evidently with a great effort, she was mastering herself. The girl in the chair drew a hard breath, as though of some supreme determination. Then, taking a few steps, the figure that they watched moved close under the houses of the nearer side of the square, and looking up at the doorways as though seeking an inscription, commenced to walk along the pavement.

The crystal held her still as its center—like the lens of a cinematograph following always the chief personage upon the screen; and watching her, the man and woman in the chair forgot the globe that they held, forgot the diminished scale of the vision. Their perceptions adjusted themselves like those of children who day-dream among their toys, and it seemed to both of them that they gazed into a real scene with full-sized human emotions at clash in the acute earnestness of present life.

The girl, her face white and tense, her eyes fixed in the courage of timidity brought to despair, moved along the houses. Suddenly she stopped, looking upward to a portal surmounted by a trophy of tricolored flags and a shield on which the three words "*Liberté—Egalité—Fraternité*" were crudely emblazoned. A couple of ruffianly men in a quasi-military uniform, exaggeratedly large cocked hats coming down over their ears, short pipes in the mouths hidden by untrimmed, pendant mustaches, enormously long muskets with bayonets fixed leaning against the bandoliers across their chests, guarded the doorway. The girl spoke to them, with vehement gestures, evidently imploring entrance. They barred her path, callously untouched by her agonized entreaty.

She pointed up to an inscription below the trophy "*RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE—Représentant en Mission*," smiled at them in a heart-breaking assumption of coquetry, candid innocence never more purely virginal. One of them shrugged his shoulders and spat



The prince clapped his hands in enthusiasm. The dancing girl stopped dead. . . . Their eyes met, looked into each others', while the musicians ceased to play.

The L
own the
under win
with his
own—and
not lever
saw out
their face
The
manned
ample Da
A
in, wide
himself o
plains of
hair of ju
looked up
face who
where, the
concurre
"Jim!"
that curio
ey regist
"Sda!"
were l
side of a
man at w
surprise t
same, sta
les, into
and empl
the impul
ers of li
influence
approach
warded he
"Citoy
coidly o
superior
He bea
one infin
can roo
young gi
I've how
society
ment, a
stern
the th
depth of
to be e
Was the
The ca
equipped
die to
though f
down, l
promin
who had
had arre
and Indi
came he
the pull
he was
Complete
the a
might ha
what of
for the
favorabl
of Briga
with who
demer
He felt
as his ey
stood, at
came to
Glad with
the tears
softened

the cobbled pavement without removing his pipe. The girl winked broadly, and still retaining his musket, reached out his disengaged hand. The girl shrank back, horror in her eyes, and then, as if bethinking herself of an unfailing resource, she feverishly in the neckerchief which covered her bosom. She drew out a packet of notes, offered them. With a broad grin on her face, the two ruffians parted to allow her passage. She climbed an uncarpeted, dreary staircase and hesitated for a moment outside a door inscribed "*Le citoyen représentant du peuple Demouettes*." She knocked timidly, opened and entered.

ACROSS a large, bare room a young man was seated, writing, at a table. A broad tricolored sash barred his wide-collared coat and white waistcoat. He had divested himself of the cocked hat, which with its three absurdly large plumes of blue, white and red lay upon the table; and the long hair of his uncovered head reached almost to his shoulders. He looked up, as if startled, at his visitor, looked up with a young man whose intellectual keenness, whose vivid passionate eyes above the long nose and almost ascetic mouth, were strangely, unconsciously reminiscent of—of—

"*Citoyenne*!" gasped the young woman in the chair, feeling herself in that curious state of split identity where the unaffected, remote citizen exists without controlling the adventures of a dream.

"*Shh!*" he murmured in his turn, bewildered to find himself as he were looking at his own personality, as though at the other side of a partition in his soul, experiencing the feelings of the man at whom he gazed. An echo of a surprise; of a mysterious surprise that disturbed him to the depths—of something that had come, startlingly new and powerful though not yet fully manifested, into his life—reverberated in the recesses of his being as he contemplated the girl. And then a counter-impulse flooded him, the impulse that made him set his mouth, rejecting, with an assertion of his own personality wedded to some vague ideal, the vulgar influence of a human emotion. He felt as though the girl approached him, as she moved toward that young man who regarded her with a stern frigidity.

"*Citoyenne*?" he was surprised to find himself murmuring the civilly polite query, as though repeating it after that insultingly superior young man.

He heard the gasp of the young woman at his side as of some one infinitely remote from him. His real being was in that large, bare room where the superb young republican scrutinized the young girl with a cold glance that put her out of countenance. Yet how beautiful she was as she blushed up to her eyes, youthful modesty in confusion! He felt something flush warm within his breast, a vague emotion that dissipated the assurance underneath his sternly maintained aspect. Before she had spoken, an alarm to the threatened supremacy of his cold reason rang through the depths of him. He reacted with a severity that he obscurely felt to be excessive, reiterated almost with menace "*Citoyenne*!" Was the word really uttered from his lips? He did not know.

She came close, poured out her trouble in a flood of nervous, unpolished speech that he comprehended perfectly without being able to arrest a single definite word in his memory—it was as though that part of him which understood was something deep down, lying beyond the necessity for spoken language. He comprehended with a kind of awakening memory: that old *émigré* who had stolen back disguised, in defiance of the laws, whom he had arrested for plotting against the safety of that Republic One and indivisible of which he was the incorruptible servant, whose name he had but just put on the fatal list of the next batch for guillotining! He chilled mercilessly, wondered for a moment at his own inexorability, and then, as his identification with the scene completed itself, understood it.

For a crime against himself, against another individual, he might have had compassion. The conspirator against that fanaticism of his soul, the young Republic fighting in rags for its life, for the ultimate freedom of all humanity, was guilty of the unforgivable sin. He steeled himself, in a pride approximating that of Brutus or those other sternly incorruptible Roman republicans with whom his imagination was filled. No human tears, no human emotion however poignant, should move him from his path of duty. But his teeth set hard over the absurd feebleness in his breast as his eyes rested, coldly, he hoped, upon that beautiful girl who stood, strangely disturbing in her closeness, and stretched out her hand to him in agonized appeal. As if telepathically, his soul was filled with her passionate, eloquent entreaty; he had to fight down the tears which threatened his eyes in sympathy with those which suffused the beautiful orbs which looked into his, in despair of softening them.

AND she, the woman in the chair remote spheres away, trembled at a trouble in her soul, at an awakening of something else in her—something that was wrong, unpardonably at variance with every standard of her life, as she looked into those stern but fascinating eyes in the ascetic face and pleaded her cause. She despised herself for the blush she felt creep over her. Her father's life, her father's life!—what else dared she think of? This superb young man was an enemy, an implacable enemy, the incarnation of all the crimes wreaked upon her class! Yet his dignity imposed upon her, and she dared not practice upon him that false coquetry that, in a sublime abnegation of her own pride, she had promised herself to use as a supreme resource. She could only plead, plead passionately, in utter sincerity, the best in her appealing to the best in him; and she scorned herself for admitting that there was that best to evoke.

A devil stirred in him, subtly malicious, tempting him with an intellectual bait that was the disguise of passions of whose reality he was but vaguely cognizant. These proud *aristos*! The bitterness of a youth of humiliations surged up in him, avid for vengeance. He encouraged it as a protection against himself. He would show them—these oppressors of the people, these enemies of the republic who sent their womenfolk to corrupt the virtuous representatives of the nation! Two could play at that game! He smiled in the thought of the insult he prepared.

With a quick movement he rose from his seat, and on an impulse that was almost blind in its swift fulfillment, put his arm round the girl's waist and kissed her full on the mouth. The act was done before her instinct of self-protection could assert itself—and then she pushed him away in sudden revolt, stood facing him with panting bosom and a countenance where emotions chased each other in alternations of white and red. For a moment she contemplated him, breathing tumultuously, and then, with a gesture of disgust, she wiped her lips. Her eyes looked straight into his with angry dignity, withered him with their fierce disdain. A bitter smile wreathed her lips.

"*Eh, bien, citoyen*—you have had your pay. My father's life!"

Did he actually hear the words? The low, scornfully vengeful laugh which came involuntarily from him was like an echo, far off, of that mocking laugh, inaudible now, in the bare room where the young commissary, arrogant with the outrage he had inflicted upon this representative of a superior race, drew himself up in his conscious incorruptibility.

"Your father dies tomorrow, *citoyenne*!" The marble coldness of his voice was a triumph of which he was not sure until it rang in his ears. He exulted in its echo, like a saint self-consciously a victor over temptation.

Their eyes met, looked into each other with a sudden furious, unappeasable hatred—a hatred which flooded them with a passion that was bigger than themselves, that soul-devouring hatred, clutching instinctively at death for its expression, which is the other face of violent love. Between those souls, in commotion far beyond their consciousness, indifference was not possible. They had met, and the world was in upheaval.

He heard the hiss of a long breath drawn in through clenched teeth; he distinguished no longer between the girl like a brooding invisibility in the chair beside him, and the panting girl confronting that suddenly pale young patriot whom he watched with inexpressible fascination. He saw the insult, like livid lightning, in her face before she hurled it at him.

"*Canaille!*"

The word rang close to his ear, and yet infinitely far away, on an accent of vindictive emphasis that struck to his soul. A fury surged up in him, a blind fury that annihilates with one ruthless blow of its insulted strength. He stamped a signal on the floor.

"You also, *citoyenne*, will die tomorrow!" The decree, cold as the bloodless lips which uttered it, echoed in him to a savage satisfaction.

The girl remained motionless, head high, in superb indifference to his threat. The door behind her was flung open. The two ruffianly guards ran in, sprang to grip her arms in obedience to his imperious gesture. She smiled at him, splendid in unshakable disdain.

"*We prefer to die!*"

He motioned them out, livid with a rage beyond words. She went proudly, unresistingly, between her brutal captors. At the door she turned her head and smiled at him again, a smile full of significance.

"*Canaille!*"

He sat down to his table, and in a furious scrawl, added a name to his list.

The vision dissolved in blackness, in (Continued on page 158)



The story so far:

MR. BILLINGS was a mild, prim and innocent little man; yet he had his dreams of romance and adventure. And when he lost his job as haberdashery-clerk and was down to his last dime, something moved him to spend it for a cigar instead of a sandwich—and the cigar-band proved the open sesame to romance and adventure. On the inside of the band was a message, "9-29-Venga"—a message intended for a certain Spanish American revolutionist. It so happened that Mr. Billings was able to sell this message to its rightful recipient for five thousand dollars. And when his buxom landlady proposed marriage to him, he fled and took ship for a vacation at Isla de Palma. Aboard the ship he again encountered his Spanish American friends!

MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME

By

DANA BURNET

Illustrated by
RAEBURN VAN BUREN

MR. BILLINGS turned to walk down the ship's corridor and almost collided with his roommate, Mr. Brown, who apparently was advancing from the opposite direction.

"Hello!" said the latter. "Feeling better?"

Mr. Billings, who had quite forgotten his recent indisposition, replied in the affirmative. Whereupon Mr. Brown, with engaging friendliness, suggested that they repair to the smoking-room for lemonade and cigars. Mr. Billings consented. He was in a convivial mood.

They found a comfortable corner in the smoking-room and were soon chatting over their refreshment. A light breeze, sweeping through the opened doors and portholes, buffeted the tobacco-smoke from the cigars and blew delightfully upon their faces. Astern and to starboard, hanging exquisite in the starry sky, could be seen the new moon.

"I used to know a family named Billings in Chicago," said Mr. Brown reminiscently. "Could it be that you—"

"No," said Mr. Billings, sipping his drink. "My people came from Brooklyn. My grandfather was John Percival Billings, the lawyer. He was at one time third assistant district attorney in the county of Queens. I am named for him."

"I trust that you live up to the name," said Mr. Brown in a friendly tone.

"I try to," returned Mr. Billings; then, reflecting upon the new dignity of his agent-ship, and the wealth that bulged in his breast pocket, he added: "Nor do I think that I have altogether failed."

"I am sure you have not," agreed Mr. Brown. "You have the look of a successful man."

"Thank you," said Mr. Billings. "Is your home in Chicago?"

Copyrighted, 1920, by The Red Book Corporation. All rights reserved.



Doña Susana passed the side of her nose. It swung back, revealing a small iron-barred window. "Who is there?" she asked in a low tone.

he asked a moment later, feeling it incumbent upon him to inquire something of his companion's origin.

Mr. Brown gave a short laugh.

"I have no home. I belong to the genus globe-trotter."

"Ah! But don't you find it tiresome at times?" Mr. Billings said this with a large and cosmopolitan air.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Brown. "I confess that I do. But unfortunately for me, my income is limited. I have only enough to travel, not enough to settle down and pay present-day rentals."

"Rents are rather high nowadays," said Mr. Billings, blowing a smoke-cloud.

After some further talk—which pertained chiefly to Mr. Billings and to Mr. Billings' ancestry—the two men retired to their cabin for the night. Before he closed his eyes in sleep, however, Mr. Billings had made up his mind that Mr. Brown was a very likable fellow. "He may not be remarkable," thought our hero characteristically, "but he seems a good, trustworthy sort. And then, a few of us are remarkable."

Two days later, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the *S. S. Isabella* moved slowly and majestically into the harbor of Santiago de Palma. It was a bright and vivid day. Upon either side of the ship swam hordes of naked negro boys, their brown bodies flashing and floating in the clear blue water. Two with shrill voices sang in broken English the refrain of a song popular long since on Broadway, and received a shower of pennies for their effort. They dived, shouting with laughter.

Mr. Billings stood upon the foredeck of the steamer, lost in a sort of trance, now spasmodically flinging coppers to the boys in the blue water, now staring rapt and thrilled at the low-lying city which stretched, with graceful procession of columned walks, along the sea's lip. The hills rose abruptly behind the city, their wild slopes covered with a matted, dark green jungle above which

swayed innumerable palms. Well might they harbor bandit hordes, thought Mr. Billings, with a pleasurable shiver.

The *Isabella* by this time had been warped into her pier, and the gangplank run out. Mr. Billings went below, gathered up his baggage and followed the stream of people disembarking from the ship. His roommate Brown, as it happened, was at his elbow and materially assisted him through the customs. Mr. Brown even hailed a *coche* (an open cab somewhat resembling a victoria and drawn by a scrawny pony upon whose back jingled a small bell) and directed the *cochero* to drive Mr. Billings to the Miramar. Mr. Brown, it seemed, was stopping elsewhere.

"Good-by," called Mr. Billings, leaning out of the cab and waving his hand. "Hope I'll hear from you before long."

"Oh, you will!" replied Mr. Brown in his placid, likable way. Then the *cochero* cracked his whip, and the little bell jingled, and Mr. Billings was off through narrow, twisted streets over which hung grilled balconies that occasionally yielded curious black eyes and comely feminine faces. Mr. Billings stared up at the balconies and thought: "What an adventure! It is just as I had imagined it would be."

At that same instant another *coche*, containing two passengers, was rattling off from the pier in quite a different direction. The two passengers were General Blanco, as he had named himself, and Manuel. Their carriage went swiftly along the water-front (observed in passing by the tranquil Mr. Brown, who remarked in his haste), crossed the city and rolled jingling out into the dusty highroad that skirted the edge of the sea. On it went, until the capital was left far behind and the green jungle came down the mountain-side to gather the dust of the road. Finally the *coche* rounded a brusque spur and came upon a low, rambling white villa with a red roof, that stood fronting the sea. Behind the villa rose the sheer craggy height, matted with forest growth. Before it stretched a sandy cove upon whose glistening beach the waves of the harbor lay quiescent in a sort of sapphire asleep.

On the veranda of this house stood a small, thin man who, when he saw the carriage turn into the driveway, ran down the steps to meet it. At the same time General Blanco leaped out of the cab, and the two men embraced.

"*Excelencia!* You have arrived!" cried the thin gentleman in Spanish.

"Yes, Señor Starbock! After adventures!"

"Come into the house and drink a glass of wine. Then we shall talk!"

They went into the villa, leaving Manuel to pay the *cochero*, and Señor Starbock poured a glass of wine for his guest. Then he asked eagerly: "You received my message?"

"Yes," responded Blanco. "But only by good luck, for that block-head Manuel sold the cigar to a customer—"

"Ah, ah!"

"And then lost the cigar-band; but fortunately I managed to secure the information from the customer."

The other's face turned pale.

"This customer, *Excelencia*, was—"

"A spy, Señor Starbock? No, no! Just an ordinary sort of fellow, naïve, like so many Americans and unbelievably innocent. I will tell you about him later. First you must tell me the news."

Starbock's small black eyes flashed balefully.

"Ah, *Excelencia*," he exclaimed, "I have been persecuted beyond belief! This Juárez, who is no more than a puppet in the hands of Doña Susana, purposes to ruin me altogether. He has had the audacity to suggest to the Congress that it take over the whole tobacco-industry of the Island—which now belongs to me—and operate it as a state concern. It is Doña Susana's scheme—the mad-woman! She has been reading tracts out of Russia.

But they will not succeed! My day is coming—my day, and yours, *Excelencia!*"

"Let us drink to that, Señor Starbock!"

The two men, in solemn silence, drained their glasses. Then Starbock rose abruptly and left the room. A moment later he returned accompanied by a most villainous-looking person, a veritable bandit of a fellow, with a long black mustache, a beaked nose and bold hawk's eyes, who wore a huge *sombrero* and a red sash, from which dangled a decorative sword. For more practical purposes he also carried in his belt a serviceable *machete*. A cartridge-belt was slung from his shoulder, and at his right hip showed a leather holster from which protruded the butt of an enormous pistol.

"Permit me to introduce Captain Francisco Gomez, of the irregular army of the Republic!" said Starbock, with a significant smile.

The picturesque brigand bowed.

"At your service, señor!" Then turning to Starbock: "But no longer *Captain* Gomez, if you please. Since yesterday I have become a Colonel."

"How is that, friend Francisco?" queried the thin man.

"*Caramba*, señor, it is simple enough! Last night my men voted themselves captains; so in order to keep the upper hand of them, I was forced to appoint myself a colonel."

Starbock and the General both laughed; then the latter said seriously: "It matters little what title your men assume, provided they are the stuff we need for our venture."

"Have no fear," returned the self-appointed colonel. "My men possess every virtue. They will lie, cheat, steal, cut throats, cut purses, make revolutions, unmake them—"

"Enough!" cried *Excelencia*.

"Your recommendation is sufficiently reassuring! Sit down, my dear Colonel; sit down, my dear Starbock! Let us talk business."

The next morning Mr. Billings rose late, and being in a



"The knife, señor!" admonished *Excelencia* in a grim voice. "You drew the knife."



delicious mood, lingered at his dressing—in order the more fully to enjoy his vast white-walled room with its grilled windows and sun-splashed tile floor. Descending the broad staircase of the Miramar, about ten o'clock, he breakfasted delightfully upon coffee, eggs and strange fruits that he did not know even the names of. Then he bought a newspaper that boasted an English supplement, lighted a native cigar, and seating himself beneath a palmetto in the hotel lobby, read with pleasure that John Percival Billings, of New York, had registered at the Hotel Miramar.

"Yes," thought Mr. Billings, almost in awe of his own sublime career. "Here I am!"

There he was, indeed, but there he was not destined to remain. For as he sat smoking and ruminating upon his extraordinary rise in fortune, he observed a gigantic negro, dressed in an immaculate white livery, crossing the lobby toward him. A kind of mild electric

shock caused Mr. Billings to sit erect, to drop his cigar, to assume an expectant attitude. Yet what was there to expect—

The negro, with long strides, approached Mr. Billings confidently, stopped short, and swept him a stately bow.

"Mr. Billings, sah?"

The latter rose. "Yes?" said he.

"A note fo' you, sah!"

"A note!" Mr. Billings gazed somewhat blankly at the envelope that the negro held out to him. It was a large, square envelope of an apparent quality. Upon the face of it was written in a bold feminine hand: "*John Percival Billings, Esq., Hotel Miramar.*"

Mr. Billings took the note, braced himself mentally, opened it and read:

If you are by chance the descendant of John Percival Billings, of Brooklyn, former third assistant district attorney and distinguished member of the bar, you are requested to call at No. 3, Plaza de Palma, at your earliest convenience, and oblige one who holds in grateful veneration the name of Billings. My servant is at your disposal.

The message was not signed. Mr. Billings read it through twice, then looked at the negro and said: "You speak English?"

"No, sah, boss!" returned the other grandly. "I speaks American. I's from Virginy, I is!"

"Oh," said Mr. Billings, "you are? Well—what are your instructions with regard to this note?"

"My instructions, sah, is to ax you *will* you come, an' if you says you *will*, den my instructions is to ax you will you come *now*, an' if you says you *will*, den my instructions is to fotch you right along!"

Mr. Billings rose from his chair.

"I see! Ah, what is your name?"

"Jefferson, sah!"

"Jefferson," said Mr. Billings with dignity, "let us go."

The negro, imperturbable in the known majesty of his person, bowed again and waved Mr. Billings toward the door. In like manner, wafted by a series of magnificent gestures, Mr. Billings was ushered through the door, out across the narrow sidewalk and into a gorgeous private carriage that stood waiting at the curb. Promptly Jefferson mounted to the box beside a driver as huge and black as he; there was a crack of the whip, a sudden jingling as of silver bells, and Mr. Billings found himself rolling through the streets of Santiago de Palma in high state, bound he knew not whither.

The handsome equipage—whose progress, Mr. Billings noted, caused considerable comment among pedestrians—soon drew out into the beautiful plaza, or public square, at the far end of which loomed the President's Palace. On either side of this plaza stood the proudest houses of the city, beautiful residences through the iron gates of which one caught exquisite glimpses of green courtyards.

Before such a residence the carriage stopped. Mr. Billings roused himself as from a dream, got out of the vehicle and, escorted by the negro, advanced to the house door, over which he discerned the figure 3. This door opened magically as he reached it; he went forward into a large foyer hall, all tile and

stucco, with carved mahogany chairs standing stiffly against the walls. The impression thus produced was one of appropriate grandeur and magnificence.

Mr. Billings placed his hat upon a chair, and still urged on by the grandiose Jefferson, walked through this hallway, upon the tiled floor of which fell great splashes of sunlight, like water into a deep pool. He mounted a long, curving flight of stone steps and emerged, quite unexpectedly, into a bower so verdant, so exotic, so colorful as to bring a gasp to his lips.

It was a little balcony, arranged as a sort of sun-parlor, overlooked a courtyard filled with fragrant orange and grapefruit trees, with luxuriant palms and flowering bushes; from the balcony the brilliance of these sprang the silver jet of a playing fountain. The bower itself was marked off by a dull red screen, or curtain, against which a lordly green-and-gold parrot stood preening itself upon a perch. Flowers were everywhere, in pots upon the floor, in baskets suspended from the ceiling, in vases and jardinières. The very balustrade was covered with a climbing passion blossom.

On a divan, among colored silk cushions, sat a lady in green and gold negligee, with eyes like emeralds and hair like midnight. She who looked at Mr. Billings and smiled. Her eyes were as green, as green as jade, as green as seawater lying quiescent in the shadow of a coral reef. She was unbelievably beautiful.

Mr. Billings halted and stared at her. He could do no more. No man in Mr. Billings' place could have done more.

The lady, for her part, rose from her couch with the effect of a sculptured grace become animate. She had on a loose and flowing gown, the broad sleeve of which, as she held out her hand, fell back, disclosing a lovely round arm.

"Are you—is this Mr. Billings?"

The gentleman in question uttered an affirmative murmur.

"I am Susana Dale," said the lady in a rich, low contralto voice.

"Oh!" said Mr. Billings; then drawing a deep breath he spoke with unconscious emphasis: "Well!"

Thus high had he soared upon his voyage to the moon! How high had he risen—to the balcony of the famous Doña Susana herself! How it had come about, how it had happened, he knew not, nor particularly cared to know. He knew only that Fate was his godmother and would sustain him in rare atmosphere. How else could he have got so far? Were ordinary mortals to

pass through the streets in mysterious images, wafted up noble staircases, taken into verdant bowers to be smiled upon by such loveliness, in green and gold negligee?

"It was very good of you to come," continued the lady melodiously.

"I should not have asked you, I suppose," but I am a creature of impulse, Mr. Billings.

Billings, and when I saw your name in the paper—"

"You saw my name?" mechanically repeated Mr. Billings.

"In the English supplement. I always read the English supplement. One never knows what one will find there." Her voice had a way of trailing off into alluring, indolent periods. "Please sit down, Mr. Billings."

"Thank you," returned the latter.

He coughed behind his hand to cover his embarrassment and delicately seated himself in a chair. Doña Susana resumed her graceful pose upon the divan.

"I must tell you directly why I have sent for you," she said, smiling at him. "It is perhaps a sentimental reason, but I am a person of sentiment. Everyone in the Island will tell you so."

"Yes," assented Mr. Billings. "I have heard—"

There he stopped, coughed once more behind his hand and turned rather pink. The lady laughed lightly. "Oh, you must not believe what you hear of me, for most of it is untrue. They even misrepresent my virtues."

She gave a slight wave of the hand, as though to brush aside a cobweb. Mr. Billings, gazing at her, was imbued with a calm and remarkably positive conviction. Doña Susana had been basely slandered by gossip; there was not the slightest doubt of it. Absurd, thought he, that so charming a woman could be dispensed with her character!

"I had heard that you were beautiful," he said boldly. "That at least, is true."



The De
against
opriate
urged
upon
water
stone
verdu
parlor
graping
the man
ing foun
or mat
eening
ts upon
and eas
bing pur
y in g
e min
were p
quiescent
autiful
to do m
he effect
ose sort
at her h
armur.
ralto vo
h he ad
oon! The
ña S
d, he
at For
mosph
als h
rious c
es, u
ed upon
gold
to can
ously.
I sup
pulse,
time in
nically
Always
ver kno
oice had
indeli
llings!"
atter. B
embarr
n a ch
e upon
ve sent
perhaps
n of se
you in."
"I have
once m
bed light
or more
ush and
a solilo
had been
t doubt
could have
y. "The



R. VAN BUREN

The lady laughed lightly: "Oh, you must not believe what you hear of me, for most of it is untrue. They even misrepresent my virtues." "I had heard that you were beautiful," he said boldly. That at least is true.

"Ah, *gracias!* But they will tell you also that I have brains. That is my worst sin!" She sighed, and a momentary sadness clouded her fair face. Mr. Billings felt an extraordinary desire to champion her cause, whatever it might be, to dissipate by glorious onslaught such dragons of difficulty as might beset her path. The next instant, however, her smile broke out again, like sunshine after fleeting shadow.

"I had not intended to talk about myself. Please forgive me! And now, let me ask you a question: Are you indeed a descendant of John Percival Billings, the lawyer, the great barrister?"

"He was my grandfather," said Mr. Billings with a noble simplicity.

"How strange!" exclaimed Doña Susana. And she added at once: "I mean, how strange that we—that you and I should meet here! Your grandfather, Mr. Billings, was my father's benefactor, and now I meet you, in the Isla de Palma, hundreds of miles across the sea from New York, from Brooklyn!"

"No!" said Mr. Billings.

"That is—yes, of course."

"I will tell you the story. After all, it is a brief one." Doña Susana leaned forward slightly, so that our hero was sensible of a certain delicate perfume. "Forty years ago my father was a poor boy selling newspapers in the streets of Brooklyn. Your grandfather, then third assistant district attorney, used to buy papers of him. Finally the great lawyer became interested in the struggling boy, helped him to secure an education and so started him on the road to success. It was your grandfather, Mr. Billings, who by his advice and friendship laid the foundations of that fortune which I now enjoy! Is it any wonder, then, that I feel a deep sense of obligation, of gratitude, toward one of your name?"

"Well!" said he. "Well, well!"

"My father used to call your grandfather *Uncle*," murmured the lady. "I have often heard him speak of *Uncle John*. That is touching, is it not, Mr. Billings?"

The latter looked into the clear emerald eyes of Doña Susana and made a sound in his throat. "Um—ah!" said he. "Um—ah!" Then his face lighted up with a glow of inspiration.

"Why," he exclaimed, "that would make us, in a manner of speaking—*cousins!*"

Doña Susana laughed and clapped her hands in naïve delight.

"So it would! May I? Yes! I shall call you Cousin John!"

"I shall call you Cousin Susana!"

"Oh, how splendid! To discover a relative! When shall we begin?"

"At once, Cousin Susana!"

The lady laughed again. "Now it's my turn! Are you visiting Santiago on business or for pleasure, Cousin John?"

Mr. Billings, an ineffable warmth at his heart, answered: "Both!"

"That is too bad," commented the lady with an adorable pout. "For business is such a tyrant! It monopolizes one's whole time."

"Not in my case," lightly answered Mr. Billings. "You see, he explained more sedately, 'I have rather an important position in a firm—a large enterprise—which is not to be launched until—well, not until later. Meanwhile I am free to do as I please—to go about, to enjoy myself—in a word, to make a study of life here.'"

Doña Susana gave him a swift glance; then she commented vivaciously:

"You have come at just the right moment, for this is the time of our national *fiesta*—our grand festival! Day after tomorrow the whole city will turn out to celebrate the anniversary of the Revolution. You will see us at our gayest then! Perhaps you know the history of our revolution, Cousin John?"

Mr. Billings nodded. "There was a man on the ship coming down—I learned something about it from him. So you have a festival—"

"It is called the Festival of the Revolution." The lady's face took on a pretty seriousness. "One year ago, on September 20th—a year ago day after tomorrow—to be exact—our country overthrew its dictator, Hannibal, and gained its real freedom. It was a great victory for the people; so naturally the people wish to observe its memory. There will be a large parade in the plaza about dusk. It will be very exciting. Some will ride in carriages, and some will march on foot; but we will be in mask and costume—except to the President of the Republic. It is our custom in this Island to make a masquerade of everything."

"A delightful custom!" commented Mr. Billings, who had begun to feel somewhat confused upon the subject of revolutionary history. According to General Pablo Blanco, the ex-president, Hannibal, had been a good man wrongfully ejected from office. According to Doña Susana, he had been a tyrant deposed by the people's will.

"But the Fiesta is not until the day after tomorrow. You are staying at the Miramar, Cousin John?"

"Yes," said Mr. Billings, abandoning history for the exhilaration of looking into Doña Susana's eyes.

"I should like—it would give me such pleasure—But perhaps you will think me daring?"

"Never!" gallantly asserted Mr. Billings.

"In that case—I speak from the heart, Cousin John—will you not be my guest? Will you not make my house your home?"

"I—you mean—"

"I mean that it would be a deep and genuine satisfaction to me to know that you—that I—to have you beneath my roof. Could I do less for the grandson of my father's benefactor, Cousin John?"

"Oh!" breathed Mr. Billings. He smiled brightly, as one who surrenders himself to food and enchantment. An unusual color mounted to his cheeks. It may be said that Mr. Billings blushed.

"Cousin Susana," he replied somewhat huskily. "I shall be very glad to—visit you. Very glad indeed!"

"Then that's settled! I shall expect you this afternoon."

"I hope that I shall be able to entertain you—"

She broke off, and lifting her head, glanced interrogatively at Mr. Billings' shoulder. The latter turned (Continued on page 57)



Mr. Billings stared at the knife, and for one weak moment wished that Destiny had not concerned herself so heartily with his affairs.

"Then that's settled! I shall expect you this afternoon."

"I hope that I shall be able to entertain you—"

She broke off, and lifting her head, glanced interrogatively at Mr. Billings' shoulder. The latter turned (Continued on page 57)

Bertha Wilson . . .
victim of a vice as old
as the poppies.

No more simply powerful stories of our common life are being written in America today than these by Miss Synon which this magazine is publishing and all of which are preliminary to her remarkable part story of a convict which will begin later in the year.

ON SCARLET WINGS

By
MARY SYNON

Illustrated by
J. HENRY

from my view of the elevated structure and the yellow gleams of the cheap all-night restaurant across the street. Only when Big Healy, who has been going out with the wagon since the days of the old Harrison Street Station, brought me record of the case, did I take even the customary routine interest.

"She'll not last through the night," was his only comment after he had described the squalid quarters where the woman had been found, a grim corner of Wells Street where Syrian coffee-houses cringe against Greek fruit-stores, where sinister doorways shelter quivering figures with trembling hands.

As he left the office, Mollie Baird came in, and in passing he gave her the smile that men have always seemed to hold in trust for her coming. There have been girls more beautiful than Mollie Baird serving their apprenticeship under our sordid roof, and I have watched the youthfulness in their eyes film with the reflection of their growing knowledge of a city's vice; but no one of them had that fire of spirit that this girl kept alight. She had been with us almost a year. The tides of humanity had swept up to her feet; feverish hands had clutched her cool ones as hysterical women went up to plead their last case with the Great Judge; maudlin whisperings had taught her the lethal holes into which poverty sometimes crawls. Perhaps her smile came less often now, and her tears were more ready. Perhaps her humor was less infectious, but her sympathy had grown radiant. I shall always remember how I repeated the record of the last arrival to her before she started the round of her duties:

"Ward Two, Bed Five: Bertha Wilson—overdose opium."

"Poor thing!" she said as she took the assignment. "I suppose she hasn't a chance—and that she'll be glad of it, if she knows." Then she turned away, and I heard her footsteps, light, eager steps that always seemed striving to outpace time, resounding on the stairs.

At half-past two I started on my tour of inspection. Ward One was quiet, and the night-nurse was sleeping like a wan sentinel in a straight-backed chair near the doorway. I passed through the hall to the adjoining room. A dim light burned beside one narrow bed where a woman with a bandaged head whimpered for a drink. As Mollie Baird crossed the room to care for her, the

FOR five minutes I had been standing with my head pressed against the Emergency Hospital window.

The throbbing presses of the newspaper plant across the alley had run down to quiet; the last delivery-wagon had faded away under its moist cargo of headlined tragedy and madcap comedy; the "owl-car" of the elevated railroad had faded out of the Market Street stub, and the town brooded in a hush of portent which holds from midnight until dawn. The darkness, vague and ominous, a troubled sleep between worried things, had drifted like fog within our doors, so that for the first time the Emergency had been strangely noiseless. Then, just as three long whistles from a freighter up-river shrieked signal for the opening of the Madison Street bridge, there came a clatter of wheels on the blocks of the pavement below me, and the police ambulance drove in.

It was the hour when the derelicts of the city's shipwreck find their way to the police-stations or are salvaged to the tagged iron gates of our wards to find a momentary lull from the tossing of their-periled lives. No one may become head nurse of a hospital like this without coming into casual acceptance of the melodrama of existence. When every man and woman who comes through the gates wears the tatters of adventure, the police grows calloused to the touch of wild tales. As the police-ambulance came through the corridor with the stretcher, I did not turn

woman in the corner, the case which Healy had brought in, screamed. I hurried to her, but her clouded eyes mistook my uniform for a prison garb, and she heaped upon me all the vituperation of Billingsgate, and hurled at me all the rage of a caged animal. I tried to take her hand in mine, but she flung it aside. I put my fingers on her forehead, and she bit the palm of my hand. As I sought to quiet her with reassurance, I heard Dr. Melburn coming with Mollie.

THE girl took her post at the foot of the bed as the Doctor bent over Bertha Wilson. Even without my report he knew the symptoms of this "victim of a vice as old as the poppies." With his ministering touch he quieted her delirium, signaling to Mollie to give him help with the hypodermic; but she was watching the gasping woman so intently that she failed to see his glance, and it fell to me to do the work with him.

I was used enough to it, for I have known Ben Melburn since the days when he came to Chicago from a little Wisconsin town. He was a quiet boy then, but confident, too, of the fame that has come to him since. He used to talk sometimes of his future on those spring evenings when we would walk the length of Ashland Boulevard, past the rows of medical fraternities where boys sang on the steps, past the girls who sought the brightness of the thoroughfare from those darker streets that bordered the city's Latin Quarter, past the still haughty clubhouse and the mansions of departing glory. He was a student in Rush then, and I was in training in the hospital on Lincoln Street—and we both were twenty-one.

Much water has flowed under the bridge since that time. The years, though not many, have been crowded with ambition, with experience, with alienation of interests, although our work ran parallel. For a long time I had not seen him. When we met here, he was a doctor giving his time from midnight until morning to unfortunates who could not know his Michigan Avenue reputation. Night after night he had worked with me or with Mollie Baird over some such wreck as this, giving himself with such intensity of scientific devotion that the very fact of being near him became something of sacrament. I had been thinking of him, as he had been, as he was, and as he might be to some one woman, while I had stood by the window before big Healy had brought in Bertha Wilson. Out of these thoughts I smiled at him as we ended our task, but he was looking at Mollie Baird. Even when I went with him into the hall, he was staring back at the girl who stood motionless, watching the dying woman.

"Is she overworking?" he asked me. "She looks tense, drawn. We can't afford to let her break down."

"I hadn't noticed," I said, "but I'll go back and take a look at her."

"I'll come up again after a little while," he promised. "That woman may have a pretty hard passage over the harbor bar."

When I ended the run of the wards, I saw that Mollie had screened in the patient, but I could hear the sound of sobbing. It rose to a paroxysm as I crossed the room. As I pushed aside the screen, I found Mollie trying to hold the woman, whose cries were now echoing through the dismal room. Together we struggled with her until she grew quiet. Then I saw that Mollie was weeping.

"You're tired," I said.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and flung her arms across the iron footboard. "I can't see her die—I can't, I can't," she sobbed.

"Go to bed," I told her. "I'll stay here."

"I can't go." She seemed to cease from her tears by some terrible effort of will. "I must stay, but—" She looked shudderingly at the woman on the bed. "And she was so beautiful," she said.

WHAT traces of beauty the overwrought girl could see in those drawn, dissipated features, what mark of former loveliness in the unkempt graying hair, I could not fathom. "You always see the best in the under dog, don't you?" I asked. "Why not?" she flared. "We're all of the pack, all trying for our chances. Your desire was to satisfy an ambition, not to slake a thirst or a craving for drugs. You got what you wanted. My desire—I've had it here. Her desire—" She looked down at the wretched figure as Bertha Wilson looked up at her.

The eyes of the girl who had watched the rag-tag cavalcade of life on the highway, and the eyes of the woman who had traveled with the dusty riders on the road, met and held. "You haven't changed very much," Bertha Wilson said.

The nurse's manner returned to Mollie Baird, for we were to these hallucinations of the dying. She rose, smoothed her matted hair, readjusted a pillow and smiled. "I knew you were away," she parried sympathetically.

"Did you remember—really?" The woman reached and grasped Mollie's fingers. "You were such a little girl, after all, we're such a long way from the Montreal convent gate," she said you'd always remember me, and you'd pray for me, and you'd laugh, but the sound of it must have made the Virgin Mary say, 'You'd pray for me, you said, but it would take all your life and the prayers of the *Sacré Cœur* and of all the saints to help me! Prayer? What can you know of it, since you were my daughter?'"

Mollie looked at me inquiringly. "She thinks she's my mother," she whispered. "What shall I do?" I motioned her to kneel beside the bed. I believe it was Lombroso who said the criminal have no maternal instincts; I wish he had seen Bertha Wilson's transfigured face as she stroked Mollie Baird's arm in the belief that she had found her child.

"Dear little Carrot-top," she was murmuring as she touched Mollie's burgundy-red hair, "are you the same little girl who you remember the first day you were at school when you couldn't go home at night to me? And you had that old black Dinah doll at the long-nosed nun? And do you remember how you fought the cops who were watching for a lower town of Quebec when we came back from England? You remember, Carrot-top?" The girl nodded. "Oh, yes, it was such a long time ago."

SHE sighed wearily and closed her eyes again. I did not stir. I had started to leave when Bertha Wilson began again, and again Mollie looked at me with the thought was pleading. Because of it I stayed. It was her that this dying woman should mistake her for the crime.

"It's nearly over now, isn't it, Carrot-top? I was just like you are, and you'll never have my nerve, but I guess I was a brave little kid."

"I've traveled this country all over
And now to the next I must go,"

she quavered. "Do you remember the old French ballad used to play that tune down near the market in Montreal? Rosin the Beau, they called him. I guess he's gone too."

"You're not so awfully young," she went on, considering me lots younger than you are now when I'd seen the last of Blackwell's. When I came out,—it was all for a cashmere in a Broadway store!—Eddy Barrett was waiting for me as if I'd been all the time at some swell finishing-school. Her memory of a laugh grew softer now. "Even after we were married I couldn't keep away from the laces and the scarves and brooches. It used to make Eddy sore sometimes, for he had kept the two of us in luxury, but I wanted a little of my own, just to feel I wasn't out of the game. Then you came times didn't drive me to the loot again, for we were on the world those days. When Eddy and Monty Heyman were fifty on the Atlantic Bank haul, I remember putting down the Avenue dressed up in your little ermine coat and pink bonnet. And the police of two countries was looking at us!"

"It did take nerve, didn't it?" Mollie had always listened patiently to these Homeric narratives that the dying record on the slate of the world they are leaving.

"If you think that took nerve, I guess I never told you time when I got back to Eddy from behind walls higher than the gate of heaven. You poor little kid, left on your own in the only old Mother Schlesinger to keep you out of a home! You were a cute kid, but you weren't much more than a doll to me while I had Eddy. I did try to make it all afterward, though, didn't I? But with him in Sing Sing I could think of was how to get to him. I went South for a thousand dollars just so's they'd send me up the river. I was planning a get-away in December, but I didn't know that Heyman smuggled in a suit to him, and he put it on with stripes. He got out without knowing I was there. Then I had to frame to get me out."

Delirium it was, of course. It could be nothing but delirium. Even if Bertha Wilson had struggled out to some miraculous moment of consciousness, even if her story were true, she could have no association with Mollie Baird, and

let W

we pro
obbed h
new yo

ailed
after
ate!
for m
Vane
your p
sains
dure

the
otions
who
he m
trikes
ild.
she h
spen
ben
ou th
o you
for a
Engl
you

a. Ma
Gerth
h the
'm
the

pre
new

a fidd
ontreal
e too
idering
the mo
shmere
me as
Her
were
arls
for h
little
came
on t
n we
carap
out
s look

ways
ying

d you
cher
own
a fo
mo
it m
Sing
Soul
ver
that
on
then

etc.
o som
were
bird, and



"Dear little Carrot-top," she was murmuring, "are you the same little spitfire?"

there was some bond between them as the woman rambled and the girl listened. It might be, I thought, the tie of a strange spiritual sympathy. Because of it I hushed Dr. Melburn as he came into the room. He crossed quietly to the screened-in bed, but he did not look at Bertha Wilson. He was watching Mollie with the tenderness a man shows to the very young or the physically weary. "Can't you relieve her?" he asked me. I saw Bertha Wilson's hand clutch the girl's arm. "Soon," I said, and he passed on.

The woman on the bed had given him no heed. Her story was for Mollie, and he and I were not in the circle of her vision. "Don't think that I wasn't on to what was in the air, Carrot-top," she was saying. "I could always cry a little better than the next one, and I was easy to look at, little one, easy to look at. For months I'd been behaving my prettiest, and so they told me I could have the job of housemaid in the warden's house."

"How did Eddy find you?" There was something in the tone of Mollie's question that gave me the idea that she already knew the answer. And yet—

"Eddy worked on the thought that what God had joined together, Sing Sing couldn't keep asunder." Her laughter was weak, but her voice, thin though it had grown, drifted on: "One winter night I was standing close to the door of the house when Eddy and Monty Heyman drove up in a sleigh. I saw him coming, and I heard the old knock I had learned in palmier days. I opened the door; he threw a blanket over my head and carried me out to the sleigh. Speed was Monty's middle name as he whipped up the horses. The snowstorm itself couldn't travel as fast as we did, but it covered up our tracks. All through the night I felt that word was running through every telegraph-wire, that bells were ringing in every police-station. Maybe they were, Carrot-top, but we beat them. The next day we were in Canada. That was life, little one. That was love. When we crossed the border—"

"With the police only an hour behind you, Mother Schlesinger said." The girl was bending forward in quivering excitement.

"And you remember? Why, that was—"

She sank back on the pillow. Mollie Baird put her hand on the gray forehead, then with sudden remembrance of my presence, looked up at me. We said no word, but our glances told each other the truth. Mollie Baird had not been pretending. Bertha Wilson was her mother, not the stray I thought she had been cajoling into easier death. She looked up at Mollie now with one last gleam of radiance breaking through the film over her eyes. "And after that—" she began. Then her voice fell away as if it were gray mist, and I left the two of them alone in that last moment while I went for Doctor Melburn. When I went back with him, although I left him at the doorway, I could see from the open side of the screen that Mollie Baird was kneeling with her head on the white coverlet.

Bertha Wilson's story was ended. She had told for the last time the melodramatic crisis of her kaleidoscopic career. From a corner-stone of petty thefts she had built her temple of crime, and the night of her escape from Sing Sing had been the moment of its dedication. Its altar had been the shrine of but one love, for the man who had been her partner in schemings and in shame. Perhaps in some niche she had burned a few candles of memory to Carrot-top, and in the end they had flickered feebly. Now she was lying still.

Mollie's eyes never left her as Dr. Melburn tested her heart and felt her pulse. He shook his head, and I knew that never again would Bertha Wilson go back to the sordidness of Monday mornings in the police-courts, never again to the desolation of that netherland of shadowy figures cursed with craving. As she had lived, a breaker of laws, Bertha Wilson had died. My tears were not for her, but for the girl.

I knew that Mollie Baird would come to the office, and I watched for her while the light began to grow gray on the windowpane. When she finally came, tight-lipped, dry-eyed, taut with defiance, I motioned her to the couch in the corner. "You'd better rest," I said.

She sat on the edge of a chair stiffly, staring at me with a bitter hostility. "Have you told Ben Melburn about it?" she demanded.

"He was with you when she died."

"She said nothing more. Did you tell him that she was my mother?"

"Why should I?"

"Because you love him, and you think he loves me. Well, does, in his way. And I—" Her eyes blazed with an emotion I could not define. "What was your mother like?" she asked. And then: "What did you do when you were a child?" asked abruptly.

Under the insistence of her burning eyes I tried to draw a picture of that time of sunlit spaces, while all the while I was conscious of the shadows of that dark forest where she must have dwelt. What could she know of May nights when hurdy-gurdy played on the boulevard and happy children of contented folk as they played,

Go choose your East, go choose your West,
Go choose the one you love the best.

What did she know of friendships made in school to hold through pleasant years? What had she seen of riotous holiday parties when boys and girls just conscious of their age and sex played

Dixie medleys on overworked phonographs as they swung and whirled in barn dances? What, oh, what could she dream of a mother's mine, who stood through my childhood and my girlhood with her hand on my shoulder, her eyes searching the road I was to travel? Not until my feet were on the highway and the heavy sack of knowledge on my back had she bidden me godspeed and good-by. Although she has gone these many years, I know that she is still the beacon for me at the end of the road. What could Bertha Wilson's daughter understand of what I sought to say of that divine companionship?

Because I felt the wall of her resentment between us, I blundered, I know, as I recollected evenings in a firelit room when my mother had played "Loch Lomond" and the Rebel song of Bonnie Blue Flag on the mellow old piano that was always out of tune. I told her of home-grown plays on a home-made stage, of our little-girl parties, of quiet evenings when I had read "Lorna Doone," and Tennyson's "Dickens," and came to know those four mortal girls of the shabby Concord house in the orchard. I had the thought that those remembrances would lead her out of her fierce agony that burned in her heart, but they must have heaped fuel on the flame. Instead, for she shrugged away from the touch of comforting I would have given her, she began to pace the room where the night was now glowing wanly in the paling gray of the dawn.

"And so you're sorry for me." Her bitterness rose to a taunt. "Well, I don't need your sympathy. Perhaps I didn't have a very self-centered childhood. Perhaps it was struggle here, and an insult there, through the years I should have been sweet and well-mannered and shy. Do you suppose I didn't know the handicap Life had handed me? There wasn't a minute from the time when she put me in that Montreal school that I didn't have my back against the wall. I

little girls, the sort you knew and the sort you snubbed me and laughed at me and sent me little unsigned notes about Sing Sing. How did I know it? God only knows! But the crooks of New York have never found a code as swift as the underground gossip of schoolgirls. I didn't hate my mother

I gloried in her. I knew what the mothers of other girls called her, but I didn't care. I said that they were jealous because she had more beauty than any of them. They said she gave me a heritage of shame. She didn't, I tell you! She gave me something bigger than all you've known, than all you'll ever know."



She paused in her pacing, and stood near to the window, her eyes fever-bright as she stared through the gray of the open street, seeing far, I felt, beyond my ken.

"Maybe I don't remember books I should have read—but how many girls of ten have seen the fortress of Quebec rising from the mists of the river, with lights shining up and down the hills as the boat puts out to sea? Have they my memories of the banks of the St. Lawrence purple with heather, and the archlights at Tadoussac where the black Saguenay flows in? Can you tell me that I have been cheated anything when I can remember Bristol with its shops of the Dutch of the centuries? What if I didn't have holiday chances? When I think of Christmas, I see the Christmas Steps of that town where the days had passed. I see Paris, all gay and glinting on a Christmas morning, with the crowds going to Notre Dame and the Madeleine! What did you read? Tennyson? I know Tintagel. Lorna Doone? I know the coves of the Devon coast. Dickens? You think I stood outside looking into paradise? You who, of Pharisees, I was *there*! 'London!' Her voice lifted in glory. 'When you go to London, you'll 'do' the National and the Tate, and you'll eat in the Café Royal, and you'll live in a monstrous—'

of a hotel on the Embankment, when I'm you're rich, or in Bedford Street if you're not, and you'll ride atop the buses, and you'll buy for a seat in Green Park, and you'll gape at the king and queen, and you'll thrill to be the fringe of a wedding at St. George's in Hanover, and you'll eat underdone beef and mallow for stupid weeks, and come away saying you know London.

"But you'll never know it. You'll never know the poor and the lame and the blind and the hunted. You'll never know how those people in the drear little houses back of the East India Dock Road live. You'll never know the Lascars from the steam ships that slide in through the yellow fog. You'd never find it Keady's, where the Amsterdam diamond-men come by stealth to look on the stones that men and women pour out of hiding-places for their buying. You'll never dream how it feels to lie awake all night with the Yellow Caliph, that great, glowing diamond that Scotland Yard sought, in the hollow of your hand!" Her voice had risen to a triumphant, defiant chant; but some passing figure on the street outside must have grown visible to her, for she lowered her tone and ran into a new pocket of thought. "Oh, yes," she said, "you'll go to Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon, and hear the talkers, and think how wise England is to let them have their fling. Well, remember that I was there the fourteenth of July when England's revolution began. I can see them now,"—her eyes scanned the brightening area of the street as if there passed before her the procession,— "those starving dock-strikers who had tramped all the way from White-chapel to hear the one human being they trusted voice their cry

for justice. I can see the old men, too feeble to stay in the lines, being borne by the stronger. I can see the boys in their shoddy caps, boys so thin you wondered how they kept alive, crowding around the wagon where Madame Despard spoke. And then I can see that rush in from the sides as the mounted bobbies rode into the crowd and mowed them down like rabbits.

"My mother grabbed me up on a bench as I sobbed out my childish heart. 'Don't you cry, baby,' she said. 'Their turn'll come some day! But until it comes, don't you ever forget that you're one of them!' That's why I'm here. That's why I went to work when I came out of the convent. Eddy was dead, and she was lost—I didn't know where. But I wanted to be a worker, and I wanted to be with the people to whom I belonged. I could have stolen too. There are worse things than theft, God knows. But it wasn't my way. I had to find it.

"Well, I did find it, after I'd done a hundred things. There isn't a trade I haven't tried before I struck this. Maybe I just found this so that I could be with her tonight."

She began to sob, and I tried to soothe her, but she flung away my effort.

"Life?" she cried. "You think you've seen it here, don't you? You think that because you've tended men and women who had lived, that you know all that life holds. But it's not what you get out of this that gives you knowledge. It's what you bring to it that counts.

Did you ever see the carving in the stone over the station in Washington? 'He who would

bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him.' That's it. You must carry—"

"Why do you tell me all this?" I summoned my old authority to check the wild torrent of her rebellion.

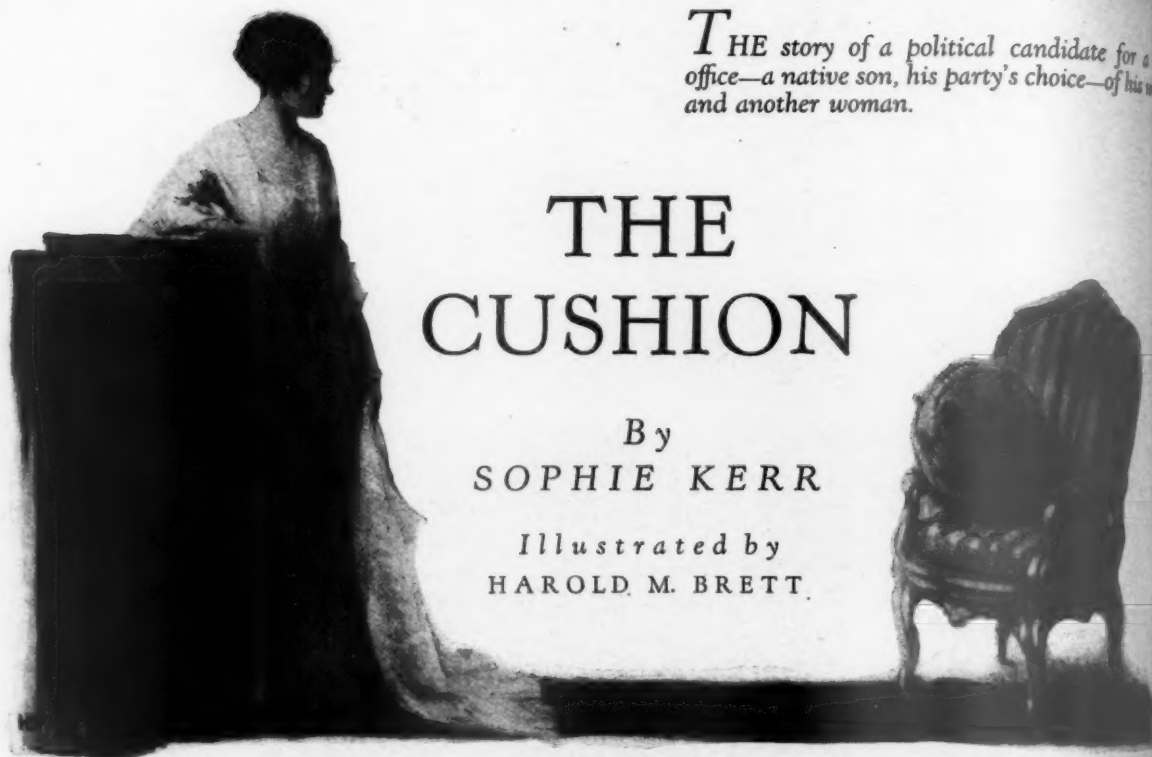
SHE put her hands behind her and faced me squarely. "Because I want you to know what I can give Ben Melburn," she said. "I asked you what your childhood had been because I wanted to be sure what you had in you to give. You told me: a quiet, placid home where you'll wait for him evenings, and give occasional nice dinner-parties, and read high-brow magazines, and hope each night that it won't rain tomorrow."

"What can you give him?" I cried, stung by her taunting. She flung back her head, and her dark red hair glowed in the rising light. "I can give him the whole world," she said.

The splendor of her promise laid its glory on her face. Hate her I might in the moment, but I could not but know that she was the priestess of life as she made her boast, and my heart died within me as I heard footsteps in (Continued on page 184)



"Prayer? What can you know of it, since you're my daughter?"



THE story of a political candidate for a
office—a native son, his party's choice—of his
and another woman.

THE CUSHION

By
SOPHIE KERR

Illustrated by
HAROLD M. BRETT

ELSIE TRAINOR had not taken off her hat before she made up her mind to ring for a maid and have both chair and cushion taken away. But when she went to tip the boy who had shown her to her room, she discovered that her little change-purse was lost, and in the excitement of looking for it, and the subsequent distraction of the arrival of her trunks and their partial unpacking, and the discovery that she had brought any number of small luxurious nonessentials but forgotten her woolen stockings and pet bathing-cap—was it any wonder that she let maid and chair alike go undisturbed!

After she had wired for the missing hosiery and cap, and bathed and dressed, it was time for luncheon; and since the food at the Armsley is very, very good, by the time the meal was over she had decided that the chair was so ugly that it was merely amusing, and that she'd keep it just to divert herself by gazing at it in dull moments. So it was left alone. She couldn't make up her mind which was the uglier, the chair or the cushion; and though she found them droll to look at, she did not want to touch them. She had always hated to touch ugly things—perhaps because she herself was so beautiful. When one has been a real beauty ever since her sub-deb days, and those days are fifteen years in the past, though the beauty has not waned, harmless caprices are ever so permissible.

The chair was a bastard Louis Seize, upholstered in that fancy striped tapestry that so many hotel furnishers love to madness. Where the woodwork escaped from the tapestry it was gayly gilded. Leaning with an affected ease on the chair was the cushion, perhaps the roundest and puffiest cushion ever made. It was of bright rose-pink silk, corded round and round, a sort of girding for its corpulence. In its middle, or rather on its middle, in front, were fat fruits made of pieces of bright-colored stuff filled with padding to make them unnaturally natural. It represented an 1880 taste struggling with 1920 standards, and thereby interpreting itself in terms of neither decade.

"You ridiculous thing!" said Elsie Trainor. "I suppose you're comfortable, you're so puffy—but that's all that can be said of you. Well, I shall need something to laugh at this summer, and it might as well be you."

With that sage remark she went slowly on with her unpacking. A little flatness crept over her emotions. It is all very well to have a very smart and complete wardrobe prepared, and packed, and after that the excitement of travel will bring you gayly to your journey's end; but there are few of us who haven't experienced that indefinable sinking of the heart when we are just

arrived at a summer resort and realize that there are two more of alleged pleasure before us.

Besides, Elsie Trainor had done it all before—so many times. Oh, of course there would be plenty of nice people at the Armsley people that she knew. There would be people to bow to in the dining-room and chat with in the corridors, people to play bridge with, people to idle with on the beach, and presently, out of the mass, there would be several unattached men to swim with, to walk with and dance with. The beautiful Miss Trainor was one of her dangles. But if you've done it before, more times than you want to count, it's not an exhilarating prospect—no, even though, like Elsie Trainor, you might lighten your heart now and then by glancing into the mirror and finding there a reflection of dark slenderness, wide blue-green eyes and so on. She was not one of those beautiful women who is eternally preoccupied with her beauty.

Presently the telephone rang. "Elsie, how nice to know you're here!" said a feminine voice, full of italics, consciously sweet. "I saw your name on the register as I came in from the Club. Mayn't I come up?"

The owner of the voice followed in five minutes. Mrs. Armsberry was one of the numerous wives who think themselves destined by a wise Providence to help their husbands' political careers. Tim Armsberry had been a Middle West Congressman and failing of reelection, managed to chisel a minor judgeship appointment out of his party, and so they had stayed in Washington. Mrs. Tim was blonde and would have been pretty had she not the habit of wearing too-tight shoes given her some ugly wrinkles. And she would have been a pleasant, simple soul had she not worked so hard at being charming. Her formula for charm was: "Be sweet to everyone; sometime you may need them." Also she prided herself on "keeping in touch" with her friends. Elsie Trainor was one of these dating back to boarding-school days, when Mrs. Tim was Milla Calkins, a not overpopular senior, and Elsie Trainor was a freshman, petted and courted even then as the heiress to the Trainor money and a coming beauty. When James Trainor had died, there was not nearly so much money as had been expected, but there was no more about the beauty.

Mrs. Armsberry clasped and kissed her friend—once, and then she had done it again, if Elsie had not gently disengaged herself. "There are heaps of lovely people here," said the visitor. "I met Mrs. Livingston, Clarisse Moberly, Senator Gray and his wife, and the Pattersons from Baltimore—you know them; and I heard

Governor Danforth and Mrs. Danforth will be here in a day or two. Tim's met him, but I've never seen either of them; but I hope they are coming," said Elsie Trainor. "His speeches are marvelous."

"Well, I shall like to tell Tim that you're taking an interest in politics at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Armsberry. "Frankly, I'm much more keen to see if he's as good-looking as his pictures. Tim only laughs when I ask him. Will you have dinner with us tonight, Elsie? There'll surely be some unattached man about who'll be easy to make a fourth when he knows you're the third. Afterward we can have a little bridge, or go out in rolling chairs. I adore the ocean at night."

"You keep your enthusiasms, Milla," commented Miss Trainor. "I must confess that I find mine diminishing. I suppose it's a sign of advancing age."

Milla Armsberry gave a little unaffected shudder. "Oh, don't—don't! Age is one thing I simply cannot face. I'm always looking to see if my hair has dulled, or if the skin of my throat is beginning to wrinkle, or if my waist-line's thickening, or if I'm getting that set look around the mouth." And as she spoke, her face turned from its assured complacency into a pitiful mask of terrified vanity.

"I'm not fond of the prospect myself, but there's no good trying to dodge. Remember that many a woman has made two wrinkles worrying over one, my dear." Elsie laughed a little. "Why, we're actually being solemn. Let's stop it. Tell me which of these dresses I shall wear this afternoon—we'll go down to the beach, or to the Casino."

Mrs. Armsberry laughed too. "I know I'm silly, but I can't help it. I could jump right into middle age, I wouldn't mind, but it's the change I hate so, the gradual, decaying, steady little ravages of time. Oh, well! Wear the white dress—it's wonderful. And carry that marvelous flame-colored parasol. I'll meet you at four, in the main foyer. So please that you're here!"

She rustled out, and left Elsie Trainor staring strangely at the closed door. "Milla Armsberry—to be so afraid of age!" she mused. And she with a husband, and children. I had always supposed that children made it all up to a woman, made up for everything—that is, to a woman with any sense. I know that if I had children—" She stopped and set her lips. "Of course, there's plenty of time yet for me to marry—and plenty of men to be had, for a little encouragement. But there isn't one that I ever knew that I really wanted—especially George Wiley. And I don't want a bargain-basement marriage. I've seen so many of them. Money bargained for youth. Social place bargained for beauty. It's all trading, trading, trading. I'm afraid—I'm afraid that I'm a romantic."

She dressed slowly in the white gown, and picked up the flame-colored parasol. As she stepped off the elevator at the foyer floor, she noticed a group of people there waiting to ascend. The man was tall, slight, with a clear distinction in his bearing that instantly drew the eyes. Elsie Trainor recognized with a little thrill of pleasure that it was the man she and Milla had discussed

—Governor Danforth. She looked at him with interest; and his eyes, only a little above the level of her own, met hers with an equal interest. Then she glanced at the woman beside him. She was short and dumpy, and if you wished to be polite, you would have called her commonplace. If you wished to be truthful, you would have said common. Her fussy traveling suit and violent pink blouse, her badly balanced hat, registered themselves photographically on Elsie Trainor's perception. That blouse, why was the color so familiar?

"Oh," she told herself with a little gasp of horror, "it's just the shade of that dreadful cushion in my room."

"Did you see them?" asked Milla Armsberry, who was waiting three armchairs and two sofas away. "Isn't she dreadful? I'd often heard so, but I wouldn't have believed that any woman in public life *could* dress so, in these days. What a handicap she must be to him!" Milla preened herself, reflecting what a help and ever-present aid her frocks must be to Tim. "And Tim declares that he'll get the Presidential nomination—not this year,



The governor did not make the mistake of touching the satin of her shoulders or arms. Yet in his very solicitude she found a caress.

but four years from now, as sure as the world, if he keeps on as he's going. Wouldn't she be terrible in the White House? Of course there have been Presidents before this who've had awful wives. But the right kind of President's wife does so much to make Washington possible. Remember Mrs. Roosevelt—oh, wasn't she wonderful? There never was anyone quite like her."

She tipped an inquisitive glance at her companion. "You're very silent—didn't you see Mrs. Danforth?"

Elsie Trainor was not used to caution, but now she manifested it. "Oh, I glanced at them both. He's rather like an actor—but then so many politicians are. Shall we take a chair, or shall we walk? The sun's warmer than I thought."

"Let's walk," replied Mrs. Armsberry. "It's so good for the hips. I try to do three miles every day. Besides, we can window-shop. I want to ask you what you think of a little evening gown—it was in a window this morning. Of course, it's risky to buy things here; they're sure to be duplicated. Still, this is quite a duck of a frock, and if I changed the girdle it might do for dinners."

Elsie smiled. Milla Armsberry, once started on clothes, would have no thought for any other topic. She turned her sleek black head and gazed out at the quiet ocean. She had a pleasant sense that something was about to happen. This pleasant sense persisted even though the walk was uneventful save for the meeting of some half-dozen acquaintances, and a great deal of standing by Milla Armsberry's side and tempering her enthusiasm for summer resort sartorial offerings.

WHEN they returned to the hotel, and Elsie went to her room, she was still expectant, a little dreamy. She hesitated over the choice of an evening gown—she wanted, quite definitely, to be at the height of her beauty—but subtly, not flamingly. She knew her own phases. She was in a mauve-and-silver mood, and it was in mauve and silver that she finally dressed. She noted that the maid whom she summoned to fasten her gown kept looking at her over her shoulder in the mirror with an undisguised pleasure, and the tribute pleased her. When she entered the dining-room, heads turned automatically, men's and women's alike.

She was late, and the Armsberrys were waiting for her; and as Tim Armsberry rose to meet her, another man at the table rose also, and Elsie Trainor knew, before he turned, that it was Rufus Danforth. And she knew that she had expected him to be there.

"Mrs. Danforth was tired and did not want to come down to dinner; so when we saw the great man by himself, I sent Tim to capture him," said Milla Armsberry prettily. "And here he is. We're so honored!"

Elsie Trainor gave the great man a long, questioning look. He was surprisingly boyish, with a wistful sort of boyishness that men, even successful men, sometimes preserve. He was not the conventional politician. There was about him none of the savored oiliness or the conscious brusqueness or the studied caution of those three chief types of his class. He was not trying to look noble or statesmanlike, or as the one hope of the people. He was, she observed, better looking than his pictures, though a little worn—but surprisingly ready to be inconsequentially gay.

Tim Armsberry, ruddy and rotund, was almost too deferential. "If Danforth is ever President, Tim thinks he may get a cabinet appointment, I suppose—or a minor embassy," thought Miss Trainor. "Well, why not? Tim is a good party man." She listened perfunctorily while Milla Armsberry finished an amusing bit of Washington tattle concerning the White House.

"I wonder who originated that?" said Danforth. "Probably some clever manicure. I'm convinced that most Washington gossip starts in the so-called beauty-parlors."

"You're slandering my sex," cried Milla. "Don't you think the men's clubs and the barbershops furnish their share?"

"And the corridors of the Capitol," added Elsie.

"I'm running for cover," declared Danforth. "Please remember, ladies, that I have always been an advocate of woman suffrage and spare me."

Over and beyond their trivialities of speech Elsie Trainor knew that this man and she were talking together in understanding and sympathy. The dinner went along cheerfully enough, but they two maintained their part in its banal brightness with the merest surface of their minds. When it was over, the party dawdled pleasantly for a moment in the wide hall where an orchestra was playing sentimental rubbish.

"I wish we didn't have to go," said Milla, "but Tim has made an engagement for us to call on Senator Gray and Mrs. Gray. She's quite an invalid and doesn't leave their sitting-room. We've got to go early, but we won't be long. Why don't you wait for us?"

Elsie answered vaguely. "Perhaps we will—somewhere you know."

They watched the Armsberrys' departure in a contented way and then exchanged a smile of comradeship. "Let's go," he suggested. "Here we'll be constantly interrupted." He turned to a fussy little man who had been gyrating anxiously about to catch the gubernatorial eye. The nod, while it afforded attention, also forbade intrusion. The little man wavered off, but back.

"He wants an appointment for his son, I imagine the man," hazarded Elsie as they moved away.

"For his son-in-law. And there's no hunter quite so determined as those who want things for their in-laws. That's one of the maxims of political life."

"Why?"

"Various reasons. Sometimes it's because they dislike the man; sometimes it's to get them a means of support; sometimes it's to gratify the ambitions of their womenfolks. Don't let's talk about it."

"What shall we talk about?"

The man hesitated for a perceptible second. "I want to tell you, if I may, that when I saw you coming from the elevator this afternoon, I had a strong sense of having known you—and well. Yet I am sure that we haven't met before."

THEY had reached the semi-darkness of the vestibule, which offers one side to the salt sharpness of the night, with the other three sides enclosed in Moorish architecture that protects vistas of luxurious humanity.

"Why are you sure of it?"

"Because I would never have forgotten you." The answer came without premeditation, seriously. "Of course," he went on, "I've often heard of you. And I met your father once, when I was a very young man. He gave me a piece of advice that I've never forgotten. He said: 'Throw away everything you don't need. Travel light if you want to go far.'"

"Father was always saying that—but he never did it himself. He had so much impedimenta in his life! I suppose he made it and found it all a heavy burden. Nothing was too much trouble for him; nothing took too much time if he thought there was any material or spiritual. I'm afraid he was frightfully imposed on now and then. I—I never spoke of this before—to anyone."

"But you do not mind speaking of it to me?"

"No."

A companionable silence fell on them. They had been walking up and down; but now, as they neared two chairs that had been vacated by a couple attracted by the dance-music to the room beyond, he motioned her toward them.

"Is your scarf warm enough? Shall I send for another? It's heavier for you?"

"Why, if you will—" She did not ask him how he would know, but he was gone a surprisingly few moments, and returned followed by a maid who held one of her wraps. The Governor missed the maid and offered the wrap to Miss Trainor. She took it and he put it about her; but he did not commit the mistake of touching the satin of her shoulders or arms. Yet in his solicitude she found a caress.

"I wonder if you'd mind if I go back to something I wanted to ask you if you have any feeling such as mine—that is, do you think that you might have known me sometime—a long time ago, or well. Silly questions, I suppose, but they're not offered for a purpose."

"No," said Elsie dryly. "I realize that you're not flattered by me—if governors ever flirt. And since you are not, I may say that I am not offended by your question. But I'm not sure that I shall answer it."

"But that does answer it," he declared triumphantly.

"I recognized you, of course," she went on. "Your papers are the backbone of all the Sunday papers, I suppose."

"You're hedging. Why do you take that tone? Why are you so fearfully afraid of being simple and direct?"

"Women are not often simple and direct about emotions. I grant you. We've found that it's misunderstood."

"Have you found that out?"

"My dear sir, first you talk generalizations about women, and then you reply with generalizations about women. Now you come to personalities. What shall I do with you?"

"You might answer me."

She rose and stood before him, smiling a little. "I will answer you," she said, "and I will tell you the exact truth. When I first spoke to you, an hour or so ago, I felt that I had known you."

Cushion
where
anted
go
He
about
ord
off
e, the
deter
one
like
; some
n't let
want
elevat
u—and
he ver
of the
archite
answer
ent on,
when I
t I've
don't
d it him
he rel
much
as any
impos
anyone'
been val
that had
c to the
r, some
ould man
returned
Govern
r. She
e mista
in his
g I said
do you
me, and
ed for
flirtin
I said
But
ly.
pictu
y an
notion
woman
come
I will
When I
felt that I



"Is Mrs. Danforth in?" she asked him with a primness that she hated; it sounded so like a priggish reminder.

known you all my life, and liked you very much. I hope, also very much, that we shall be friends. And, replying to your last question, I can truthfully say that I have never suffered from my own emotions, or had them misunderstood. Is this sufficiently simple and direct for you? If so, I'm saying good night."

"This is positively juvenile," she reflected when she was back in her room. "High-school boy-and-girl talk. I can see I made a mistake in not asking him about the League of Nations at once."

She looked for a long time at her image in the mirror. "My dear," she asked that lovely vision, "what are you doing?"

And even the hours she lay awake in the dark that night did not answer her question.

IN the morning, however, matters were infinitely clearer. The sun and a southwest breeze that fills a Della Robbia sky with billowy cumuli have a way of making foolish mortals forget that lives are complicated matters. Elsie Trainor breakfasted in her own room, her eyes on a melting horizon, the barometer of her content with the world registering high. She did not go out until, in close black swimming-suit and cap, sandaled in purple satin, with her long beach-cloak of purple wrapped around her, she was ready for the waves. There had been telephone-calls in the meantime. George Riley for one—he had come down unexpectedly. And Milla Armsberry asking her for tea that afternoon with the Danforths. Elsie decided that she would permit George to accompany her. He would be, with his stupid money and his very kind heart, a shield and buckler against the racing excitement of the night before. George was her most constant dangler. When all others had ceased to dangle, she sometimes had thought she might marry George. George thought so, too, and bided his time.

George was waiting for her—he had secured beach-chairs and umbrellas. He said they might have their dip, and then a little run in his car before luncheon. George was fattishly bumpy in his bathing-suit, and Elsie walked beside him, not looking at him, but trying hard to listen to his nice, affectionate voice. So comfortably, so uninterestingly affectionate!

"If we're to do all that," she said at last, "we'd better go in at once." So they went in, George to splash around in the shallows, with one foot off the sand, and Elsie to strike out for the raft with an easy overhand. She was not a remarkable swimmer, but a sure and steady one.

"Let me float you out," she had said to George before she started. But no, said George, the shallows for him.

The bathing-beach of the Armsley is exclusive and restricted to the use of its guests. It is large enough not to be crowded, even in midsummer, and once beyond the breakers, there is only the lifeboat man in his safe little boat, and the raft, which attracts no more than a dozen or so in the whole bathing-hour. Elsie reached the raft in safety and swung herself up on it a little wearily. She was out of practise, and she decided to rest until she felt perfectly equal to the return. Two or three others were on the raft when she arrived, but one by one they slipped away, and she absentmindedly watched them swim back to the beach. Then some one spoke to her.

"I thought it must be you—but you looked so ridiculously like a little girl in that rig," said the voice. She turned and found Rufus Danforth sitting beside her. It was impossible not to see that where George was bumpy this man had symmetrical muscles.

"I didn't see you coming," she told him.

"I was swimming out beyond, and thought I'd stop here on my way back. Isn't it a heavenly morning?"

"Why," he went on, without waiting for her to answer, "I've covered something. Looking into your eyes is like looking into the sea—it's all lovely color."

"You're beginning personalities again."

"Remember I mentioned the weather first."

"Is Mrs. Danforth in?" she asked him with a primness that was hated; it sounded so like a priggish reminder.

But he was not at all embarrassed. "In the water, you mean. Lord bless me, no—she hates sea-bathing. In fact, she hates the shore anyway. We compromise—I go to the mountains with her one summer, and the next summer she comes to the sea with me. This year it's my turn."

"I love the sea," she told him involuntarily. And then she slipped into the water. "I'm going back," she added confidently and started to the beach.

Against the rhythm of her strokes her thoughts beat in a confusion. "Upon my word," she said to herself, "I couldn't have appeared more ridiculous! Anyone would think I was some little middle-class flapper anxious to show that she knows a good lady doesn't play with married men. How silly, how silly, how utterly and supremely idiotic! The man will think I'm a monster. Thank heaven, there's good old George waiting for me. He'll shout if I told him this conversation with Mr. Danforth!" When she reached George, she said nothing about Rufus Danforth. Instead she hurried him off the beach and told him to meet her with his car in half an hour, so please not to dawdle over his dressing. To which George responded with a comfortable and affectionate: "I'll be there, my dear, and waiting for you."

The spin in George's car prolonged itself into luncheon at a jolly little country hotel which they found back among the hills. Elsie intentionally prolonged the excursion, demanding explanations of bypaths, picturesque detours, stoppages for views, such like trivialities that half filled the summer afternoon. Then with a sudden whim, she wanted to hurry back to the hotel.

"We'll not be there by tea-time," she said. "Milla has said the Danforths."

"Rufus Danforth here?" asked George with interest. "He always wanted to meet him. Are you going to take me to Milla's party?"

Elsie hesitated. She had intended to, in the morning, but she had delayed mentioning it to him, for a reason unexplainable to herself. She had a curious reluctance to display George in his capacity of constant dangler before the eyes of Rufus Danforth. Yet why not? She moved her hands restlessly and gave a little sigh. "Of course you're coming," she assured him.

"Perhaps George is fancy Mrs. Danforth," she thought with a spice of naughtiness. In her mind at the hotel the sight of the fat rose-colored cushion reminded her again of the only glimpse of the man's wife. She put on the simplest and simplest of her white frocks and walked past the colonnade flauntingly. George, who was waiting for her in the foyer, sighed as he looked at her.

"How do you do, Elsie?" he asked wistfully. "You're younger looking now than you were when you were seventeen."

Elsie shrugged. "But I don't feel it," she said. "There's a world of difference between being young and looking young."

"If you're going to make little smart near-epigrams," said George, "I feel sure that Milla's tea-party will be lively. Personally, I dislike to have my flattery responded to in that fashion. They're waiting for us, by the way, on the terrace. I shall see them from the window. I do not wish to (Continued on page 67)



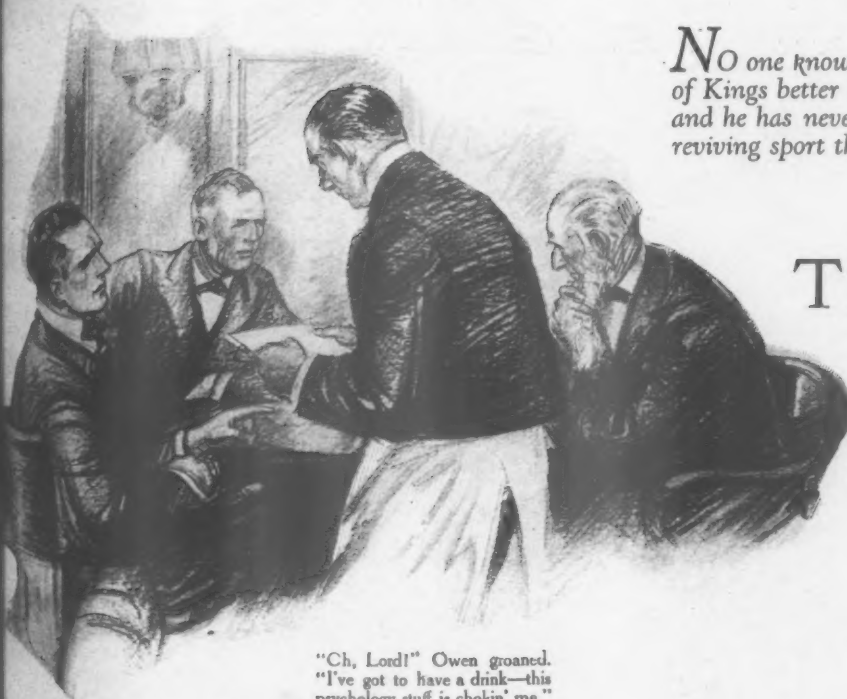
"How did he ever come to marry her?" Elsie asked herself. Presently she was in possession of that information. Mrs. Danforth herself gave it.

No one knows the intricacies of the Sport of Kings better than the author of this story, and he has never written a better tale of that reviving sport than

THE NUT

By
WILLIAM A.
FRASER

Illustrated by
OSCAR F. HOWARD



"Ch, Lord!" Owen groaned.
"I've got to have a drink—this psychology stuff is chokin' me."

OUR patriarchal friend Jack Andrews, known as "the man from the desert," had brought his stable of five for the autumn meet at Woodbine. Stewart Owen, too, had found himself in Toronto on his perpetual swing around the mining compass. And now the two buccaneers were sitting up in the grandstand, something of mutual interest between them. The interest was Jack Andrews' horse, Red Devil, who was starting in the next race.

On Owen's left a thin, leather-faced individual was listening with deep interest to their conversation. Several times his small piercing gray eyes had taken close cognizance of Owen's cowboy hat; it made him homesick.

He drew forth a cigar, looked at it disconsolately and then asked: "You got a match, mister?"

As the stranger held the lighted match Owen had given him to light his cigar, he raised his eyes to the latter's hat and said: "You're from the West, mister; so 'm I."

"That's good enough." And the famous Owen smile lighted up the owner's face as he held out a hand.

"I'm from Olds—ranchin'. My name's Jim Barwick," the man with the cigar volunteered solemnly. With equal frankness Owen revealed his identity.

And at that instant seven horses filed through the paddock gate and paraded down the course past the stand.

"That's Red Devil. Number three, Mr. Owen," Andrews said.

"What's the matter with him, Andrews? He doesn't seem any too happy!" Owen exclaimed, for the big chestnut had disrupted the orderly parade by backing up, and now stood with propped forelegs, switching his head irritably.

"It's just that pure cussedness of his," the man from the desert answered. "You can't tell nothin' 'bout that, though. The way he won for me in a hand-gallop, he had kicked all the boards out from the back of his stall in the saddling paddock; then he came out an' clicked around the course as sweet as Mary's little lamb, and won off by himself."

"He wont do that honest-to-God act today, mister," Jim Barwick of near Olds croaked.

"He wont—" Andrews cut off his speech and stared indignantly, wondering at their this-minute friend.

Owen laughed. "Touch wood, Barwick; I've got a thousand bucks on that yellow bronc, and if you wish all that bad luck on me, something's going to happen to you."

Andrews tilted forward so that he could see the stranger. "Why you say that, mister?" he asked.

"Cause I know the psychology of the hawse."

"Holy Mackinaw—psychology!" And Owen laughed. He turned to the man from the desert. "Andrews, you should've got that psychology thing fixed before you made me bet a thousand on this yellow broncho."

But Andrews let his fishy gray eyes rest appreciatively upon the tan-faced man from Olds; then he said: "Stranger, you've said something. Most fellers that string with gallopers figger on a hawse's legs an' wind, an' the time he can do a mile in; but you've put your finger on the wishbone, the psychology—which whittled out into English means what the hawse is thinkin' about."

"I get you—both of you," Owen grinned. "Now, what's Red Devil thinking about, mister? We both think that, it being a fast track, and him only carrying one hundred and ten pounds, that he'll run the mile in one-thirty-eight and a half, and win by four lengths. Aint that what we're thinking?" Owen turned toward the man from the desert.

"That was the general impression," Andrews confirmed.

"Well, you jus' wait an' see him do none of 'em things," Barwick croaked.

The race was a mile, and the starting barrier was just in front of the stand, so that they had a good view of all that was occurring. The horses had been at the post four minutes already, and the delay in the line-up had been occasioned by the stubborn refusal of Red Devil to join his horses. He was like a sulky boy that didn't want to go to school.

Then the barrier shot up. There was a mad scramble of the thoroughbreds around the upper turn for position. The chestnut, Red Devil, was last away from the post.

"By gad, Barwick, looks as though you was right! Our horse wont try a yard. The jock's beltin' seven bells out of him now with the gad," Owen exclaimed.

"You wait," Barwick admonished. "You jus' wait an' see somethin'; he'll soon be gallopin' over the top of 'em."

"You mean he'll win?" Owen asked.

"I didn't say he'd win—'cause he wont; I know the psychology of the cuss . . . There! Look—there he goes!" the man from Olds jerked out, and across the track they could see the chestnut creep through an opening, pick up horse after horse and place them behind him as they raced down the back stretch, until, swinging around the lower turn, the white splash in his yellow face showed in front.

"By gad, he'll win now!" Owen cried, and Andrews added:

"He's runnin' kinder'n I've seen him for a long time. He should just about win—just about win!"

"No, he wont win, mister," Barwick declared—there was an

indignant tone in his voice. "At that sixteenth post he'll dog it. Jus' beyond the bettin' ring you'll see his old tail switch, an' it'll be all off, you fellers; cause I know his psychology—I ought to."

The dismal croaking of the Westerner was compelling—distressingly convincing; it warped the courage of his two listeners till they were possessed of a conviction that Red Devil would do just what he said.

What was it—how did he know those things that savored of a supernatural power of prophecy? According to what Andrews knew of the horse, Red Devil should come on and win; he was possessed of a tremendous flight of speed which he could carry for the full mile, providing, of course, that the track was fast and that he was in a running mood.

Yes, the man from Olds was wrong. Red Devil was now half a length in front, and the jockey had never moved on him. Yes, he had the race in hand.

The next instant Barwick's dry, aggravating voice was rasping out: "There, what'd I tell you? See him crawfish?"

Andrews groaned, and Owen ripped out a plastic oath, a spreading wreath of blasphemy that embraced the chestnut and all warm-blooded horses in a general denunciation. Red Devil had swerved; his head, low hung, was slanted to the right; he was trying to cut it.

Four horses ripped by him as his jockey vainly plied whip and spur, and he was out of the money, passing the judges' stand fourth.

"He surely is a damn' cur!" Owen growled as they stood up to watch the horses unsaddled.

"No, he aint, mister," Barwick contended aggravatingly. "He aint got a streak of yellow in him. I know his psychology, an' it cost me somethin', too. He'll win one of these days, an' I'll be on him; I'll be stickin' round for that chance."

"Did you back him today?" Andrews asked.

"You bet I didn't! I got cured of backin' Red Devil when he wasn't goin' to win."

"You think there was somethin' doin' today, then, do you—that the owner wasn't tryin'?" Andrews asked in a casual tone.

"Anybody that knows hawses, an' see that ride, would know that the owner was out for that purse. If ever a boy tried to win a race, that jock did. But Old Nick himself couldn't make Red Devil win if things wasn't right."

Owen looked at the speaker curiously, muttering to himself; "This o'd nut's off his base; he just guessed it."

But Andrews asked: "If *what* isn't right? Why didn't you back him today if you thought the race was on the level?"

An amused smile traced itself on the thin, tanned lips of Barwick. "I aint no information-bureau, mister."

"Not if it's made worth your while?" Andrews asked.

"Well, I aint down here in the East for the purpose of lovin' anybody. I'm mostly lookin' after the interests of Jim Barwick of the Lake of the Shifftin' Sands Ranch."

"I'm interested in



The negro rose to his feet and cursed vociferously.

Red Devil," Andrews declared; "he belongs to Cooper, master of Cooper's hawse; but when Cooper needs funds for his feed and so forth, he can always get a loan from me. D'you understand, Mr. Barwick?"

"I might be able to figger it out in a few hours."

"Well, you do; come to the King James Hotel tonight, an' for Jack Andrews, an' we'll have a show-down."

Barwick promised to look Andrews up.

When Barwick had gone, Owen gave it as his full-fledged opinion that the man from Olds was a nut, that he would tap Andrews a ten-spot, and that would be about the limit of the transaction.

But Andrews, cold-blooded fish that he was, was inclined to place a certain amount of reliance on the man from Olds. "He's no fool, is Mr. Barwick," Andrews declared. "He doesn't belong to the tout tribe; he knows somethin' about Red Devil that I don't. I did think I knew the hawse pretty well, but his flop today has me guessin' again. You see the race, Owen; it was just as though it had been set out an' planned for Red Devil—fast track, a light weight in the saddle. An' he had everythin' with him today, and his speed—you see him make 'em other hawses look like thirty cents on the back stretch; he had everythin' but a desire to win. Now, that's what Barwick means when he talks psychology; he means what's in the hawse's mind. Most prize-fighters wins his bout by guessin' what the other fellow meanin' to do."

"That's what this nut calls psychology, eh?"

"It is, an' I'm goin' to investigate some."

Barwick didn't have any trouble finding Jack Andrews at the King James that evening. The man from the desert was waiting most anxiously in the rotunda for the man from Olds.

The three men, Andrews, Barwick and Owen, were soon seated at a little table in a corner of the café.

Andrews drew a lean hand down his patriarchal beard, and in his best fatherly manner, a manner to inspire confidence, said:

"Mr. Barwick, we best put our cards on the table. If men aint got confidence in each other, they don't make nothin'. Am I right?"

"It is," Barwick decided after a little pause. "It's as good as sixty-pound wheat; an' the way to keep that ol' confidence hen layin' is to deliver the goods."

"A-hum!" Andrews affirmed. "Now, Mr. Owen—he lost a thousand today on a hawse—that is, on Cooper's hawse—an' he still got confidence to play Red Devil. If you can convince the two of us that you know how Red Devil can be made to deliver the goods, an' he does so deliver, according

to your help, of course,—we're willin' to pay ten per cent of said winnin's."

"Ten per cent, eh?" Barwick cocked an eye on the patriarch—an eye that in its snapping shrewdness was like the eye of a ferret.

"Ten per cent might run into a tidy sum of money, if it seemed good business, we might play Red Devil a killin'," Andrews declared.

"When're you goin' to start him next?" the man from Olds queried sharply.

"He's in the Ducal Stake on Saturday; it's a mile, an' the track's fast, I thought of startin' him."

"That's worth fifteen hundred dollars," Barwick declared. "That'd be a proper Injun partnership. I get you fifteen hundred dollars, which is velvet, there bein' no bet, an' I rake a hundred an' fifty."

"P'raps I'd better make you a present of Red Devil," Andrews sneered.

"No, mister; I wouldn't take him as a gift; I owned him once, an' I'm fed up."

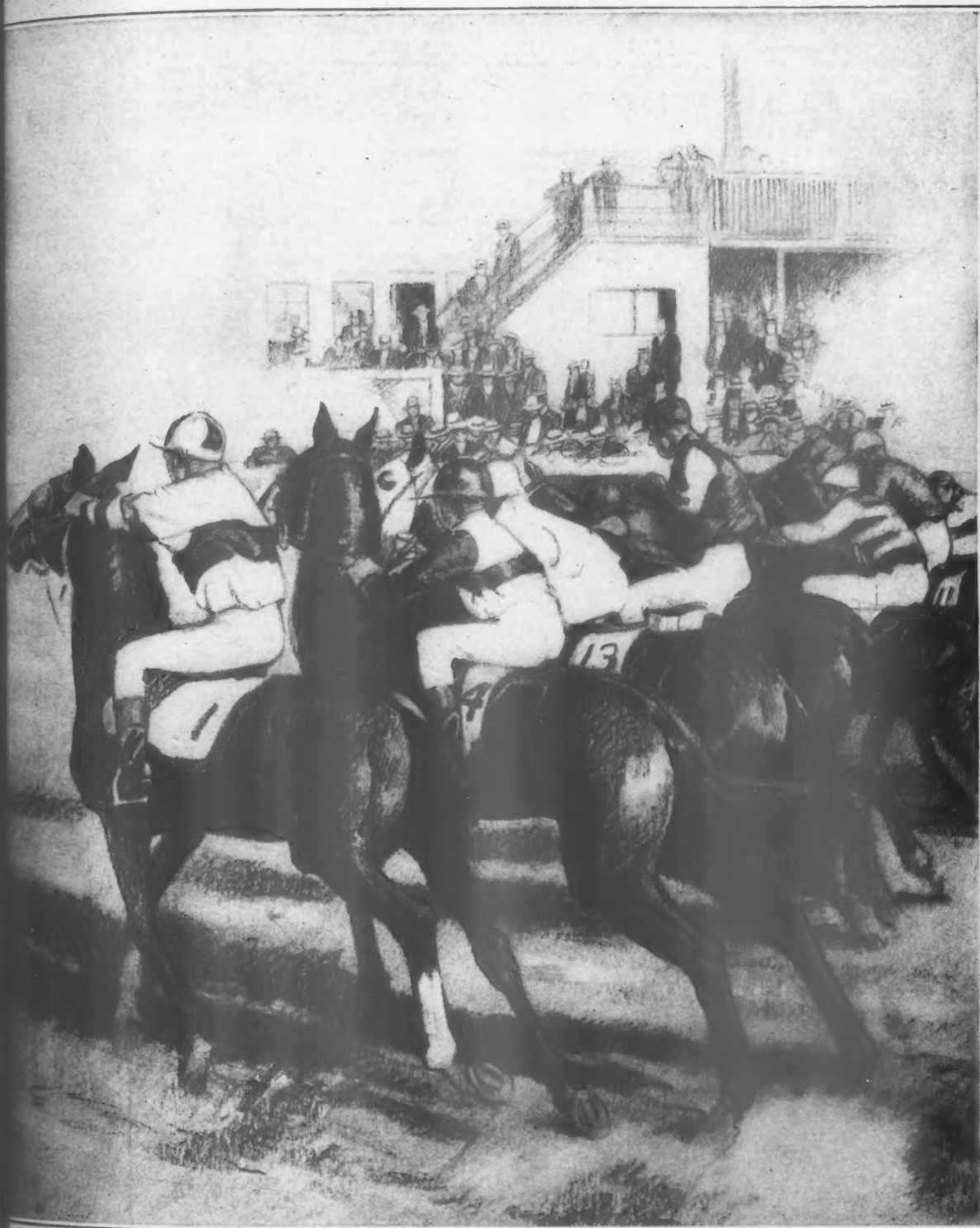
"Hell!" Owen gasped. "I seem kind of floatin' among words; I'm hearin' things."

"You owned Red Devil once, Mr. Barwick. Say, you don't mean that you're goin' to drop the chestnut to win, do you—'cause if that's your idea, you're a back number at the game."

"No—'tain't dope," Barwick answered, untroubled; "Taint nothin' but psychology."

"Oh, Lord—the nut!" Owen muttered.

"Where'd you own Red Devil?" Andrews asked.



The barrier sprang into the air, and the ten thoroughbreds sprang forward like a rushing wolf-pack.

"I owned him when he was a weanlin'. He was by Gold Spinner, an' was foaled down on Marcus Daly's Bitter Root Ranch in Montana; that's where he gets 'em notions. Gold Spinner had 'em, an' his sire Goldfinch had 'em. Goldfinch beat one of the best horses ever was in the world, La Fleche; an' yet he was no great shakes at follerin' on. Now, Gold Spinner was a throw-back in some way to the Arabs, through his dam, Red Spinner. That's why Red Devil's got to have a lightnin'-fast track—a strip of sand, 'cause he's bred that way—he's a throw-back."

"Oh, Lord!" Owen groaned, as he beckoned to a waiter; "I've got to have a drink—this psychology stuff is chokin' me."

"A feller brought that colt up into Alberta an' sold him to me pretty cheap. An' it was there this hawse learned some more notions of his own. My ranch lies along 'em quicksand muskegs that's known as the Lake of the Shiftin' Sands. This colt got caught in the quicksands once, an' I had some time savin' him, you bet. He got to be as cunnin' as a coyote—got to lookin' out for himself. When he was a two-year-old, I took him down to

Winnipeg an' raced him. I walked back home, an' the man that bought him of me so's I could pay my hotel-bill, I've heard, is still walkin'."

"That's why you don't want him back as a gift, eh, mister?" Owen asked, his boy's smile wrinkling his dark face.

"All that bein' so, Mr. Barwick, how're we goin' to map out about makin' Red Devil win now?" Andrews queried.

"As I was walkin' home that time,—'bout a month of it,—I had kind of leisure to think it out—"

"The psychology gag, eh?" Owen laughed.

"Yes; I come to know what was the matter, an' it was too late. This summer I'm down here in the East, havin' sold my ranch, an' at one of the tracks I see a big chestnut with two white marks in his forehead that's exactly like the cloven-hoof of the devil, an' I know him for my colt that was; that's why I called him Red Devil—because of that cloven hoof in his forehead. Then I kind of foller him around, workin' out my theory of his psychology."

"Say, now I'm commencin' to get you," Owen admitted. "I've been floatin'."

"Did you bet on him any time he started?" Andrews asked.

"Nary a time—not a bean; I was waitin'."

"And do you think next Saturday would be a lucky day for this psychology thing?" Owen asked.

"It might; an' again it mightn't; it kind of depends."

"On what?" Andrews snapped.

"On me an' the weather. I figger if it's a fast track, I can put Red Devil over the plate first—kind of 'home free,' as the kids say."

"Well,"—Owen pulled out his watch,—"I've got somebody waiting. What's the deal? Spit it out, you two sharks—what's the deal? I suppose, as usual, I hold the bag?"

"We cut the pie in three chunks," Barwick declared: "Mr. Andrews furnishes the hawse; you, Mr. Owen, dig up the coin; an' I supply the idea that makes Red Devil win."

"You mean"—Andrews' voice was like the grind of a machine on cobblestones—"we furnish all the material an' you furnish no chance; if the hawse wins, you cop off a third, an' if the devil got nothin' to do with the result."

"Them arguments is sound from your side of the debate, Mr. Andrews—quite sound an' proper; but I've got to make good. I aint no hold-up man; I allowed to bet about three hundred dollars on that skate when things was right, knowin' he'd be at least to one, an' I'm willin' to turn that three hundred over to Mr. Owen to bet, said profits to be all mine. An' after the hawse won, I'll prove I was the party as caused him to win, or I'll share a third in your profits, leavin' said decision to Mr. Owen who seems kind of on the level."

"Darned if that doesn't seem fair enough, Andrews," Owen said, turning toward the patriarch. "You just write that out on a sheet of paper."

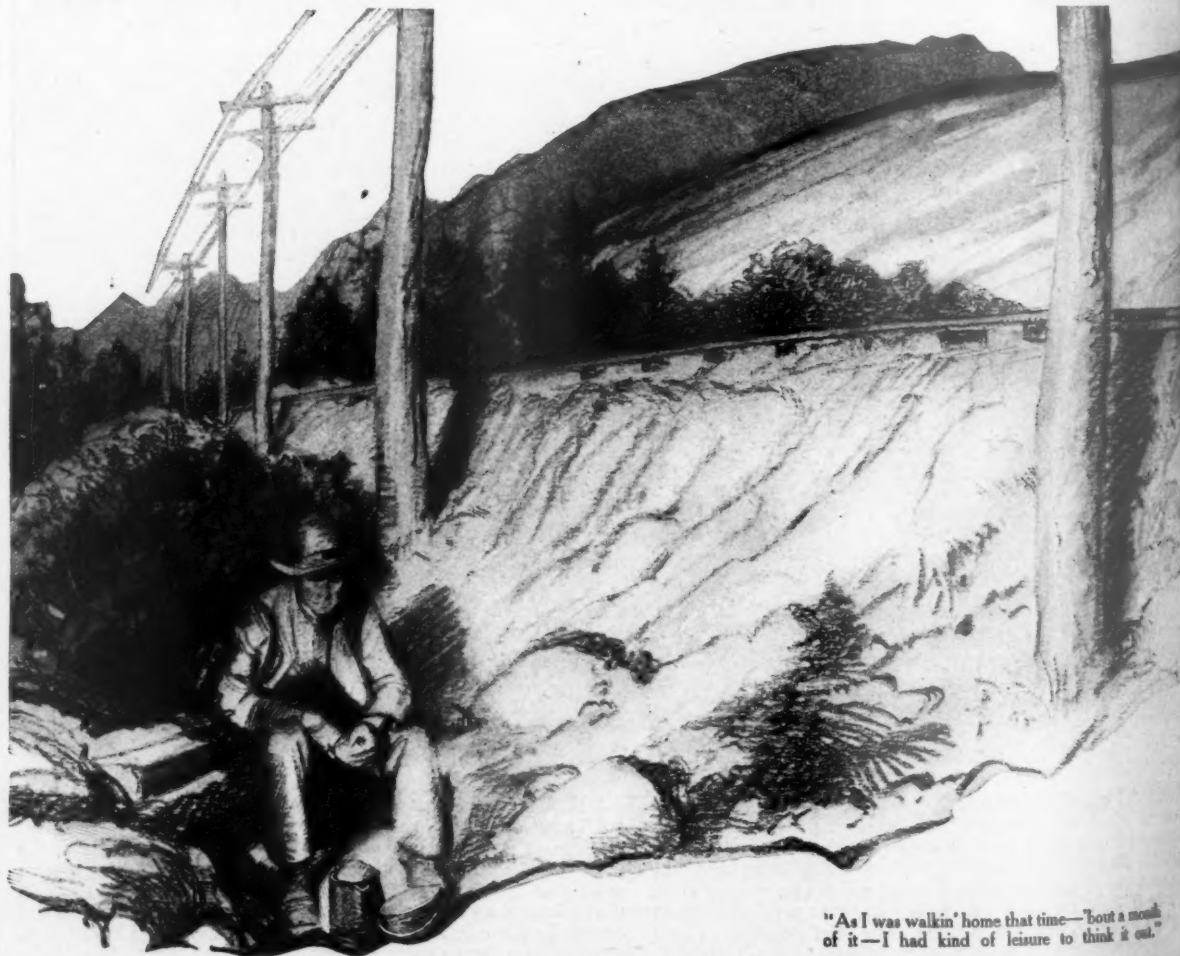
There was some more tidying up of this extraordinary proposition, but it was finally arranged that when the man from Olds was quite satisfied that the psychological gods were in a happy mood, and Red Devil would win, Owen would bet two thousand dollars on the horse, and the proceeds would be divided between the three crystal-gazers—it was like that, crystal-gazing.

Saturday opened up bright and clear; the sun was grinning away at his daily task brilliantly, not a frown on his face. In fact, the whole week had been dry as a bone.

The track was lightning fast; it was as if the man from Olds had hired the universe for the expounding of his psychological stunt.

Evidently the morning papers knew nothing of the weird necromancy the man from Olds had up his sleeve, for they didn't give Red Devil a chance to win the Ducal Stakes; he wasn't called one, two, three. And no wonder, for he had won only a single race in two years.

Trainer Cooper had reported to Andrews that Red Devil was feeling in the velvet; he had worked like a wild horse in the man-



"As I was walkin' home that time,—'bout a month of it—I had kind of leisure to think it out."

and was as fit as a fiddle. After
 ing this, Cooper had dampened the
 church's spirits by adding: "That's
 way with all 'em damn mornin'
 er; the faster they work in the
 mlin', the slower they run in the race.
 chestnut'll chuck it today
 he's he always does. If I had my
 over to hawse, boss, I'd give him a pill that'd
 he him think he was a flyin'
 chine."

As get ruled off!" Andrews
 rejected. "When I've got
 a hawse, I wont carry
 —don't forget that,
 per."

The Ducal Stakes in which
 n from Olds was to
 in a huge home Red Devil as
 was the fourth race.
 ded between
 wick had said that just be-
 e the horses went out, he
 old tell Owen whether to bet or not. So
 en, deeply interested, only half convinced
 Barwick wasn't a flighty nut, was doing
 best to keep close in touch with the necro-
 cer.

It was as the third race was being run
 he lost track of Barwick; the latter had d'sappeared suddenly
 had vanished from Owen's side. Hurrying through the long bar
 with the stand that gave passage to the betting-ring, Owen dis-
 covered the man from Olds standing up against the bar helping
 very shiny-faced negro polish off a bottle of champagne.

"No, he's no nut," Owen assured himself; "he's just the king-
 of the loony floozies."

In disgust Owen turned on his heel and strode angrily out to
 the paddock, where he explained to Andrews the sublime hope-
 ness of everything, the blank-blank futility of stringing with
 out. Andrews had been possessed of a hunch, as he called it,
 that there was something in Barwick's propaganda, but the weight
 of the evidence seemed rather against it now, he was forced to
 quit.

The ten starters for the Ducal Cup were in the paddock, some
 saddled in the stalls, and three or four being led around in
 the paddock. One of these, Red Devil, with his long, springy,
 neat walk, and big, intelligent, bright eyes looked class—good
 enough to win.

"Where's that hunch-man of yours, boss?" Cooper asked.
 "These horses'll be goin' to the post in ten minutes."

Andrews tugged at his gray beard and surveyed the paddock
 absently. "I don't know," he answered. "I guess I been
 led by this hawse so often I was most ready to fall for any
 on-board game. Danged if I didn't believe in him, too—danged
 if I didn't!"

"There's the darky he was drinkin' champagne with." And
 he pointed across the little picket fence that separated the
 paddock from the main entrance for automobiles.

They saw the negro climb up to his seat on the huge watering-
 can, gather up his reins and start toward the track to sprinkle its
 surface up and down in front of the stand and enclosure.

"Now that fellow's gone to work, perhaps Barwick'll show up,"
 Owen laughed.

The tank was in motion toward the track, but at about the third
 revolution one of the hind wheels slid off at an acute angle and
 diagonally into the side of a limousine. The axle of the
 tank was splintered by its crash to the road-bed; the staves
 of the tank opened up from the concussion, and the tank itself be-
 came a joyous fountain, drenching the autos within the radius of
 sweep. The negro, who had caromed off the graveled road on
 his head, rose to his feet and cursed loudly and vociferously.

The three men's attention was disjoined from this calamity by
 the appearance of the man from Olds, who arrived somewhat
 excitedly.

"Where you been?" Andrews asked crossly; "we've been waitin'
 for you."

"Never mind where I been," Barwick snapped. "We'd best
 get that bet down."

"There's the hawse," Andrews jerked his hand toward Red
 Devil. "D'you want to look at him, or anything?"

"No, s'ree, I don't: we just got to put the money down—that's



"If I had my way, boss, I'd
 give him a pill that'd make him
 think he was a flyin' machine."

Owen looked a
 Andrews, and An-
 drews looked at
 Owen. It did just
 seem the craziest
 thing any sane
 man had ever gone up against.

"You do as you like, Mr. Owen," Andrews said. "This hawse
 is fitter to run than he ever was in his life, an' if he don't dog
 it, he'll win."

"An' I say he wont dog it—he'll win!" Barwick said angrily.
 "You've got my three hundred dollars in your pocket—you go
 bet it for me: an' if you want to back-trail on your own agree-
 ment, just do it—that's all."

"I'm going to bet the two thousand," Owen declared; "when I
 say I'll do a thing, I'll do it."

Then he hurried into the ring and put the money over, a hun-
 dred at a crack; some at twelve to one, some at ten, and some at
 eight. With the betting tickets in his pocket, Owen joined Andrews
 and Barwick up in the stand to watch the result of this psycho-
 logical experiment.

As they sat down, something of pique caused Owen to say:
 "Mr. Barwick, don't you forget that if Red Devil wins, you've got
 to make good; before you rake down, you've got to prove that
 you had something to do with his winning, see? Aint that right?"

"That was the bargain, Mr. Owen. He'll win right enough. An'
 I don't need nobody to pass in judgment on my claim—I'll leave
 it to you."

"Yes, you've got to furnish the proof," Owen declared doggedly.
 "Anybody could wish himself in a third on a two-thousand-dollar
 bet; you've got to make good. This psychology stuff's got me
 guessing; I can't see where it comes in."

"Well, jus' take a look at the hawse himself—there he is at
 the post—an' see if there aint somethin' doin'. He aint actin' up
 like he was the other day, is he?"

And strangely enough, Barwick's words were true. The long
 line of horses had filed out, a beautiful streamer, a ribbon, with
 the little men decked out in blue and gold and green and crimson,
 sitting atop the graceful deerlike creatures; and almost at the very
 end, number nine, was Red Devil, as quiet, as well-behaved as an
 ash-cart steed. The surly reluctance he had exhibited upon his last
 appearance was absent. And when they wheeled and came back
 to the starting barrier, there was the big chestnut in the next to
 outside position, placidly waiting for the word.

"Well, I'm damned!" Owen said under his breath. "There's
 something doing—what is it, Barwick?"

But the latter only said: "You wait till you see him win by
 'em four lengths you was talkin' about the other day; then we'll
 get down to cases."

Even as he spoke there was a rattling clang; the webbed barrier
 shot into the air, and the ten thoroughbreds sprang forward like
 a rushing wolf-pack.

"There he goes—oh, you bird-o!" (Continued on page 118)



They wasted no time. Keenan spoke brutally. "You're our cow, Islip, and we've come for the milk."

A DAUGHTER OF DISCONTENT

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The story so far:

JANE LANG, the beautiful daughter of the conservative Socialist Daniel Lang, had determined to make the best possible bargain with life—to win from it the highest price for her beauty. Her soul, love, a deity—events had not taught her to realize them. Soon, however, the thread of her life became interwoven with those of others—with that of Peter Ogus, a radical Russian who claimed to be a prince and yet the friend of Lenine; with that of Cleghorn Islip, son of the wealthy packer Abner Islip, her employer; and with that of Major Weeks Ledyard, a former personnel officer with the A. E. F., who had taken a similar position with Islip.

So too the life-threads of these other people were entangled: sprightly young Cleghorn Islip's with those of three women—Jane Lang, Anna Clotts, his crudely attractive stenographer who threw herself at his head, and Ruth Deyo, a nurse in charge of the hospital at the Islip plant. Anna Clotts' thread was entangled with those of Cleghorn, a teamster named Borginski and Peter Ogus. Ledyard's interest was in one woman only—Jane Lang. Young Islip, passing through a congested quarter in his car with Jane Lang, ran over a small boy. A crowd gathered: "Beat it!" Cleghorn ordered Jane, and she fled from the scene and from newspaper publicity—but not from recognition. For a Red named Keenan saw and recognized her.

Keenan went to Jane's father and threatened to spread a scandal about Jane if Lang didn't lend his influence to the Reds. Lang's reply was to choke Keenan into insensibility.

Meanwhile Cleghorn was failing in his attempt to escape from Anna Clotts. Finally she wrote him a note saying he must meet her that night at a certain spot on the lake shore.

Copyrighted, 1920, by The Red Book Corporation. All rights reserved.

Illustrated by
FRANK STREET

Cleghorn kept the tryst—and arrived in time to see Anna murdered by the jealous Borginski, who had followed with Keenan. Then these two attacked Cleghorn, took from him a compromising letter written by Anna, and pretended to accuse him of her murder! Then they let him go—till they wanted him. Wounded and panic-stricken Cleghorn somehow managed to reach the apartment of the Chagnons and Ruth Deyo.

Meanwhile Keenan had sought revenge on Daniel Lang. A bomb he had sent through the mails had killed innocent people. Keenan sent a partly finished bomb to Lang, then "tipped off" the Federal authorities to search Lang's house. It so happened, however, that Jane Lang was that day discharged by Abner Islip—frankly because of Cleghorn's interest in her. She went home, found the half-finished bomb and herself believed her father guilty; but when the officers came to search the house, she contrived to hide the bomb and save him. Then she left the house determined no longer to live under the same roof with such a man as she believed Lang to be.

CHAPTER XX

EVENTS had bewildered Jane Lang. She had been so sure of herself, had always found herself so sufficient, but now she was a lost child, frightened, ready to accept any succor offered. Her world had been overthrown, and chaos reigned.

Jane alighted from the train and emerged from the depot upon Michigan Boulevard. It seemed a strange city to her, one in which she did not know her way about. She walked, carrying

heavy bag—walked toward no destination. She passed the Astor Hotel but with no thought of taking shelter there as she might have done. In her bag was a sufficient sum of money, money paid by Abner Islip. But she passed the hotel, going on. She was very tired; her bag weighed her down.

All that crowd upon the Boulevard was no familiar face; it was a universe of strangers. Not until she had passed the Astor did she encounter an individual she had ever seen—and then with a wave of relief and welcome: it was Peter Ogus.

She felt grateful to him for being alive, for being in that presence assured her that she was not absolutely without acquaintances, in this sea of humanity. He perceived her and crossed the sidewalk to her side, and as if by magic took the heavy bag from her stiffened fingers.

"Miss Lang," he said in astonishment, "not going away?"

"Yes," she said wearily.

"Why I ask where?"

He looked at him a moment, and then shook her head with a hopeless movement. "I don't know," she said.

"My dear," he exclaimed, and took her unresisting arm, "something has happened. What is wrong?"

"I had to go away," she said vaguely. "I couldn't stay there longer. I had to go to some place. I couldn't bear it."

"You mean that you have come home?" His eyes glowed with an instant.

"Yes."

"You have quarreled with your father?"

"I—I never want to see my father again. He—" She broke herself. No word of reply must pass her lips.

"But your work?"

"I have been discharged."

"Something had happened, something that had shaken her from her foundations, he perceived; and being the man who was, he recognized an opportunity. He made his face very gentle and solicitous."

"You're in trouble. It was unfortunate you met me. And you didn't know where to go. You're worn out, aren't you? Let me leave it to me. I'll find a place for you where you can rest and—and feel perfectly safe."

"Rest and safety—those were things she craved. She raised her eyes to his with gratitude. "Thank you," she said.

Ogus stepped to the curb and called a taxicab, giving an address to the driver as he helped Jane enter. She sat back on the dingy cushions and closed her eyes, relieved, careless of the future for the moment, willing to place herself wholly in the hands of a man. For the first time she surrendered her independence utterly, placed herself without reservation under the protection of another. Her feeling was one of relief; the problem was out of her hands.

In twenty minutes the taxicab stopped, and Ogus assisted Jane alight. "I will get you a room here with a decent woman I know. She sometimes takes boarders. You will find it clean and quiet. Then we can look about to see what is to be done."

She followed him up the steps, noticing without interest that the basement was occupied by a secondhand bookstore.

There was a moment's uneasiness, a brief flash of her old suspicion of Ogus, but she stifled it—because she had to find some great where she could rest and think. A woman with queer, very bright eyes opened the door.

"Mrs. Clotts," said Ogus, staring into her bright eyes with a look of command which she understood, "I have brought you a boarder. You have a room for her?"

Mrs. Clotts hesitated. Ogus frowned. "You have a room?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said.

"You will show Miss Lang up. I will carry the bag. She is very tired. Can you make her a cup of tea?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Clotts, her eyes studying Jane out of an expressionless face.

"What room?"

"I will show."

Mrs. Clotts led the way up the narrow stairs and opened a bedroom door. "It is there," she said.

Ogus placed Jane's bag inside. "Make yourself perfectly comfortable," he said. "If you want anything, Mrs. Clotts will get it for you. And I will drop in before evening. You will have dinner with me."

"Can't—can't I eat here? I don't want to go out."

"Of course. I will see to it. You are all right now. Rest—and don't worry."

"Thank you," she said dully as Ogus closed the door after him.

She glanced about her. The room was scrupulously clean, meticulously neat. That was reassuring. She walked to the bed and threw herself upon it—upon Anna Clotts' bed.

At the foot of the stairs Mrs. Clotts awaited Ogus.

"What is this?" she demanded.

"It is the young lady I am to marry," Ogus said sternly. "You will look after her. See that she is made comfortable. Do you understand?"

"We do not want her here."

"It is necessary," Ogus said sharply. "It will not be for long, and you will be well paid."

"We do not want her," Mrs. Clotts said stubbornly. "We have worry. Anna does not come home. Something happens to Anna."

"Nonsense! But be careful what you talk. She must hear nothing and see nothing."

"Then you should take her some place else."

Ogus turned his back abruptly and opened the door. "Do as you're told," he said. . . .

The cold linen, as Jane's cheek pressed it, was comforting, soothing. The little shut-in room gave her a sense of detachment, of being removed from the impulses and motives of the world—impulses and motives she had come suddenly to dread. She did not consider Ogus. He was absent from her thoughts. Considerations of him and his motives would present themselves when she had returned to the normal, but now she lost herself in a sort of nothingness, a drowsiness that was a reaction from grim activities and realities. Her eyes closed, and she would have slept but for the arrival of Mrs. Clotts with a cup of tea. Jane consumed it with thankfulness.

"You were kind to take me in," she said.

"We don't like boarders," said Mrs. Clotts.

"I'm so sorry. That makes your kindness all the greater. I sha'n't trouble you long."

"You should not walk around the house," said Mrs. Clotts. "My husband makes experiments. He likes not to be disturbed."

"I will keep to my room," Jane said with the ghost of a smile.

"Thank you for the tea. I think I can take a nap now. I'm very tired."

"Do you know my daughter?" asked Mrs. Clotts. "Anna is her name. Peter Ogus knows her."

"No, I don't know her."

"I think maybe you did. She is gone."

Something had happened that had shaken her; and being the man he was, he recognized an opportunity.



"Gone?"

"She goes out and not come back. It iss last night. You do not know where she iss?"

"I'm sorry—no. And you are worried." Jane became aware that the world could contain other troubles than hers.

"I think something happen to her," Mrs. Clotts' monotonous voice continued. "Some man—Anna is that kind. She is for some man. I have watch her. It does not matter unless some harm comes—all women are for some man." There was a sub-tone in the woman's voice that quivered ominously as with a threat. "You will stay in this room," she said from the door. "We do not want you walking around."

Jane lay back and closed her eyes. Mrs. Clotts seemed unreal to her and without significance. She had no questions to ask of her surroundings. It was enough that she was alone and could rest. She slept. . . .

Jane was awakened by a rapping on her door. "Supper iss ready," said Mrs. Clotts.

Jane hesitated, but she was young and healthy, and appetite asserted itself. "One moment," she said, and presently was following Mrs. Clotts down the stairs and into the small dining-room. Here as in her bedroom were indications of painstaking neatness. The very room had an odor of cleanliness.

"This iss my husband—Mr. Clotts. You should sit here." Mrs. Clotts motioned to a place at the side of the table, and Jane sat down, conscious of a feeling of restraint in the presence of these queer people. With the appearance of Mrs. Clotts she was familiar—that tight-drawn hair and those abnormally bright eyes had impressed themselves on her; so she studied Mr. Clotts covertly. He seemed but an ordinary, harmless, vague sort of little man. His appearance bolstered up her confidence; he even smiled at her.

"Our daughter, she iss not here," he said; and then, as if to himself: "But not'ing has happen to her. She just stay out for some'ting. Not'ing could happen to Anna. Ho! She iss a girl with great good fortune, my daughter. She also lives forever."

"You should hush," said Mrs. Clotts sharply.

Mr. Clotts regarded her mildly. "There iss no harm," he said.

"You don't know. You should be still. All the world could want to steal our Elixir." She wagged her head stiffly. "All the world could want to live forever."

Jane was mystified. The conversation sounded insane.

"Is the bookshop yours?" she asked uneasily.

"Oh, yes. So I earn my living. But it iss not my business. Oh, no—my business iss the Elixir."

"You should hush," said Mrs. Clotts again.

He shook his head stubbornly. "My family and I shall live forever," he said. "It is a great thing. I work on it. My laboratory it iss in the attic, but you should not come there. Nobody iss allowed there. But it would do no good to come. I write no formulas on paper. They are here." He tapped his head and grinned slyly. "If you must steal my formulas, you must also steal my head."

"I wonder where iss Anna," interjected Mrs. Clotts.

"Ma, she iss uneasy," explained Mr. Clotts. "I could be uneasy but I haf not time to think of such things. Anna iss a good girl—yes. She maked *rat-tat-tat-tat* on the typewriter—very fast."

"WHERE does she work?" Jane asked in an effort to turn the conversation into comprehensible channels.

"For that young Islip—at the stockyards," said Mrs. Clotts in her unemotional voice. "She iss his stenographer. I do not know iss it well. No. She makes queer actions. A young man like that—he might not be good for our Anna."

"Borginski say something—I do not remember," said Mr. Clotts vaguely. "Yes, yes, I know. It was about twisting necks. He would twist the neck of this young Islip if he does not leave our Anna alone." He smiled with childish pride at his ability to remember.

Jane suddenly recalled the girl who had stared after Cleghorn and herself that day as they left the flower-shop in his car—remembered the feline appearance of the girl and her expression of rage. She wondered if she had seen Anna Clotts.

"Lang iss your name," Clotts said suddenly. "I know well a man of that name. I go often to his house—not so often now as once. He is Daniel Lang, and he iss a great Socialist."

Clotts' face had been vaguely familiar to Jane, but she accounted for it by classifying him as belonging to a type. She must have seen him in her father's house. Her father's house! The bitterness and horror of her morning's discovery swept over her. She was the daughter of such a father. No. She had left him. He would never again have lot or part in her life. She

was starting afresh, had lopped off that part of her life antedated the morning—was fatherless, without history, was not Daniel Lang's daughter, would not own to being Daniel's daughter. She would even find a new name for herself.

"He iss a great man," Clotts said. "Maybe he iss a minister."

"No," Jane answered.

"But not so great a man as Peter Ogus," Clotts added with a wag of his head. "Lang, he would make the world better always he iss so slow. He says wait, wait, wait. Not so. *Nein!* He sets him a date, and after that the world iss better. So I make haste with the Elixir. It will be well to live in a world that iss good."

"He comes this evening," said Mrs. Clotts. Then as a afterthought: "To see you."

JANE arose from the table and went up to her room. For the first time she was able to reflect upon her position with some logic, and her reflections were not satisfactory. She was alone, dependent upon herself, without work. She had put herself under the protection of Peter Ogus, who had taken her into a house inhabited by queer people. Peter Ogus! His appearance had seemed providential this afternoon, but now it did not seem so providential. Ogus had given her no great cause to place confidence in him. For the first time she speculated upon the question people might put upon her acceptance of Peter's aid and protection—specifically upon how Weeks Ledyard might construe the situation. She was conscious of a wish that it been Ledyard she had encountered rather than Ogus, instinctively she believed that Ledyard was trustworthy, would act as he conceived was best for her welfare. She was sure of Ogus. His intentions might be sinister.

But the thing was done; it was a fact accomplished. She examined her bag and was reassured by the sight of her fortune. At any rate, if matters assumed a too dubious aspect she could take herself away.

Mrs. Clotts rapped. "Mr. Ogus is here," she said. "Tell him to come up here."

"No. I will come down."

"He said he would come up."

"Tell him," said Jane, "that I will come down presently. I must not let him come up here."

Mrs. Clotts stared at Jane a moment unwinkingly and appeared. Jane stood before the glass a moment, seeing that she was well with her toilet. Her appearance pleased her, fortified her confidence. She said to herself that she did not like a girl who would be an easy victim to circumstances.

Peter Ogus awaited her in the little parlor. He stood up as she entered, and came toward her. "You are rested," he said, "more beautiful than ever."

The compliment seemed out of place, in ill taste. Jane did not smile. Rather she set herself for defense, a strengthened determination to be on her guard against this man.

"Wont you sit down?" he said, perceiving that she had been lacking in perception and determined to proceed with caution. "We have a great deal to talk over."

"Yes," she said.

"Perhaps you will feel like telling me what has happened," he said. "If I know I may be in a better position to advise you."

"I cannot tell you," she said.

He nodded. "Perhaps I know," he said. "Word was brought me today that your father was seen in charge of two Departments of Justice men. Has that anything to do with it?"

"Father! Arrested?"

Ogus exceeded the truth in his answer. "Yes."

Jane closed her eyes and bit her lips. So it had happened! What she did at the house had been in vain! She fancied she had despised her father, despised him as she would despise a monster of hideous aspect, but in that moment of hearing of his arrest, she knew she did not despise him—that she loved him. No matter what had done, she loved him.

Ogus watched her, wishing he were in possession of the facts determined to walk softly until the facts were his.

"That bomb outrage—" he suggested.

"How could he? How could he?" Jane said in a distant whisper.

Ogus recognized his advantage. Jane was shaken. Her speculations rocked. "Poor child!" he said. "How did you discover he was mixed up in that terrible affair?"

"Then you knew—you knew?"

"I only suspected. I argued with him, did all I could, but—"

"If it had been men—enemies! But babies and women!"

of Disc
of her life
history. The
cing Daniel
or herself.
ne iss a rel
otts added
world betw
t. Not so
world in
ll to live
Then as a p
her room.
upon her p
atisfactory.
She had
had taken
His app
it did not
use to plac
d upon the
of Peter's
s Lady
wish that
Ogen, for
thy, would
She was
omplished
nt of her
dubious
id. "I will
presently.
tingly and
seeing the
er, fortified
e did not
ances.
stood up
he said,
ste. Jane
engthened
he had
with gr
happened,
advise you
was br
to Depart
ad happen
sied she
ter of him
she knew
tter what
of the
a
Her
you disc
uld, but
men!"



"We do not want her," Mrs. Clotts said stubbornly. "We have worry. Anna does not come home. Something happens to Anna."

"It is always that way when misguided revolutionists resort to violence. But you haven't told me what it was that you discovered."

It seemed to Jane that she must talk, must tell it all to somebody. "I—I found a bomb on his desk—and a letter. It congratulated him. I knew it was a bomb—a little cardboard box, and when you opened it it would explode. I understood how it worked."

"A little cardboard box? On your father's desk!" Ogus was startled.

"Like those you mail things in."

Ogus nodded. He was trying to reason from effect back to cause. How could one of Clotts' bombs have gotten on Lang's desk? Somebody put it there for a purpose. Who could it have been? Keenan! Keenan had mailed bombs without orders, and Ogus was searching for him. It had made a mess of affairs. Everybody would have to lie low until this blew over. There was a reckoning to be had with Keenan. And Keenan had a grudge against Lang. It had been Keenan who "planted" that bomb and letter. Doubtless the man had "tipped off" the Department of Justice. Well, it was a situation to take advantage of.

"Two officers came and searched the house," Jane was continuing. "I went to Father's room while they were downstairs and hid the things—in my waist. They didn't find them. But they took all of Father's papers and went away."

"Did they suspect you?"

"I—I don't know."

Ogus was shaping the situation to his purposes. "If they find nothing in your father's papers, and I don't think they will, he will be safe—unless they find you."

"Me!"

"You will be questioned, of course. They will suspect. They will question you."

"They couldn't make me tell."

Ogus smiled. "They would make you tell. Did you never hear of the third degree? Oh, they would make you tell. There's but one thing to do if you want to save your father: don't let them find you. You're safely hidden here. Don't leave the house. Don't step outside—until it blows over."

Peter's course of action was clear to him now. He would work upon her fears, compel her to remain in hiding in this house—alone. No one should see her but himself—and the outcome would remain with him. Give him time! He regarded her beauty with the eye of a proprietor—covertly but none the less certainly. She would see nobody but himself. He would become indispensable to her. But he must be patient, cautious.

"It won't be long," he said. "And it won't be so bad. The Clotts are clean, decent folks."

"They're queer," Jane said tremulously.

"The Elixir, you mean?" Ogus laughed. "Just a harmless notion. Clotts believes he has invented the Elixir of Life. He thinks he and his wife are going to live forever. He's a good old chap—just a bit queer on that subject."

"I'm not afraid of him," said Jane, "but Mrs. Clotts—"

Again Ogus laughed. "If she's crazy, it's on the subject of cleanness," he said. "Now, don't worry. We'll have everything coming right in no time at all. All you have to do is to keep out of sight. I must go now, but I'll come in tomorrow—bring you some books and things. In the meantime, if you want anything, ask Mrs. Clotts for it. Good night—and don't worry."



He would be a hunted creature, striving always for escape and concealment.

"Good night," Jane said faintly. She went up to her room there, lonely, terrified, with all of the emotions of a fugitive, felt for the first time in her life something that was close to black despair.

CHAPTER XXI

DANIEL LANG stood before the desk in the outer office demanding to see Abner Islip. In repose Lang's face was always massive, grave; now it was stern with the sternness of granite. His huge person seemed to fill the room. The boy at the desk, accustomed to confront all sorts of men, was impressed by Daniel's personality, hushed by it.

"I want to see Abner Islip," Lang said harshly.

The boy did not dare ask his business. "Who shall I say, sir?"

"You will tell him Daniel Lang wants to see him at once."

The boy scurried away, glad to remove himself from the glare of those iron-gray eyes. Daniel stood motionless. He was immovable—a thing permanent. Not by movement or expression did he betray impatience; sternness, implacability seemed to emanate from him in such a manner as almost to form a visible barrier.

It was morning. His daughter had not slept in her bed the night before, and he had come seeking her. Other events were due to insignificance by her disappearance. That he had fallen under suspicion of minor authorities, overzealous in their methods, was a thing almost forgotten. That he, Daniel Lang, had been questioned as a common criminal, was insignificant; that his authority had stepped in to remove the case from the hands of underlings and to utter apologies concerned him little. All that was forgotten. One thing remained: the daughter who had been left to him as a trust by his wife was gone, and it was his business to find her, to bring her back, to reestablish her in her life.

If punishment were due to any man, to administer that punishment. He had reasoned upon the matter. And having reasoned, he came to Abner Islip, for his conclusion was that Jane, lured by the possibilities of great wealth, had given her name to Cleghorn Islip.

"Mr. Islip will see you," said the boy, and followed him to Islip's office.

Islip arose as Lang entered. "Daniel Lang," said gravely, scrutinizing this leader of the proletarian with interest.

"I am Daniel Lang. I have come for my daughter." Lang's voice was stern, implacable. He eyed Islip with something of the bearing of a great mastiff.

"Your daughter is not here," said Islip with grave courtesy.

"I trusted her to you. I have come for her." "She has not been here since yesterday morning. I was compelled to discharge her."

"Why?"

"Because it seemed wise to do so—for her happiness and that of my son."

"Why?"

"My son had been paying her attentions which were dangerous to her and not for his best interests."

"Explain."

Abner Islip motioned to a chair. "Will you be seated?" he said. He was not affronted. "I shall be glad to explain. My son is young and impulsive. Your daughter is a beautiful girl. I believe my son to be infatuated with her. He has been spoiled. I do not believe he contemplates marriage with your daughter. No harm could come to him from that—but great harm might come to her. I have studied your daughter. She does not seem likely to surrender to impulse or to become infatuated. I countenanced my son's advances, it was because she calculated upon marriage."

"My daughter was not a fit mate for your son?"

"She was. If she came to him as she would go to another young man—for love. But she did not consider love, Mr. Lang. I believe I have read her rightly. She is ambitious. If she married him,—which I believe she intended,—it would have been for mercenary reasons. She would have exchanged her name for a position as my daughter-in-law. That would not have been well for my son. Therefore I discharged (Continued on page 141)



A MATTER OF LOYALTY

By LAWRENCE PERRY

Illustrated by
HERBERT M. STOOPS

Deacon, watching the coach, could almost see his mind working. The coach had come, another stroke must be tried and found not wanting.

STANDING in the bow of the launch, Dr. Nicholls, coach of the Baliol crew, leaned upon his megaphone, his eyes fixed upon two eight-oared crews resting upon their oars a hundred feet away. From his hand dangled a stopwatch. The two crews had just completed a four-mile race against the watch.

A grim light came into the deeply set gray eyes of Jim Deacon, the coach put the watch into his pocket. Deacon was the stroke of the second varsity, an outfit which in athletics bears the same relation to a university eight as the scrub team does to varsity football eleven. But in the race just completed the second varsity had been much of a factor—surprisingly, dishearteningly so. Nip and tuck it had been, the varsity straining to drop the rival boat astern, but unable to do so. At the finish of a quarter of a length, not fifteen feet, had separated the two crews: a poor showing for the varsity to have made with the great rowing classic of the season coming on apace—a poor showing, that is, assuming the time consumed in the four-mile trip was not especially low.

Only the coach could really know whether the time was satisfactory or not. But Jim Deacon suspected that it was poor, his idea being based upon knowledge he had concerning the capabilities of his own crew; in other words, he knew it was only an average second varsity outfit. The coach knew it too. That was the reason his jaws were set, his eyes vacant. At length he shook his head.

"Not good, boys—not good." His voice was gentle, though usually he was a rip-roaring mentor. "Varsity, you weren't rowing. That's the answer—not rowing together. What's the matter, eh?"

"I thought, Dr. Nicholls, that the rhythm was very good—"

The coach interrupted Rollins, the captain, with a gesture.

"Oh, rhythm! Yes, you row prettily enough. You look well. Should hope so, at this time of the season. But you're not moving the boat fast; you don't pick her up and get her moving. You're leaking power somewhere; as a matter of fact, I suspect you're not putting the power in. I know you're not. Ashburton, isn't that lowering of your seat fix you? Well, then,"—as the young man nodded affirmatively,—"how about your stretcher, Jim? Does it suit you now?"

As Innis nodded, signifying that it did, Deacon saw the coach's eyes turn to Doane, who sat at stroke of the varsity.

"Now," muttered the stroke of the second varsity, his eyes gleaming, "we'll hear something."

"Doane, is there anything the trouble with you? You're feeling well, aren't you?"

"Yes sir. Sure!" The boy flushed. Tall, straight, handsome, he sat in the boat, fingering the oar-handle nervously. In appearance he was the ideal oarsman. And yet—

Deacon, watching the coach, could almost see his mind working. Now the time had come, the issue clearly defined. Another stroke must be tried and found not wanting, else the annual eight-oared rowing classic between those ancient universities Baliol and Sheldburne would be decided before it was rowed.

Deacon flushed as the coach's glittering eyeglasses turned toward him. It was the big moment of the senior's four years at college. Four years! And six months of each of those years a galley-slave—on the machines in the rowing-room of the gymnasium, on the ice-infested river with the cutting winds of March sweeping free; then the more genial months with the voice of coach or assistant coach lashing him. Four years of dogged, unremitting toil with never the reward of a varsity seat, and now with the great regatta less than a week away, the big moment, the crown of all he had done.

Words seemed on the verge of the coach's lips. Deacon's eyes strained upon them as he sat stiffly in his seat. But no words came; the coach turned away.

"All right," he said spiritlessly. "Paddle back to the float."

The coxswains barked their orders; sixteen oars rattled in their locks; the glistening shells moved slowly homeward.

Tingling from his plunge in the river, Jim Deacon walked up the bluff from the boathouse to the group of cottages which constituted Baliol's rowing-quarters. Some of the freshman crew were playing indoor baseball on the lawn under the gnarled trees, and their shouts and laughter echoed over the river. Deacon stood watching them. His face was of the roughhewn type; in his two upper-class years his heavy frame had taken on a vast amount of brawn and muscle. Now his neck was meet for his head and for his chest and shoulders; long, slightly bowed limbs filled out a picture of perfect physique.

No one had known him really well in college. He was working his way through. Besides, he was a student in one of the highly scientific engineering courses which demanded a great deal of steady application. With no great aptitude for football,—he was a bit slow-footed,—with little time or inclination for social activities, he had concentrated upon rowing, not only as a diversion from his arduous studies, an ordered outlet for physical energy, but with the idea of going out into the world with that hallmark of a Baliol varsity oar which he had heard and believed was likely to stand him in stead in life. Baliol alumni, which includes so many men of wealth and power, had a habit of not overlooking young graduates who have brought fame to their alma mater.

AS Deacon stood watching the freshmen at play, Dick Rollins, the crew captain, came up.

"They sent down the time-trial results from the Shelburne quarters, Deacon."

Never in his life had one of the great men of the university spoken that many words, or half as many, to Jim Deacon, who stared at the speaker.

"The time—oh, yes; I see."

"They did twenty minutes, thirty seconds."

Deacon whistled.

"Well," he said at length, "you didn't get the boat moving much today." He wanted to say more, but could think of nothing. Words came rather hard with him.

"You nearly lugged the second shell ahead of us today, hang you."

"No use letting a patient die because he doesn't know he's sick."

Rollins grimaced.

"Yes, we were sick. Doc Nicholls knows a sick crew when he sees one. He—he thinks you're the needed tonic, Deacon."

"Eh?"

"He told me you were to sit in at stroke in Junior Doane's place tomorrow. I'd been pulling for the change the past few days. Now he sees it."

"You were pulling— But you're Doane's roommate."

"Yes, it's tough. But Baliol first, you know."

Deacon stared at the man. He wanted to say something but couldn't. The captain smiled.

"Look here, Deacon; let's walk over toward the railroad a bit. I want to talk to you." Linking his arm through Deacon's, he set out through the yard toward the quaint old road with its little cluster of farm cottages and rolling stone-walled meadow-land bathed in the light of the setting sun.

"Jim, old boy, you're a queer sort of a chap, and—and—the fact is, the situation will be a bit ticklish. You know what it means for a fellow to be thrown out of his seat just before a race upon which he has been counting heart and soul."

"I don't know. I can imagine."

"You see, it's Doane. You know about his father—"

"I know all about his father," was the reply.

"Eh?" Rollins stared at him, then smiled. "I suppose every rowing man at Baliol do-s. But you don't know as much as I do. On the quiet, he's the man who gave us the new boathouse last year. He's our best spender. He was an old varsity oar himself."

"Sure, I know."

"That's the reason the situation is delicate. Frankly, Jim, Doc Nicholls and the rest of us would have liked to see Junior Doane come through. I think you get what I mean. He's a senior; he's my best friend."

"He stroked the boat last year."

"Yes, and Shelburne beat us. Naturally he wants to get back at that crowd."

"But he can't—not if he strokes the boat, Rollins. If you don't know it, I'm telling you. If I thought different, I'd say so." Deacon abruptly paused after so long a speech.

"You don't have to tell me. I know it. We're not throwing a race to Shelburne simply to please old Cephas Doane, naturally. I know what you've got, Jim. So does Dr. Nicholls. You'll be in the varsity tomorrow. But here's the point of what I've been trying to say; Junior Doane hasn't been very decent to you—"

"Oh, he's been all right."

"Yes, I know. But he's a funny fellow; not a bit of a snob—I don't mean that, but—but—"

"You mean he hasn't paid much attention to me." Deacon smiled grimly. "Well, that's all right. As a matter of fact, I never really have got to know him. Still, I haven't got to know many of the fellows. Too busy. You haven't paid much attention to me, either; but I like you."

Rollins, whose father was a multimillionaire with his finger going deep among the rocks of Manhattan Island, laughed. "Bully for you! You won't mind my saying so, Jim, but it is in my mind to ask you to be a bit inconsequential—when Doane was around—about your taking his place. I guess it isn't necessary."

"No,"—Deacon's voice was short,—"it isn't."

"Junior Doane, of course, will be hard hit. He'll try to win back his seat. And he may; I warn you. If he can win it back, I want him to."

"Good enough!" The captain started to walk away, then turned back with sudden interest. "By the way, Jim, I was in through the college catalogue this morning. You and I both come from Philadelphia, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I asked Doane if he knew you there. Apparently not. No, he didn't." Deacon paused as though deliberating, then he spoke. "I knew of him, though. You see, my works in the bank of which Mr. Doane is president."

"Oh!" Rollins blinked. "I see."

Deacon stepped forward, placing his hand upon the other's arm.

"I don't know why I told you that. It isn't important. Don't say anything to Doane, will you? Not that I care, but it just isn't important."

"No. I get you, Jim. It isn't important." He flung his arm over the young man's shoulder. "Let's go back to dinner. That rotten time-row has given me an appetite."

THERE was that quiet in the Baliol dining-room that evening which one might expect to find after a satisfactory time-trial. Nations might be falling, cities might be important men dying; to these boys such events would be nothing in the face of the fact that the crew of a traditional boat was to be met within the week—and that they were not yet themselves equipped for the meeting.

"If any of you fellows wish to motor down to the Groton on the Point for an hour or two, you may go," said the captain, pushing back his chair. He had begun to fear that his speech might be coming to too fine a point of condition and had hoped that the relaxation of a bit of dancing might do no harm.

"Yeaa!" In an instant that subdued dining-apartment was tumultuous with vocal outcry, drawing to the doorway a curious freshmen who were finishing dinner in their room.

"All right!" Dr. Nicholls grinned. "I gather all you boys and second varsity men want to go. I'll have the big launch at eight. And—oh, Dick Rollins, don't forget; that boat's at the hotel dock at ten-forty-five precisely."

"Got you sir. Come on, fellows. Look out, you fellows. With a yell and a dive the oarsmen went through the door."

Deacon followed at a more leisurely gait with that faint smile of amusement in his eyes which was so characteristic of him. His impulse was not to go, but upon second thought he decided he would. Jane Bostwick was stopping at the Groton. Her father was a successful promoter and very close to Cephas Doane, whose bank stood back of most of his operations. Deacon knew her rather well in the days when her father was not so successful promoter. In fact, the two had been neighbors. A boy and girl, had played together in front of a row of pine houses. He had not seen her in recent years until the other afternoon, when as he was walking along the country road he had pulled up in her roadster.

"Don't pretend you don't remember me, Jim Deacon," she laughed as the boy had stared at the stunning young woman.

Jim remembered her, all right. They talked as though no significant years had not elapsed. She was greatly interested in him, and he was exceedingly gracious.

"Do you know," she said, "it never occurred to me that Deacon, the Baliol rowing man, was none other than Jim Deacon. Silly of me, wasn't it. But then I didn't even know you were at Baliol. I'm perfectly crazy about the crew, you know. Mother, I think, is a worse fan than I am. You know Doane, of course."

"Oh, yes—that is, I—why, yes, I know him."

"Yes." She smiled down upon him. "If you're ever at the Groton, do drop in. Mother would love to see you. She often speaks of your mother." With a wave of her hand she had sped on her way.

Curiously, that evening he had heard Doane talking to her on the telephone, and there was a great deal in his manner of speech that indicated something more than mere acquaintance.

of Love
a house
upheld
him, but
al-
place
e'll be
you
I was
a and
ly not
trating
e, my
the
ortant
care
lung in
inner
g-room
after
ies be
would
ditions
not
eroton
the
his
had
rized
a
oom
you
much
how
frustr
den
faint
He
ecide
Her
Dow
not
ers
ccin
e
me
"at
wound
in
rom
me
n
e
you
per
dun
you
ham
her
speaking



It was, in fact, Jane Bostwick. "Jump up here in the car, won't you, Jim?" Her voice was somewhat tense.

But Deacon did not see Jane Bostwick at the hotel—not to speak to, at least. He was not a good dancer and held aloof when those of his fellows who were not acquainted with guests were introduced around. Finding a wicker settee among some palms at one side of the orchestra, Deacon sat drinking in the scene.

It was not until the hour set for the return had almost arrived that Deacon saw Jane Bostwick, and then his attention was directed to her by her appearance with Junior Doane in one of the open French windows at his right. Evidently the two had spent the evening in the sequestered darkness of the veranda. No pair in the room filled the eye so gratefully; the girl, tall, blonde, striking in a pale blue evening gown; the man broad-shouldered, trim-waisted, with the handsome high-held head of a patrician.



A wave of something akin to bitterness passed over Deacon—bitterness having nothing to do with self. For the boy was ruggedly independent. He believed in himself; he knew what he was going to do in the world. He was thinking of his father and of the fathers of that young man and girl before him. His father was pains-taking, honorable, considerate—a nobleman every inch of him; a man who deserved everything that the world had to give, a man who had everything save the quality of acquisition. And Doane's father? And Jane Bostwick's father?

Of the elder Doane he knew by hearsay—a proud, intolerant wholly worldly man whose passions, aside from finance, were his son and Baliol aquatics. And Jane Bostwick's father he had known as a boy—a soft-footed, sly-faced velvety sort of a man noted for converting back lots into oil-fields and ash-dumps into mines yielding precious metals. Jim Deacon was not so old that he had come to philosophy concerning the way of the world.

But so far as his immediate world was concerned, Junior Doane was going out of the varsity boat in the morning—and he, Jim Deacon, was going to sit in his place.

It came the next morning. When the oarsmen went down to the boathouse to dress for their morning row, the arrangement of the various crews posted on the bulletin-board gave Deacon the seat at stroke in the varsity boat; Junior Doane's name appeared at stroke in the second varsity list.

There had been rumors of some sort of a shift, but no one seemed to have considered the probability of Doane's losing his seat—Doane least of all. For a moment the boy stood rigid, looking up at the bulletin-board. Then suddenly he laughed.

"All right, Garry," he said, turning to the captain of the second varsity. "Come on; we'll show 'em what a rudder looks like."

But it was not to be. In three consecutive dashes of a mile each, the varsity boat moved with such speed as it had not shown all season. There was life in the boat. Deacon, rowing in perfect form, passed the stroke up forward with a kick and a bite, handling his oar with a precision that made the eye of the coach glisten. And when the nervous little coxswain called for a rousing ten strokes, the shell seemed fairly to lift out of the water.

In the last mile dash Dr. Nicholls surreptitiously took his stop-watch from his pocket and timed the sprint. When he replaced the timepiece, the lines of care which had seamed his face for the past few days vanished.

"All right, boys. Paddle in. Day after tomorrow we'll hold the final time-trial. Deacon, be careful; occasionally you clip your stroke at the finish."

But Deacon didn't mind the admonition. He knew the coach's policy of not letting a man think he was too good.

"YOU certainly bucked up that crew today, Deacon." Jim Deacon, who had been lying at full length on the turf at the top of the bluff watching the shadows creep over the purpling

waters of the river, looked up to see Doane standing over him. His first emotion was one of triumph. Doane, the son of Captain Doane, his father's employer, had definitely noticed him at the regatta. Then the dominant emotion came—one of sympathy.

"Well, the second crew moved better too."

"Oh, I worked like a dog," Doane laughed. "Of course I know I'm going to get my place back, if I can."

"Of course," Deacon plucked a blade of grass and placed it in his mouth. There was rather a constrained silence for a moment.

"I didn't know you came from my city, Deacon. I—Jane Bostwick told me about you last night."

"I see, I used to know her." Inwardly Deacon cursed his natural inability to converse easily, partly fearing that Doane would mistake his reticence for embarrassment in his presence, on the other hand set him down as churlish and ill bred.

For his part Doane seemed a bit ill at ease.

"I didn't know, of course, anything Jane told me. If I had, of course, I'd have looked you up more at the college."

"We're both busy there in our different ways."

Doane stood awkwardly for a moment and then walked away not knowing that however he may have felt about the conversation he had at least increased his stature in the mind of Jim Deacon.

Next day on the river Junior Doane's desperation at the stroke set brought upon his head the criticism of the coach.

"Doane! Doane! You're rushing your slide. Finish out your stroke, for heaven's sake."

Deacon, watching the oarsman's face, saw it grow rigid, his mouth set. Well he knew the little tragedy through which Doane was living.

Doane did better after that. The second boat gave the varsity some sharp brushes while the coxswains barked and the crew shouted staccato objurgation and comment through his megaphone, and the rival oarsmen swung backward and forward in the expenditure of ultimate power and drive.

But Jim Deacon was the man for varsity stroke. There was not the least doubt about that. The coach could see it; the varsity could feel it; but of them all Deacon alone knew what it was. He knew that Doane was practically as strong an oar as he was certainly as finished. And Doane's experience was greater. The difficulty as Deacon grasped it was that the boy had not employed all the material of his experience. The coxswain, a snappy little chap, with an excellent opinion of his head. But Deacon had doubts as to his racing sense. He could shoot ginger into his men, could lash them along with a

"I'm in his corner. Tell him to show his oar and row the rest."

hythm, but in negotiating a hard-fought race he had his shortcomings. At least so Deacon had decided in the brushes against the varsity shell when he was stroking the second varsity.

Deacon thanked no coxswain to tell him how to row a race, when to sprint, when to dog along a steady, swinging thirty; nor did he require advice on the pacing and general condition of a crew. As he swung forward for the catch, his practice was to turn his head slightly to one side, chin along the shoulder, thus gaining through the tail of his eye a glimpse of any boat that happened to be abeam, slightly ahead or slightly astern. This glance told him everything he wished to know. The coach did not know the reason for this peculiarity in Deacon's style, but since it did not affect his rowing, he very wisely said nothing. To his mind the varsity boat had at last begun to arrive, and this was no time for minor points. Two days before the Shelburne race the Baliol varsity's final time-trial came within ten seconds of equalling the lowest downstream trial-record ever established—a record made by a Shelburne eight of the early eighties. There was no doubt in the mind of anyone about the Baliol crew quarters that Deacon would be the man to set the pace for his university in the supreme test swiftly approaching.

News of Baliol's improved form began to be disseminated in the daily press by qualified observers of rowing who were beginning to flock to the scene of the regatta from New York, Philadelphia and various New England cities. Dr. Nicholls was reticent, but no one could say that his demeanor was marked by gloom. Perhaps his optimism would have been more marked had the information he possessed concerning Shelburne been less disturbing. As a fact there was every indication that the rival university would be represented by one of the best crews in her history—which was to say a very great deal. In truth, Baliol rowing enthusiasts had not seen their shell cross the line ahead of a Shelburne varsity boat in three consecutive years, a depressing state of affairs which in the present season had filled every Baliol rowing man with grim determination and the graduates with alternate hope and despair.

"Jim," said the coach, drawing Deacon from the float upon which he had been standing, watching the antics of a crew of former Baliol oarsmen who had come from far and wide to row the mile race of "Gentlemen's Eights" which annually marked the afternoon preceding the classic regatta day, "Jim, you're not worried at all, are you? You're such a quiet sort of a chap, can't seem to get you."

Deacon smiled faintly.

"No, I'm not worried—not a bit, sir. I mean I'm going to do my best, and if that's good enough, why—well, we win."

"I want you to do more than your best tomorrow, Jim. It's not to be a super-effort. You're up against a great Shelburne crew, the greatest I ever saw—that means twelve years back. I wouldn't talk to every man this way, but I think you're a stroke who can stand responsibility. I think you're a man who can back the better when he knows the size of his job. It's a big one, boy—the biggest I've ever tackled."

"Yes sir."

The coach studied him a minute.

"How do you feel about beating Shelburne? What I mean," he went on as the oarsman regarded him, puzzled, "is, would it make your heart to lose? Is the thought of being beaten so serious that you can't—that you won't consider it?"

"No sir, I won't consider it. I don't go into anything without wanting to come out ahead. I've worked three years to get into the varsity. I realize the position you've given me will help me, make me stand out after graduation, mean almost as much as my diploma—provided we can win."

"What about Baliol? Do you think of the college, too, and what a victory will mean to her? What defeat will mean?"

"Oh," Deacon shrugged, "of course," he went on a bit carelessly, "we want to see Baliol on top as often—" He stopped, then broke into a chuckle as the stroke of the gentlemen's eight suddenly produced from the folds of his sweater a bottle from which he drank with dramatic unction while his fellow-oarsmen clamored to share the libation and the coxswain abused them all roundly.

The eyes of the coach never left the young man's face. But

he said nothing while Deacon took his fill of enjoyment of the jovial scene, apparently forgetting the sentence which he had broken in the middle.

But that evening something of the coach's meaning came to Deacon as he sat on a rustic bench watching the colors fade from one of those sunset skies which live ever in the hearts of rowing men who have ever spent a hallowed June on the heights of that broad placid stream. The Baliol graduates had lost their race against the gentlemen of Shelburne, having rowed just a bit worse than their rivals. And now the two crews were celebrating their revival of the ways of youth with a dinner provided by the defeated eight. Their laughter and their songs went out through the twilight and were lost in the recesses of the river. One song with a haunting melody caught Deacon's attention; he listened to get the words.

Then raise the rosy goblet high,
The senior's chalice and belie
The tongues that trouble and defile,
For we have yet a little while
To linger, you and youth and I,
In college days.

A group of oarsmen down on the lawn caught up the song and sent it winging through the twilight, soberly, impressively, with ever-surging harmony. College days! For a moment a dim light burned in the back of his mind. It went out suddenly. Jim Deacon shrugged and thought of the morrow's race.

It was good to know he was going to be a part of it. He could feel the gathering of enthusiasm, exhilaration in the atmosphere—pent-up emotion which on the morrow would burst like a thunderclap. In the quaint city five miles down the river hotels were filling with the vanguard of the boat-race throng—boys fresh from the poetry of Commencement; their older brothers, their fathers, their grandfathers, living again the thrill of youth and the things thereof. And mothers and sisters and sweethearts! Deacon's nerves tingled pleasantly in response to the glamour of the hour.

"Oh, Jim Deacon!"

"Hello!" Deacon turned his face toward the building whence the voice came.

"Somebody wants to see you on the road by the bridge over the railroad."

"See me? All right."

Filled with wonder, Deacon walked leisurely out of the yard and then reaching the road, followed in the wake of an urchin of the neighborhood who had brought the summons and could tell Deacon only that it was some one in an automobile.

It was, in fact, Jane Bostwick.

"Jump up here in the car, won't you, Jim?" Her voice was somewhat tense.

"No, I'm not going to drive," she added as Deacon hesitated.

"We can talk better."

"Have you heard from your father lately?" she asked as the young man sprang into the seat at her side.

(Continued on page 138)



MRS. MARKYN

By
WILLIAM
MACHARG

Illustrated by
HENRY RALEIGH



"PEEWEE"—dirty, very little over four feet high, and clothed in garments which had belonged at some former time to some boy twelve inches taller—sat on the concrete esplanade which shores Lake Michigan south of Lincoln Park, watching the Lake Shore Drive intently.

If he had luck,—and that, an hour before, had appeared almost certain on a sunny day like this,—a shining limousine soon would round the corner. It would halt where the Drive approached closest to the lake, and a handsome woman of a little over thirty would descend from it. She would cross the bridle-path and greensward to the esplanade; she would walk slowly south beside the lake, the motor keeping pace with her upon the Drive. Opposite the children's bathing beach she would enter the car again. In the course of this walk she would pass Peewee. His interest in her would be eager, absorbed, consuming. Her interest in him would be merely casual; she would he knew, forget him as soon as she had passed. This last was strange; because she was his father's wife.

Peewee's mother—disreputable and half mad—was dead. He had not known her; the vague impression he retained was that he had never seen her until she had sent for him to see her die. Precociously wise for his age of ten, through having lived his life upon the streets, he had understood at once what sort of person she had been. The facts regarding his father, whose name he had not known until his dying mother gave it to him, had not been quite so plain; they had surprised him more, therefore, when they developed. His father was rich and belonged to an important family; he was married. Peewee—unobserved himself—had seen his father's wife. Women like her had always indefinitely excited Peewee. They stopped him on the street and spoke to him; they exclaimed over him, and often gave him money. He found pleasure in being near them, but he found also pain. He did not know the meaning of these feelings.

Exactly how it was going to hurt his father's wife—Mrs. Walter Wendell Markyn was her name—if she were to learn about himself, was not entirely plain to Peewee. But events had left no doubt for him that it would hurt her; he had been made to understand that it would spoil her life. He did not want her life spoiled; he did not want anything to happen to her except what she would like. So he had come away, in order that she might never know about him.

THE second story in this unique series revealing the Quest of Peewee, a Chicago cousin of Hugo's Gavroche. Mr. MacHarg here done his most distinguished work—

Was the man who had come in his father? He waited, listening.

He did not understand, therefore, why he could not stay near her. If, standing outside his father's house at night, he saw her pass from room to room behind the unshaded windows, something within himself which had been unsatisfied was quieted. He had observed that on pleasant afternoons she sometimes interrupted her drive to wherever she might be going, in order to take this short walk beside the lake. He had put himself where he could see her passing. The first time she had seen and smiled at him, he had been terrified by an impression that she knew who he was; then he had realized that she would not have smiled at him if she had known. Since then he had felt safe. That she saw him often at this spot was all she knew about him. But twice, knowing as much as this, she had stopped for an instant in her walk to say some unimportant, pleasant thing to him. Would she do so today?

Or wasn't she coming here today at all? He had begun to realize unhappily that it was growing late for her. He recalled that she had never walked here in the late afternoon. He would give her a half-hour more, as near as he could guess it; she certainly would not come after that. Having resolved this, he was startled suddenly by seeing her close to him. She had not come in the motor, but on foot. What was still more unusual was that she was not walking casually; she was, if he did not mistake, coming directly to him. He had a sense of something new and extraordinary concerning her—and him.

"Don't run away," she said across the grass to him. Her smile checked his momentary panic.

"Why don't we both sit down?" she offered.

She seated herself on the concrete step above the breakwater while he looked on uncertainly. He felt as if he ought to go away. She waited patiently till he sat down beside her.

She was a slender woman. Her hair was almost black, with lights of brown in it, and looped itself prettily above her ears and temples; her eyes were deep, clear blue, and kind

asant; her nose and chin were finely formed and full of character; her mouth was sweet and tender. She had on a linen dress. Her look was girlish, but her face showed more understanding and sympathy than girls have. He had trouble understanding her, as he looked at her. The women he knew best had been matrons of institutions, usually kind but always official. He had never formulated the difference between her and them. He had never formulated consciously what it made him feel to know that this sweet, pretty lady was happy because he let her be happy. Today he felt in her some tension which she tried to hide, and his apprehension was conscious, though indefinite.

"This is a nice place to come," she said, as if casually.

"Yes'm."

"I suppose you come here because this place is pleasanter than home."

His pulse quickened. "Yes'm."

"Where is your home?" she asked.

He looked at her with calculated innocence. "What, ma'am?"

"Where do you live?"

He scuffed his broken, too-large shoes upon the concrete in his embarrassment. Anybody, he understood, might ask that question. The feeling she gave him, however, was that she was leading him on in order to find out about him. He did not as yet feel certain about this.

He had spent the greater part of his short life in combat with representatives of the juvenile court, and with charity workers; they caught him, they incarcerated him in some home for dependent children, and he made a prompt escape. His large, innocent eyes, as blue as hers, and fringed with long lashes of deepest black, gave no hint of the duplicity and self-confidence he had acquired in this conflict. But he knew that she was not likely to learn anything by questioning him unless he wished.

"On Desplaines Street," he prevaricated.

"What number?"

He gave a number at hazard, at suiting a neighborhood in which he might live.

"That is a long way from here, and I've seen you here quite often. Do you come all that distance every day?"

It was necessary to distract her from this line of thought. When I don't work," he answered.

"Work? Does a little boy like you work? What do you do?"

His uneasiness increased. Her question, again, had been one perfectly natural, he understood; there were not many things which a small boy could do except sell newspapers. But her inquiry came close home. He had supported himself with newspapers from the time of his first escape from the Greenwood Boys' Home. Because whatever agents looked for him would search for a newspaper, and because these agents would probably represent his father, who wanted to send him away somewhere where his existence could be concealed,—he had had to give up that business.

He had since lived, precariously and uncomfortably, by peddling flowers. He had to think fast to find an answer for her now.

"I take bundles to people's houses for a druggist," he told her.

"What druggist?"

"Near us."

"Us? Who is it that you live with?"

"I live with my mudder," he answered with no appreciable pause for thought.

He saw her look keenly at him. "What is your name?"

"Tom."

"I mean your last name."

"Reinke." He watched her; he had made up these names.

"Does your—father live with you too?"

He noted anxiously the slight catch in her voice. "Yes'm."

"What does he do?"

"He buys old things."

"You mean old furniture?"

His gaze, wandering uncertainly in his uneasiness, came to rest upon his baggy knee. "No'm."

"What sort of old things, then?"

"Old clo'es."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes'm." He was asserting to her anything which was contrary to the truth.

"Will you tell me about them?"

"Sure." He went swiftly into details of an imaginary family,



"Did you ever," she asked, when he had waited through her long pause, "hear the name Markyn?"

until he saw it was time to stop; he was willing to create for himself as many relatives as she might wish.

"Do they"—he heard the slight catch in her voice again—"look like you?"

"What, ma'am?"
 "People in the same family often look alike. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes'm."
 "Do any of the other children look like you?"
 He took time for natural reflection—nothing more. "Yes'm. Eddy does most. Kate does too. Myrtle's got red hair."

"Then people would know that you and Eddy and Kate were brothers and sisters?"

"Sure."

"And they and you—do you look like your father?"

"Sure."

"You've always called him 'Father,' I suppose."

"Sure I call my fadder 'Fadder.'"

His throat tightened; he could no longer tell himself that she was questioning him merely as she might any other boy. She was questioning him for a purposed end. She suspected who he was. He felt her slender fingers grasp his chin. He did not resist as she turned his face upward to hers, and he met miserably, but with pretended frankness, her long, tense scrutiny of his features. Her eyes, he saw, were indecisive and uncertain. She drew a deep, troubled breath.

"Did you ever," she asked, when he had waited through her long pause, "hear the name *Markyn*?"

He considered, in his panic, how to answer that. "Yes'm."

"Where?"

"It's on a wagon."

"Yes; on trucks. The Markyn Transfer Company—that is what you mean."

"Yes'm."

"You've never heard it anywhere else?"

"No'm."

She paused again. "Or," she said nervously, "the name *Lampert*?"

He swallowed. "No'm." It had been his mother's name.

"You might know the man without knowing his name—a very big, rough man. He used to be a barn-boss once for that company we just spoke about—the Markyn Company. Do you know any barn-boss? Do you know any man like that?"

"No'm."

HE watched anxiously to see what the result of his replies had been. He thought he saw conviction forming in her that he was not the boy she had feared he was; he could not, however, be absolutely sure of that. It gave him no sense of triumph, only of escape. What he understood most plainly was that, if she knew about him, she would shrink away from him. He could not imagine anything more terrible than to have her hate him like that. He was struggling against feelings that made him want to cry. He wanted to touch her; he wanted her to touch him again.

She had got up; when he looked up at her, he saw her holding out a dollar to him. His child mind did not supply the reason why he did not like to receive even that benefit from her.

"You'd better take it," she urged. "You don't have to take it home, you know; you can spend it on moving-picture shows."

He understood that she could not know that he had had nothing to eat since the night before. He himself had not recollected that until he saw the dollar; he did not waste thought on anything so ordinary as missed meals. As he got up and took it, he observed some definite change in the way she looked at him. She was thoughtful; her thoughts, he saw, were not happy, but they appeared to stir her to tenderness toward him.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked. "Do you need help in any way?"

"No'm."

"Is your mother kind to you?"

He thought of his dissolute, dead mother, toward whom his only feeling had been fear.

"Yes'm," he told her.

"Then she loves you. She might love you and still not be kind; but if she is kind, she surely loves you. Love is what makes it terrible to be a mother. It is terrible to lose a child, but it must be almost as terrible to see one grow up. Mothers give children to the world without knowing what their children are going to be, and no matter what a child becomes, they have to go on loving it. Of course, you don't understand me."

"No'm."

"You can understand this at least, that bad boys break their mothers' hearts, and good boys make them happy."

"Yes'm."

"So a boy, when he is going to do anything, ought to think

whether it will make his mother glad or sorry. Do you understand that?"

"Yes'm."

"You'll do that, wont you?"

"Yes'm."

"You're a nice boy," she said, "in spite of all you are," at once she stooped impulsively and kissed him.

AS she went away, he stood looking after her; a small and lonely at her leaving him. He resented her kissing him, as he would have done with any woman; he did not know what her kiss had made him feel, but he was already looking forward to the time when he would see her again. She had talked a long while with him; she had shown interest in him. He grew pleasantly warm in thinking of her and at first it was his most conscious realization.

When she had got a block away, he followed her, unwilling to lose sight of her. He saw her go into his father's house, stood a long while looking at the great luxurious dwelling, with its shining windows and its high iron fence to keep out intruders. While he watched, a woman in a striped kitchen dress came out at a rear door and threw away some kitchen refuse. The sight minded him of his dollar.

He moved south; he was considering now what her connection with him had meant. She did not, it was quite plain to him, know about his mother; her only connection of the name was with a man. Something had made her suspect the existence of a child of himself; she had seemed trying to deny within herself the possibility of that existence. It was not so clear why she should be connected that with him, until he recalled that he was somewhat like his father. She had grown used to seeing him; perhaps thinking over whatever it was that she had heard, she had for the first time perceived that likeness. Her questions, he thought, in his unchildlike wisdom, would have been as they were if he had been merely that.

His lies had convinced her he was not the child. She remained convinced unless she got some further information about the person who had told her of a child able to tell her the truth. Who was it that had told her? He recalled that he had given her an address to her. If she heard anything more, she might use that address to inquire about him; then she would discover he had lied.

He halted suddenly, kicking one worn shoe unhappily at the other; it had occurred to him that he could not dare to see her again, unless he knew that she would not be told anything more about him.

In a drugstore at Division Street he got his dollar changed into small change. Experience had taught him that if he offered so large a coin to spend, it might prove too great a temptation to the seller and he might get nothing back; but a boy for change had the air of one merely doing an errand. He changed three of his pennies at the alley door of a hardware store for as large a piece of stale bread as they would buy, and he ate it, eating it. He was still speculating as to what she could be told.

He turned west at Chicago Avenue, and now his step quickened with decision. At this hour of the day, and in summer, he was not likely to be molested by agents of justice or police, and so he had the freedom of the streets. He caught the tail of an express-wagon traveling in his direction. At Halsted Street he dropped again to the pavement. He crossed the long viaduct and bridges until he came to Fulton Street. He turned east and halted finally after a long walk.

ACROSS the street from him trucks entered and turned out of a bald-fronted, low building lettered: MARKYN TRANSFER COMPANY STABLE NO. 1. He crossed to one of the wide doors and looked in. The large men who moved about the affairs within, in a smell of gasoline and oil, paid no attention to him. There was, he knew, no risk of meeting here any member of the family to which he was misallied; these people were strangers. He went in guardedly, expectant of being ordered to leave. Unchallenged, he reached the door of the cage-like office and looked in. He saw two clerks inside busy with papers. He stepped in and sat down upon the bench inside the door, and watched the clerks and the drivers who passed in and out with their papers. When he had sat for half an hour, he noted that one of the clerks was becoming oppressed by his continued presence.

"What you waiting for, kid?" the man inquired.

"I'm waiting for Lampert." Peewee had never seen Lampert.

"No one of that name here."

s. Mar

to you

ur dis

her; he
He did
th any
him for
would m
e had
aking of

unwilling
s home
lling, with
out intru
ess came
The night

her came
e plain
e was
of a
self the
e should
as am
; per
she had
s, he
y were

She
nation
ll her
he had
dight
disco

ppily
dare
be told

ar com
if he
at a
a boy
nd. He
hunch
and
e could

step
summer
or the
the tal
alisted
ong val
turned

d had
d: Mar
one of
about
attention
any
were
ordered
e and
stepped
watched
their
of the

Lamp

"Here is the boy," he heard her say. The man came forward, took hold of him, turned him to the light and scrutinized his features. "Lord!" he exclaimed.

He observed in the second clerk an awakening of interest. "Used to be barn-boss at Stable Number 3," the second clerk told the first one, "but the old man fired him. Get out, kid; no use."

Peewee had known he would not find Lampert here. "They said I'd find him here," he insisted craftily.

He sat hopefully a quarter-hour more, noting that he was wearing out the patience of the second clerk.

"Where does Ben Lampert live?" the clerk finally asked one of the drivers.

The man did not know. Peewee passed five expectant minutes. A man then put his head in at the door. "You asking where Lampert lives?" he inquired of the clerk; he gave a number on South State Street.

"No; I wasn't wanting it. There was a kid stuck here waiting for him."

Peewee saw over his shoulder the clerk look about for him and fail to find him; he had slipped out behind the man at the door as soon as he had heard the number. He moved south to Twenty-second Street, then east to State. There began to be, as he progressed toward his destination, more colored people on the sidewalks and standing in the doorways; he spelled out on the store-window signs advertising porters' supplies. The building corresponding to the address which he had heard was large and dingy; there were entrances leading to apartments along its front, and there were also, as he could see through a long, narrow hall which had no doors, apartments in the rear. He followed this hall, which led him into an evil-smelling court littered with rubbish. Both white and colored people lived here, and exterior stairways led upward from the court to their small apartments.

He realized with disappointment that there was no way for him to tell in which one of these apartments Lampert lived. He would have to go from door to door and ask. He had no definite plan regarding Lampert. He was curious about him because his name had been connected with whatever it was that Mrs. Markyn had been told. But he knew that Lampert had some sort of relation to himself, and was afraid of him. He assumed that a person in any way connected with himself would live in these apartments at the rear rather than in those in front; and after studying them a long while from the court, he went out again into the street.

At ten at night Peewee turned into a side-street in the neighborhood of State and Thirty-first. He stopped in the darkest part of this street and put two of his pennies in a separate pocket; then he carefully wrapped the remaining ninety-five cents in a rag he had picked up and put them inside his shirt. He followed a passageway between two buildings and descended a stairway to a basement door. Here an unkempt old woman, in return for his two pennies, admitted him to a darkened, musty-smelling cellar where numerous figures, some large, some small, were already stretched upon the floor. He found a place among them to lie down.

PEEWEE awoke as it was just beginning to be light. The uncomfortable sleepers about him had begun to stir, and he got up and went out. He followed an alley for a distance north and sat down to wait. The alley door opposite which he waited was unlocked after a time, as the neighborhood began to awaken, and was left standing open. Inside, he could see a florist sorting his stock. The man threw the most faded flowers away, put the fresh ones back, and put aside those which were not fresh enough for sale but not quite faded.

As soon as the man had finished, Peewee went in and bargained for a handful of carnations of the last sort. He wrapped them carefully in a newspaper and went out. He left the alley and followed the streets, crossing the railroad-tracks to the lake, where he sat down on the narrow strip of beach in the shade of a breakwater. He picked the most faded leaves from his flowers and broke off the dead ends of their stems. Then he dug a hole with his fingers in the sand, and the bottom of the hole filled at once with water. He laid the flowers round the hole with their stems in the water, and covered them with his newspaper.

In the early afternoon he gathered up his flowers and went back to Thirty-first Street. His present business, Peewee knew, had not the standing which his former one had had. Boys have sold newspapers for so long that they regard grown men who sell them as invading one of boys' established rights; but even children look upon their selling of flowers and chewing-gum as irregular. The business is no good except in the late afternoon and evening. But he had sacrificed many of his afternoons and evenings in order to see Mrs. Markyn; he had found it, there-

fore, even more precarious than was to be expected, and he was "broke" when she had given him his dollar.

He had learned the methods of the business; he went from door to door of the cafés and lunchrooms, peering in. If inside he saw a man and woman seated at one table, he pulled off his disreputable cap and entered. With his apprehensive stare fixed on proprietor and waiters, he laid one of the flowers on the table in front of the woman. The price he asked for each flower was five cents. Sometimes the woman took the flower and her companion refused to pay him; sometimes the escort gave him more than he had asked. At dark, the flowers which he had left were unfaded that when he offered them people only laughed.

He was back close to the building where Lampert lived; he had decided, now, with reference to Lampert, that he would not go into the court and wait. People would be passing in and out perhaps Lampert among them; and something might occur to point him out to him. He himself was not likely to attract attention; he understood fully his own insignificance.

He went into the court and sat down. In the mist and darkness which filled the badly lighted court he could not tell much about the people passing except as they entered or left the long hall. He had been watching there an hour when he saw a colored girl come into the hallway from the street. He got up nervously. This colored girl, in an expensive dress which did not fit her, was teetering as she walked on high-heeled shoes, had been his mother's maid. She might not recognize him, he thought; he had no specific reason for fearing her if she did, but he watched her anxiously. She crossed the court, passing him, and hesitated at the foot of the stairs. She turned back then, repassing him, and faced him from the entrance to the court.

"What you doin' in here, honey?"

She had recognized him, then! What her recognition might signify as regarded himself he did not know. There was, he appreciated, no means of exit from the court except the hall. He approached her watchfully, depending upon his quickness to detect a past; but she was too quick for him and seized him by the arm.

"This here," she said exultingly, "must be my lucky night!"

HE had ceased struggling as soon as he had tested the firmness of her grasp. Whatever she might mean to do with him could not be frustrated by physical action on his part. His experience long before had taught him the futility of such struggles with grown-ups. His short legs could hardly keep pace with her as she hurried him up one of the long stairs and into a dark hall where she knocked upon a door.

"It's Mignon," she replied to some challenge from within.

The door opened, blinding him with light, and he staggered forward as she pushed him violently into the room.

"Here is the boy," he heard her say.

It was, he saw as he stood blinking, a small room, poorly furnished, and lighted by a lamp. It and a similarly lighted connecting room made up the apartment. A table with an oilcloth cover stood in its middle; there was a couch apparently used as a bed. He saw staring curiously at him an elderly woman, a younger woman in unsuitably expensive clothes and wearing rings, and a big man with a red-veined face. He did not at once speculate, in his terror, as to who these people might be; he had never seen any of them before.

The man came forward, took hold of him, turned him to the light, and scrutinized his features.

"Holy Lord!" he exclaimed.

The reason for his astonishment did not appear plain to the colored girl. The man took Peewee's small hand in his immense one and opened the fingers which held the faded flowers; he did not do this roughly.

"What were you doing with these?" he asked. "Selling them?"

Peewee swallowed. "Yes sir."

The man swore again and threw the flowers against the wall. He turned to the colored girl and seemed about to say something, but checked himself. He went to the younger of the two other women and spoke to her; Peewee could not hear what he said. Then he came back to Peewee and led him into the small connecting bedroom.

"You'd just as leave stay in here a little while," he said. "There aint nobody going to hurt you, you know. You understand that, don't you?"

Peewee gulped nervously. "Yes sir."

"All right, then."

He closed the door, while Peewee stared at him uneasily. Who were these people? What did they mean to do with him? He looked questioningly around the room. (Continued on page 87)

It is for stories such as this that THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE has won its appellation—"The Magazine of a Remade World" for here in vivid drama is revealed the workings of a new idea.



THE VOICE

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

Illustrated by

H. WESTON TAYLOR

"I'll close down the factory," said Farrington. "If the men strike, it'll be the last walk-out—the plant will never reopen."

The president of the Farrington Mills, incorporated, stood facing the five members of the grievance committee on the opposite side of the directors' mahogany table. For twenty years his had been the dominating will in all affairs of the company, and now this will asserted itself in a final pronouncement.

"You men have presented your ultimatum," he went on; "now you have mine. I've been square with you, Kovac; yet you try to coerce us. You want forty per cent more wages for twenty per cent less work. All you think of is money. Well, I meet you on your own ground—not another dollar do your people get unless they earn it."

Kovac, mill mechanic and chairman of the grievance committee, blinked stolidly at the president. There in the directors' room he seemed a hulk of stupidity—as far removed from Farrington as a dog in the streets is beneath a thoroughbred in a limousine. His cheap and soiled factory clothes, his ungainly figure and his stunted English made him appear a misfit as a leader.

"You say right, about money," he answered, without show of excitement. "We want money; we will get it. But not only is it money. We want not money like a dog takes a bone. A dog from his master takes a bone and a kick. He has no voice but to whelp."

"You come here as the voice of your people," asserted Farrington. "Aren't you the voice itself? What more can you ask? You delegates have had every chance in the world to use that

voice in a way that would benefit all your constituents; but you chose to use it in making a threat."

Kovac squinted across the table through narrow eyes that were half buried in puffy skin. He made a hopeless sort of gesture and struggled for a minute with words that were beyond him. In his own language he might have done better; yet even so he was beyond his depth. It was quite impossible to define what he meant by having a voice, because he did not know. It was only a vague, mysterious sort of thing to Kovac; he knew only that something within clamored eternally for utterance.

If he could have expressed it, he would have said, perhaps, that his people wanted the *right* to say things—not merely permission to make pleading excuses and explanations. The voice they wanted was not that of an inferior, even though they did not claim full equality. Within their spheres, at least, they longed for the voice that carried a sense of recognition, not of tolerance. But Kovac had never defined it in his own mind; it was not strange he couldn't express it. So he finished by saying, sullenly:

"You hear our voice pretty soon. Good-by."

He waved a ponderous hand toward his four companions, and the five filed slowly out. Four of them Farrington did not even know. Although they worked in his shops, he had never seen them so far as he remembered; their names and countenances had meant nothing to him until he suddenly found them pitted against him in this drama he was powerless to resist. Kovac he knew, because Kovac had come to his office many times to represent the workers.

A big man was Farrington, physically, mentally, socially. One

of his friends had characterized him aptly: "A man of extraordinary force and personality, with the knack of surrounding himself with an 'organization'—a live-wire bunch of executives who have made the Farrington works the leading industry in Jackson."

The "bunch" accepted the verbal bouquet with smiling acquiescence as something intrinsically theirs. Mortimer, Higgins, Sanderson, McArthur—all these and others were, in fact, post-graduates in the great game of managing men. Perhaps nowhere in the State was there another such galaxy of collar-and-cuff ability as Farrington had gathered. People liked to say that he was willing to pay for brains. But somehow this fine art of handling men did not seem to extend to the workers in the factory—a fact which both the "bunch" itself and outsiders mostly overlooked.

Nevertheless, Farrington himself seemed to be the embodiment of success. In the elegance of the directors' room, overawed by the president's masterful presence, Kovac and his associates had appeared woefully insignificant. But Farrington, standing half-concealed at the window watching them go through the courtyard to Mill No. 1, did not underestimate their power—though the *why* of it was beyond him. He had no more conception than Kovac of the thing the latter had called a voice. What voice could these people have?

Higgins, general manager, had been waiting patiently in the next room for the close of the conference. It had been thought wise to let Farrington meet the men alone. But now Higgins joined his chief at the window.

"Look at them!" said Farrington with sarcasm. "Fine types to come here and lay down the law to this company—which was built on brains!"

Just then the five delegates paused and stood for a minute silhouetted in the sunlight. A mean picture they made, judged from the standpoint of the educated, polished and expensively garbed president and general manager.

"If it ever reaches the point where we must be ruled by such dullards," said Farrington, "we'll carry out our threat and quit. These people are quite incapable of seeing things in true perspective. To bring them to the level of reasoning men would take a generation or two. I've often wondered, Higgins, what sort of mental processes really take place in the craniums of these animals. Wouldn't it be interesting if we could lift off the top of their skulls and see what actually goes on!"

He turned away from the window, shrugging his shoulders. "What is it they mean by a voice?" he asked. "A voice without brains is anarchy! Well, I've called Kovac's bluff."

"Are you sure he was bluffing?" suggested Higgins. "Suppose they call our own bluff?"

"Then," answered Farrington, lighting a cigar and assuming nonchalance, "it means war."

That noon Farrington and Higgins, along with others of the organization, from their vantage point watched a howling mob of strikers quit work. They had called Farrington's bluff.

It was the most bitter strike in the town's history, for six months mob law prevailed about the mills, and for three months Farrington kept to his threat not to reopen.

"I'm willing to quit!" he declared. "I've got money enough, and my wife wants to live in southern California. If any of you stockholders wish to take the business and go on with it, you're welcome. I'll sell out cheap."

But the smaller shareholders were in worse panic than ever. To close up the mills permanently meant ruin to some; and to attempt to go on without Farrington seemed almost as bad. Farrington had steered them through a hundred storms of one sort or another, had always been a fearless and successful commander—successful at least up to the more recent era of new demands from labor. But these later troubles, of course, were not Farrington's fault. It was something in the air—unescapable.

"No," they said, "we can't close down, and we can't let you go. Somehow or other there must be a way out. You are the only man to find it!"

The situation grew more desperate; and then one day a director came to Farrington with an outlandish idea. This man Lefare had always been a theorist and faddist—often had bothered Farrington with crazy notions about handling workmen, and such things.

"I've got a proposition worked out," he said, "which I'm willing to wager will solve all our troubles. Furthermore it's the simplest thing in the world, and the most logical."

"Shoot!" said Farrington, carelessly lighting a cigar. He'd come to take Lefare lightly.

"It's based absolutely on the psychology of the human mind," declared the other. "There's one thing above all others that workmen want—"

"Money!" interrupted Farrington.

"No, not money—they want the voice. Kovac was right. When they get it, they will get more money too. But so will we. Give them the voice, and you'll see miracles. Wait!" he exclaimed. Farrington tried to interrupt. "This isn't the wild scheme you think—it's been tested. It rings true to human life."

"Go on," said Farrington. He had never known Lefare so earnest.

"We have our national government as a model," explained Lefare. "Need we go further? In 1776 we got the voice, now we give it to our people—establish our own republic."

For days Farrington was skeptical, but under the stress of the crisis he finally came into the mood to accept anything that held promise of solution. And so it came about finally that he yielded to the proposal of Lefare and his group of apparent fanatics, and authorized the so-called democratization of the mills. Of course it was absurd; yet unless production could be heavily increased without corresponding additional costs, Farrington saw no chance for the business to survive.

ONE day some few months later Farrington sat at his desk, on which lay a typewritten letter on the stationery of the International Machine Company. His eyebrows were knitted together in a thoughtful frown as he touched a desk-button. A boy appeared.

"Please take this down to Henry Kovac in Department 1," said the boy. "You know Kovac—speaker of the house of representatives."

The boy smiled. Of course he knew Kovac. How could he not? He was to fail to know the speaker of the house? He hurried along.

The note was written on a red "hurry-up message" slip:

Dear Kovac: If you can conveniently get away from your work, I wish you'd run up to my office for a few minutes. Something important. Thanks.

The tone of this message was evidence that some extraordinary change had come over the spirit of John Farrington. In the days he'd have said to the office-boy: "Go down and tell Kovac I want him."

Farrington, remember, had never meant to be an autocrat; nothing had been further from his thoughts than tyranny. He had taken his position literally. He was chief owner and manager. In all matters except broad policies that came under the board of directors, the authority of his signature had been absolute. With a word, or a stroke of his pen, he could order anyone in his plant to come to his office; and even without realizing it, a summons from Farrington had been a bugle-call—to be obeyed.

Yet now he found himself writing this friendly little request to his old enemy Kovac. In a few minutes the latter appeared and took the chair Farrington offered at the end of his desk.

"Henry," said Farrington, "I wish you'd read this letter. Perhaps, a speaker, you can suggest a remedy. I must put it to the house and senate."

The elevation of this man to the speakership of the lower house had been a curious kink of fate and coincidence—quite beyond the control of Farrington and his once dominating organization. It was a typical example of the power of the voice the company had conferred on its factory people. The house, unlike the senate, was made up wholly of representatives from the common workers, and Kovac had been chosen a representative by an independent vote. The voice had spoken without the slightest suggestion or influence on the part of the so-called organization; indeed, under the terms of the new philosophy, not even Farrington himself could have influenced it. The supplications of mere "hands" had, almost miraculously, become the utterances of peers.

And then, by another irony of circumstance, the house had elevated Kovac to its leadership.

Farrington had been astonished and dismayed at this development.

"A tremendous but tragic joke," he had said to Higgins. "Kovac—the stupid, arrogant, brainless Kovac—long-time enemy of the company! Kovac the agitator, strike-brewer, thorn in our side. Why, the whole project of the democracy is doomed at the very beginning!"

But Farrington had other surprises in store. He was astonished and mystified over the way Kovac assumed his new responsibilities. After Farrington had sat as a spectator through a couple of sessions

The Vice
aman m...
others
right. G...
ll we. G...
exclaim...
scheme y...
Lefam qu...
" ex...
vice: now
ss of p...
t held h...
elded to
and aut...
urse a n...
sed vid...
nce for
sat at
e statio...
ere imp...
-button.
ment J...
repres...
could a...
ed alon...
ip:
from you
minu...
horrid...
In the
tell K...
auton...
anny, Y...
r and b...
e board...
ute. W...
in his p...
a count...
request...
peared...
k.
etter. Th...
t put a...
down b...
beyond...
co. It w...
y had c...
emate, w...
orkers, a...
ent vo...
r influ...
the tem...
could h...
ad, al...
house b...
his de...
s. "K...
my of...
our in...
t the v...
astonis...
nstitu...
of sen...



Farrington, seizing a chair, sought to use it as a shield against the men who were trying to get at him. One of his assailants drew a revolver.

of the house, his whole point of view toward Kovac changed. He now began to understand why these people had so often selected this man for their delegate in negotiations with the front office.

What Farrington had mistaken for stupidity proved to be a queer sort of intelligence, needing only opportunity for development along broader lines. The moment Kovac acquired the voice, he became a changed man. In a twinkling he seemed to define in his own mind the meaning of the vague yearnings he had tried to express that day in the president's office.

It surprised Farrington still more to discover that the voice did not seem to mean socialism. Having acquired it, these workers showed no tendency to abuse it by reaching into the plane of large business policies. They hewed closely to immediate factory problems and wages, and showed even more than the old-time deference toward the bigger front-office affairs.

So within the lapse of a few months these two men, who had faced each other belligerently just before the great strike, had become strange comrades. As Kovac sat there in the president's office, there was not a trace of hostility between them; on the contrary, indeed, there was manifest an air of singular friendship.

Kovac read the letter carefully, to himself:

..... We are unable to understand the apparent impossibility of getting from your company the goods we now have on order. We've been held up three weeks on the greater part of our order No. 3247, and on order No. 3256 you are already ten days behind. We cannot much longer put up with this sort of service, which means falling down with our own customers. Please advise us if there is any way you can accelerate the production of these goods so you can approximate our requirements—which at present are very great. If not, we shall be obliged to sever our relations and place orders elsewhere.

Finally Kovac laid the letter on the desk. "All right—I fix it," he said.

Farrington the next day went over to Mill No. 3, where a room had been set aside for the company's congress—both bodies using it. The house was now assembled there, and this august body was about to begin its weekly session—on the time of the company. It was a bare factory room, used during most of the week for the display of samples. To give it some flavor of distinction the floor had been covered with linoleum, and a large American flag was on the wall back of the speaker's table—a plain pine affair. About twenty members were present, some of them sitting on boxes. Kovac presided in somewhat ludicrous state, arrayed in his working clothes, apron and all. The members likewise wore overalls or whatever apparel they happened to have on at their tasks.

Farrington slipped in quietly through a rear door and seated himself at the extreme back of the Hall. He was privileged to be there merely as a spectator, although the house could call on him for information or opinions. Nor did his presence excite special notice—although in the beginning the members had exhibited some timidity about talking in his presence. This feeling now was gone. Indeed, the fact that Farrington was there had



"I been working here eight years," she began, "and I never got a chance to let on about a lot of things till we got the democracy."

grossed in the psychology of this amazing experiment. Every time he dropped in on a meeting for a few minutes' observation he wondered whether some day this curious spell might be broken. It was all so contradictory to his lifetime notion of workman impulses that in spite of himself doubts would still creep in. Then he saw a member get up at the far end of the room—an old man with heavy white mustache and a face that bore the scars of forty years of factory toil. His attire was blue-denim jumps and overalls. With a wave of his horny hand he began:

"Mr. Speaker, don't look for no oration; but I can answer that question mighty quick. We got too many men already."

A murmur went through the house, and Farrington felt something tighten near his heart. At every one of these meetings he was discovering other Kovacs. No, not Kovacs exactly, because leaders were scarce; but at least the democracy was unveiling man after man as a thinker—men whom Farrington had once classed as mere machines, capable of development to the level of brain-workers only through a generation or more! The possession of a voice was working magic. For forty years, perhaps, this old workman may have felt the undefined impulse to express himself without ever having the opportunity and now he had attained it.

"I say we've got too many men and too many women," he repeated. "I represent Department F, and I can pick out too men there we don't need—leastways, they ought to be in some department where they can do more good for the democracy and the Company. Now I'll tell you what the trouble is about these International orders."

come to give the deliberations keener interest. It was their house of representatives. They were in the whip hand. Let him listen!

Kovac pounded with his gavel: "The house of representatives comes to order," he announced. He spoke fair English, yet with the quaint peculiarities of construction and idiom that were his.

There was a sudden hush, and Kovac fingered a bunch of papers on the table. "The clerk calls the roll," he said.

When this and other preliminaries were over, the speaker stood up to address the house. He raised the lecture arm's-length above him, so that all might see it, and for twenty seconds stood thus. Kovac seemed to have an intuitive idea of the dramatic.

"I got here a letter which was conveyed into my hand by Mr. Farrington," he went on. "I now read it loud to the house. Looks like something funny got loose round here. Letters like this make no right coming to the Farrington democracy. I show you why."

With odd kinks of pronunciation, impressive pauses, and significant remarks, he thereupon read the complaint of the International Machine Company.

"Now, what's the meaning of such business?" he demanded. "Have we got too much in the Mills to get out these goods on time? If any representative says we need some more men, he get up now and says so again. Let's hear him!"

For a full minute Kovac waited, shrewdly capitalizing the silence to drive home his point; and his eyes moved slowly from one side of the hall to the other, as if ferret out the member who might feel inclined to accept his challenge.

Farrington, from his corner, anxiously scanned such the faces of the members as he could discern through the mist of tobacco-smoke. Like Kovac, he was deeply of the truth.

Speakers young and old, the office to the factory, the ingenuity of it all, some of them, the F talks, any ideas, Farrington's, rows, dered, could, But his, when of the, the, suffrag, Ver, first, of the, her fa, her to

Already he had learned the trick of pausing for emphasis. He looked about the hall with a visible sense of power. A few months before he had been a timid, shrinking, unknown unit in the mass of factory workers whose greatest power of expression lay in private profanity toward those who had the only voice. His election to the house had been more than an unmuzzling; it had bestowed upon him powers he had never dreamed of. It had opened the way to a hundred channels of independent thinking.

"I'm sixty-five years old," he said, "and I've been in these mills twenty years. I guess I knew all the time what the trouble was, but I didn't get any chance to say so. Besides, I didn't want to. No use! But somehow I guess I wasted most of them twenty years. If we'd organized this house when I first come here, I reckon I wouldn't have kept still."

Then he came out with the great secret he had kept for two decades—a tragedy of silence:

"We got too many men and not enough brains."

Now he launched into a somewhat lengthy dissertation to prove his assertion.

"Three weeks ago," he said, "they put me on a job to get out fifty thousand parts for that International job. It was mighty particular work, and maybe that was one reason why they gave it to me. I been specializing on particular jobs many years. But when I got half of them done, along came Foreman Big Bill and says to me: 'I'll have to take you off this job. I need you over in the other section of the department. But I got another fellow here who can finish up your job.' Then he brings forward a young fellow and says to him: 'Go to it.'"

"Now, I happened to know the imitation mechanic who was to finish up that difficult job, so I got Big Bill by the arm and took him out of hearing. 'You don't mean you're going to put that half-baked apprentice on the International parts?' says I.

"What's the matter with him?" says Bill.

"He don't know nothing," says I. "And besides, he's got the sleeping sickness, and maybe hookworm."

"Mind your own business," says Bill. "It's up to you to obey orders."

"Now, here's a case where we got too many men and not enough brains," the Representative from F concluded.

Farrington was amazed. Here was another of those little inside factory dramas he had been hearing ever since the house and senate were organized. It was a drama that came from the very source of things, not through the conventional channels of executive reports—an unquestionable exposition of the inside politics of a foreman, uncolored by the opinions and verbiage of men higher up. Instinctively Farrington knew it to be the truth.

Speaker Kovac turned to the young woman stenographer from the office who acted as secretary to the Clerk. She had been penciling furiously. "I hope you write it all," he observed. "We need some more such tellings."

Then facing the house, he said: "The gentleman from Department F talks words we all know too. If any other member gets similar ideas, we listen."

Farrington, glancing along the rows of rough, stoical heads, wondered what stories these people could tell, if they chose to talk. But his speculations were cut short when a little woman at the back of the room arose. The democracy of the mills recognized equal suffrage.

Very small, timid, insignificant she seemed as she began her first speech in the house. She was coarsely dressed, with the dust of the mills much in evidence; and though still in her twenties, her face was pinched and worn with years of factory toil. About her temples were disheveled strands of gray hair.

"I've been working here eight years," she began in a high voice that quavered with stage fright, "and I never had a chance to let on about a lot of things till we got the democracy. Since then I've been fishing round for nerve. I never thought I could do it—get up here and gab in this house. But they lectured me, so I got to."

For a few minutes she stumbled along distressingly, but presently, gathering assurance, she found the voice and laid bare her own department in the old days—favoritism, rank inefficiency, deliberate conspiracies to reduce both output and quality, and to beat the pay-roll. It was the most astounding revelation Farrington had yet heard.

"What did we care for the company?" she demanded. "Wasn't it as bad as Russia, where I came from? Every little foreman thought he was a big boss—and I guess he was. All we got was bossing, bossing, bossing. We didn't have any right to say whether things was done wrong. One time a little shrimp of a foreman came round and says to me: 'What are you running the machine that way for?'"

"That's the way to run it," says I. "What's wrong with it?"

"See here," says he: 'don't you know that we've got to keep production down? It's orders I gave you last week—what's the matter with you?'"



The other held up a warning hand. "Not so loud," he cautioned. "We have yet to find out where some of our enemies are."

"Well," says I, "I suppose you and your cronies are up to some deviltry, but I'm working on piece-rates, and I don't cut any product."

"Then he faced me and says: 'Who's boss here? What I says goes. No matter what you do, I'll see that your production-cards tell what I want 'em to tell—see?'" (Continued on page 98)



IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

By O. F. LEWIS

Illustrated by DONALD HUMPHREYS

PROFESSOR MARCUS A. WEBSTER sat in the dark, in the enormous bedroom of this old-fashioned hotel where the steel men's annual banquet had been held this evening. On the bureau lay the sheets of the manuscript that he had been unable to finish reading to the four hundred steel men and their guests.

Jumbled in flashes of acute recollection, in his galloping memory, were the faces of the men who had sat before him, attentive at first despite the extreme lateness of the hour, polite for a time, then losing interest, then consulting watches, then rising here and there from their chairs, then—

Then the commotion in the anteroom, the boisterous singing of a particularly hilarious group, the surge of buzzing, indefinable conversation throughout the banquet-room, the rapping of the gavel twice by the toastmaster—then the Professor's stumbling words, the sudden smashing of his glasses, which slipped from his nose upon a plate—and then his complete de'eat! The toastmaster had tried to say something kind, while scores were bolting from the room. It was then five minutes to twelve, and the dinner had begun at six-thirty.

The Professor's lips were now wide apart as he sat there in the dark. Ten years he had given to what he had tried to say tonight—and he hadn't said it! He had come over one thousand miles, from a freshwater New England college, because his former student, Edward Collingwood, was chairman of the committee on arrangements. But when Professor Webster had arrived at the hotel, after two nights on the train, it was to learn that Collingwood had gone to Omaha on an imperative emergency call as consulting engineer.

For nearly two months, since Collingwood's letter, Professor Webster had known that participation in this meeting of the steel men would be the greatest opportunity of his life! So, daily and nightly, he had reworked his manuscript—almost hourly had read it over. In his field of inorganic chemistry, this was to have been his life's contribution. Never again would he fall upon a dis-

Ten years he had given to what he had tried to say tonight—and he hadn't said it!

covery of such vast importance—a scientific contribution, eked out and saved up, so to speak, through the years in a poor little laboratory, with its sadly limited apparatus.

The Professor had for the last two months given with the thought that thus he could pay back something to the college that had stood by him all these years. His contribution to science would very directly be credited to the college itself! All had depended upon this evening—and the evening had gone, the chance to put this before hundreds of the biggest men in the country lost.

He must send the night telegram to his wife as he had promised. What a telegram it must be—unless he lied! Could he lie to his wife now for the first time? Clammy sensations crept across his forehead as he saw again how he had stood there at the long speaker's table: men rushing by, after he had stopped ignominiously, or two perfunctory handshakes, some man who said he'd come to the hotel in the morning about the Professor's expenses. "Somebody must rush away now!"

And it might so easily have been otherwise. Collingwood had written the toastmaster to place the Professor third on the program. That would have given him at least fifty minutes, leaving out most of the chemical formulæ. The Professor had shown the toastmaster, in the manuscript, just how it could be done. But they inserted a man in the middle of the evening who told funny stories—he wasn't on the original program at all; and then there had been a colonel, back from France, who talked for an hour. It had been twenty minutes past eleven when, finally, they called on him!

The Professor decided he would send the telegram in the morning. In the corridor outside his door there was laughter and some rough talk that he could almost hear. He did hear some one go by the door. "Heavens above, a talk like that last one—nothing to drink!" Ten years' work! The chance of a lifetime! Failure!

He folded his dress suit carefully over a chair. No, he simply couldn't send the telegram tonight! She had believed in him for over thirty years—had known that his day would come, when she'd be as proud of him for what he did publicly as she was of him right in their own home. She was sure, when he said it was true, that he had found almost a new law in inorganic chemistry. And she had thought it might be used by somebody. And now—she hadn't been allowed even to finish his paper!

He couldn't sleep. He tried not to be unjust in his thought of those other speakers. But that young man who told the funny stories, and who made those big captains of industry rock with laughter, and who responded to a tumultuous encore, and told stories for fifteen minutes more—he had had a triumph! On what a basis—jokes! He had risen again and again, with broad smiles and flushed cheeks, and once he had caught the Professor's eye. "Gee," he had said, "it sure is a great life, if you don't weaken."

The comedian's name was Callahan, and the import of the remark was not clear to the Professor.

"I always find this Campbell's kind
Squares up with health and joy.
A regular treat that's hard to beat
For any hungry boy."



"Talk about a square meal"

Any meal that begins with Campbell's appetizing Vegetable Soup is well started toward the squarest kind of enjoyment and satisfaction.

It is so nourishing and substantial that many sensible people, especially in summer, often make it the principal feature of a sustaining luncheon or supper—in fact almost make a meal of it.

The change from heavier food is much to their benefit in health and condition to say nothing of enjoyment.

Children thrive on this delicious soup. And it is ready to serve in three minutes any time without needless heat, labor or fuss.

21 kinds

15c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



The Professor looked blankly at him. "It's in the last two pages of the—manuscript. I didn't—get to them last night."

A clock somewhere in the city struck two. The Professor knew what was coming. A night of insomnia, like so many in the past, after extreme work in the college laboratory. So he arose and took a sleeping-mixture. His doctor had told him not to take it any oftener than he could help. But tonight it was necessary. He knew now not only that he had failed, but that he had been a pitiable, humiliating exhibition!

He must sleep.

WITH Herculean expenditure of strength, the Professor tried to struggle back to partial consciousness. He felt it imperative that he should wake up! Into the depths of his leaden slumber raucous sounds persisted in thrusting themselves—clangings, and bangings, poundings, shouts, but always the clangings! He tore himself finally by main force out of his sleep, and lay panting, heart beating violently, eyes open, but mind still partly shut.

His eyes smarted. His lungs choked. What was that smell? He knew. The firewood on the hearth in his study had rolled off the andirons, in the night, and he must go down and poke the burning embers back with the tongs. He got out of bed. This wasn't his bedroom! Where was Mary? Where was he? What was that fearful clanging of a big bell somewhere in the hotel?

Then he understood—abruptly! *Fire!* The pale rectangle that marked the window showed that there was smoke in the room. Through the cloud of yellow haze the shaft from a light somewhere outside, slanting upward almost vertically, told the story. The smoke clutched at his throat. It must be a bad fire! He groped for the light—the chandelier in the middle of the room. After a long time he found one chain and pulled it. Heavens, how thick the smoke was! He could see it rolling in under the door—leaking in at the crevices of the door to the corridor—black smoke!

He unlocked the door, and opened it. The smoke billowed in. He had never known that a wall of smoke could be so solid—so

indomitable! Nevertheless he stepped just outside the door, holding his breath. He remembered that the stairway was next to the elevator-shaft some fifty feet down the corridor. But down there the smoke was red. Even as he looked, there was something like an explosion, and a roar, and he found himself thrown back by the concussion. He pushed his door shut, and gasped.

Now he hurried to the window and threw it open. He recalled the number of his key—427. He was on the fourth story. In the streets down below, he could see people rushing around, gesticulating. There was some fire-apparatus there, and while he looked, more came—a hook-and-ladder truck. He heard the shrieking wail of a siren whistle, and he saw a wagon come around the corner. Almost right below him, a gust of flame was sweeping out from a window.

Even as he looked, something formless, black and yet with some white to it seemed to hurl itself from a window of the floor below him. A moan rose from the gathering crowd below. Then he heard something thud, dully. He drew back into the room, his hands before his eyes. He had seen the crowd dash toward the place where the—thing struck! God!

For a brief time Professor Webster shook as with fever. He clutched the back of the big armchair in which he had sat before he had gone to bed. He shut his eyes. For a moment he prayed—incoherently at first, then more calmly, about Mary, and faith. He opened his eyes and said: "Thy will be done!"

The pungent smoke choked him now relentlessly. He leaned out of the window again, to get air. "Don't jump!" he heard them shout from the street. "I'm not going to—yet!" He felt his throat trying to respond. He waved an arm. There was more shouting at him from below. He saw firemen trying to raise a ladder against the wall of the hotel. He drew back into the room. He must get a few clothes on. He pulled on the trousers hanging over the chair, and also the dress coat—over his nightshirt. He groped for an instant for his shoes but couldn't find them.

Now there came a reflection of red under the door of the room.



The Possibilities in every Woman's Face

THE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—of course you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—

And unless your skin is right, *nothing is right*. Haven't you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You can make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear, that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it this special steam treatment and see how quickly you can rouse it to freshness and color:

One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a

heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

You can feel how much good this treatment is doing your skin

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for the care of the skin. You will find special treatments for each different skin condition in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment *your skin* needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1707 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1707 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

BUY WITH KNOWLEDGE

Read this before you buy Summer underwear

We believe Lastlong Union Suits are made of the best featherweight, flat-knit cotton fabric produced in the U. S. A. A comparison will prove this.

Note These Lastlong Features

Absorbent

The knitted soft fabric absorbs perspiration, eliminates that clammy feeling, lets in air, keeps body dry and cool.

Feather-weight

Made of the finest quality durable yarns that give satisfactory wear. A size 40 athletic style weighs only 6 ozs.

Flat-knit

The knitting process makes the fabric flat and not in ribs or similar patterns. Knitted fabric is elastic.

Loose-fitting

Roomy all over, cut and shaped for comfort, doesn't "cling" in warm weather.

V-Shaped Belt

A patented elastic V-shaped belt in the back of each suit that gives easily when you bend over, affording comfort at the crotch when needed.

Styles

Made in three-quarter-length leg with short sleeves, athletic knee length with no sleeves and ankle length with long sleeves. Boy's athletic.

Price

Popular priced—yet they rival in quality expensive, imported underwear.

Booklet and Sample

If your dealer cannot supply you, advise us. Write for booklet, "Buy with Knowledge," and sample of the Lastlong feather-weight fabric.

Lastlong Underwear Co.

349 Broadway, Dept. R, New York

LASTLONG
FEATHERWEIGHT · FLAT-KNIT
Union Suits
For Men and Boys

The air was getting much hotter in the bedroom. He saw his manuscript lying on the bureau. He tucked it into his coat pocket. Failure! And now probably death! He would not jump. Having failed, perhaps the fire was—meant!

He heard a weak cry, almost a whimper, somewhere near at hand. It came again. The cry of a child! God in heaven—a child left in this oven! A baby? Long ago people must have all escaped—have run out while he was dead with sleep. But to have left a child behind!

The child must not die. Where was it? It was whimpering—a persistent cry, not loud but frightened. He clapped his ear to the door that led to the next room. The whining was louder. It was in there! He tugged at the door. It would not open. He and Mary had never had a baby. Here was a baby to be saved. He turned the bolt. It would not open. Only one thing to do! Go through the corridor to the next door to the left!

He remembered that wet towels preserve against smoke-fumes for a short time. He saturated a towel with water at the washstand and wrapped it about his nose and face. Another he wrapped about his head. Only his eyes were free. Into the corridor he rushed. What a roar! And the blistering heat—a furnace! The smoke billowed along red, scorching, sending out licking fingers toward him. He found the next door to the left. Thank God, he could open it!

He hurled himself into the room, and almost collapsed. He went to his knees in sheer weakness. The chandelier was lighted. He could see somewhat through the smoke. He pulled himself to his feet. The child? The baby? Where? There! The whining came from a chair beside the bed. The bed had been slept in. What mother could go and leave her baby?

Through the dense smoke he arrived at the further side of the bed. He lifted a sofa-pillow that had fallen upon the object underneath. A cat, and one kitten—the kitten whining incessantly. The big cat, startled, jumped to the floor, then sprang back, and licked the kitten nervously.

The Professor passed a bewildered and shaking hand across his forehead. Only a cat—and a kitten! He looked about the room. Of course there was no baby there. He saw windows. Could he be rescued from here? No. The windows faced upon another street. He threw the window up; there was no ladder below. He must go back—through that furnace! He wound the towel tighter about his nose and mouth. Into the tail pocket of his coat he tucked the kitten. Under his arm he took the cat. "There, there, pussie!" he said soothingly. Mary had always at least one cat, at home.

Somehow he got back to his room. He went flat upon the floor, suffocating. He crept frantically toward the door and pushed it shut. Blindly he clung to the cat. The cat—the baby—he had the baby in his arms—or was it the baby in his pocket? Two babies—for Mary!

A torrent of water crashed through the shattering glass of the unopened window, like an explosion. Then the waterfall hit him and roused him. It drove away the smoke. It kept pouring down upon

him. The cat howled and scratched. That roused him. He dragged himself to the window. He must get to the window, where the air was. He pulled himself up to the windowsill, and hung partially out. Then he knew nothing more.

PROFESSOR WEBSTER couldn't tell where he was, when he awoke. The sun was shining brightly into this simple little bare-walled room. He looked about curiously. He had thought his bedroom was a good deal larger than this. This wasn't his bedroom, at all! And there had been a telegram to send! Then there rushed over him the memory of the fire! What happened? He coughed, and his throat felt like fire. He attempted to raise his head, and it throbbed with one of those old-fashioned headaches he had from time to time.

This must be a hospital. They had taken him to a hospital. A nurse, sweet-faced, young and smiling, came in. He tried to speak, and his voice failed him. "Don't try to talk," she said, putting up a finger. "Your lunch will come in a moment. You'll be much better tomorrow, the doctor says."

He didn't think the lunch amounted to much—just broth. It flashed over him suddenly that all his money was gone! He had put it under his pillow! And his watch, with the picture of Mary inside! He must telegraph Mary. She would want to start at once to his bedside. It would be fearfully expensive. They had just paid up the last five hundred dollars on their house at the college. His heart began to beat rapidly.

No one came into the room, and he finally dozed off again. When he awoke, the sun was much lower. He felt stronger. Thank heaven, by tomorrow he could leave the hospital! And if he made himself known at Collingwood's office, they would probably advance him some money. Mary must be telegraphed to.

Into the room came a big man—big-bodied, big-faced, gray-eyed, gray-haired, gray-mustached. In repose the face was stern. The professor had never seen him before. He sat down by the bed and smiled at the Professor. Then he took his hand, which was lying upon the coverlet.

"They said I might come in for five minutes. You don't know me. My name is Winthrop Mitchell. I'm president of the Interstate Steel Company. I left last night before you'd hardly started on your paper. I'll speak of that in a minute. I've come on several matters."

"First, don't worry about your wife at home. We found out, through Collingwood's office early this morning, more about you. So I called up your wife on the phone and told her all about you, and what the city papers are saying that—"

"Saying?" The Professor's voice trailed off, and his eyes left the speaker's eyes. The humiliation of last night leaped back into his memory. "The papers didn't—didn't—"

The hand of the steel man closed firmly about the slightly trembling hand of the Professor. "You bet they didn't! Perhaps you're thinking of the banquet, and how late it was, and all that. No sir, what they're playing up is the way you fought those firemen, making them

"They'll be here in fifteen minutes—
and my nails aren't fit to be seen!"



THE telephone bell rang. "I'm so glad you are at home. We'll be right over," said a voice. "Good!" she cried. Then her eyes fell to her hands. Her heart sank. Such battered looking nails!

She knew, too, that no amount of magnificence and good grooming on formal occasions would efface the impression made by once appearing careless in an off-guard moment.

Have you ever been caught in such a predicament? Does the unexpected occasion always find your hands at their loveliest? Exquisitely cared for nails, that so unmistakably tell to the world their story of personal fastidiousness.

It is the simplest thing always to be sure of your nails! Just a matter of giving them the same regular attention that you do your hair and teeth.

Do not clip the cuticle. When you do so it is impossible to avoid cutting the sensitive living skin, too. The skin tries to heal these cruel little hurts and growing quickly, forms a thick, ragged

cuticle. It gives to your nails that frowsy and unkempt look that makes you self-conscious every time people notice your hands.

But you can have nails so charming that it will be a pleasure to display your hands!



Just soften and remove the cuticle with Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover.

Twist a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in the Cutex and gently work around the base of each nail. Push back the dead cuticle. Then wash your hands and push the cuticle back while drying. Always when drying the hands, push the cuticle back.

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle smooth and unbroken—the nails in perfect condition. Make a habit of Cutex. Then you will never know the mortification of ragged hangnails and clumsy cuticle.

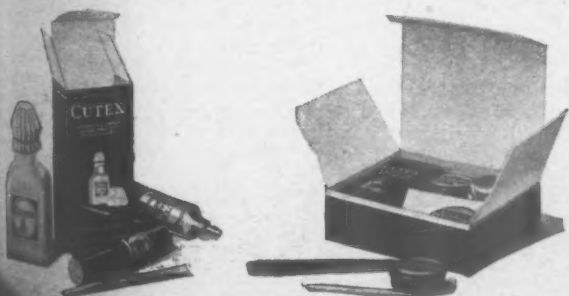
If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Get Cutex at any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Cold Cream and Nail Polish are each 35c.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you an Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 607, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



Mail this coupon with two dimes today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



Stearns' Day Dream
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



THIS delicate, Day Dream fragrance, so suggestive of the pure, wholesome odor of summer flowers, is presented alike in Day Dream Talcum, Face Powder and Perfume.

Day Dream L'Echo containing perfume miniature and Face Powder sample, mailed postpaid for 25 cents. Address Dept. Y.

**STEARNS, Perfumer
DETROIT**

save the two babies, when they tried to take you down the ladder—the baby in your arm, and the one in your pocket. First the two firemen on the ladder thought you plumb crazy. You were a bit out of your head, you know. But when the newspaper boys found out that you'd gone into that corridor after a cat, and a kitten, thinking they were babies—well, you made the front pages of the papers this morning, Professor." The steel man chuckled.

Professor Webster gazed apprehensively at Mitchell as the latter drew some newspaper clippings from his pocket. "No," said the steel man, "I'll wait till tomorrow before I read them. Professor, you're a whole man—a whole man, sir! And why I'm here just now is that that cat and kitten belong to my little girl Mary. You see, we're renovating our home here, and temporarily I took a suite at the old hotel. I was always afraid the thing was a firetrap. Last night we all got out in time, my wife, Mary and I, but we forgot Montezuma the cat, and the kitten.

"I pounded on your door and on the others as we rushed by. Mary cried most of the night about Montezuma and the kitten. Then this morning, I read what you'd done. You see, it might really have been my baby that you went for—little Mary."

The Professor lay silently for a time. Then he smiled, and the pressure of his hand increased in the steel man's grip. "My wife's name is Mary," he said.

"So's mine," said the steel man. "Good name! And now to business, just for a minute. The papers made junk of your speech this morning, but I had a chance

at Collingwood's office to look into things a little. Collingwood's partner says you've made some kind of a discovery. Listen! What'll it do to steel?"

The Professor looked rather blankly at him. "It's in the last two pages of the—manuscript. I didn't—get to them last night."

The steel man spoke again. "Collingwood's partner says you've got a big thing, only you don't—that is, your interest doesn't run quite in the application of what you've got. Now, let me take that manuscript home with me. If it's applicable in my business at all, it'll mean anyway enough to make you and your wife fixed for life—perhaps a good deal more. This is a business proposition. I want the option on you for a couple of days, you understand."

The steel man rose. "Your wife's coming tomorrow. My Mary—my wife—talked to her after I did, and both of you are going to be our guests for some days—until you're wholly recovered, and we can thrash this business proposition out. The newspaper boys are hungry to get at you too. It isn't often they get a learned man, with dress coat over his nightgown, hanging out of a fourth-story window with a cat under his arm and a kitten in his tail pocket!"

The big man stood, towering over the man in the bed. "Yes, you're all right, Professor Webster. It was sad about young Callahan, though, wasn't it! After the triumph he had last night, too!"

"Callahan? The man who told the Irish stories?"

The steel man nodded.

"What happened—to—him?"

"He jumped!"

THE VOICE

(Continued from page 91)

Here Kovac broke in with indignation: "Will the lady member say whether that little shrimp foreman says here today?"

"No!" she cried exultingly, "the house and senate kicked him out a month ago, and now we got something to say. But everything isn't gone yet that ought to be. That's why we can't get out the International Machine Company's orders so fast."

Two or three others spoke, one of them, from Department O, making a ten-minute speech in which he butchered the English language but scored heavily on the subject at issue.

"I've got invention ideas," he proclaimed. "I can put attachments on two machines right now that will speed them up fifty per cent. I could 'a' done it years ago—but now I'm willing to take a chance that the house will be square and let me in on the patents."

"The gentleman from Department O talks truly sense," said Kovac as the member sat down. "It's fifty-fifty. If any man is inventing somethings, that's brains. It aint any longer that the brains must all be over there in the office. From Department F comes a gentleman and says we don't got many brains in the factory. In one way he speaks mostly true. But the gentleman from Department O shows how many brains we got

under a bushel. Those days are gone when brains always keep out of sight. It's to dig them out that we make this democracy."

Then turning to the member from Department O: "The committee on inventions will hear your brains right away tonight."

The speaker scribbled industriously in a few minutes on a sheet of paper and kept the house waiting until he finished. Then, rising, he brought order again with his gavel.

"I have yet a proposition of my own," he announced. "It is a resolution; but I guess the speaker gets not the right to introduce resolutions. Anyhow, a man with brains knows how to jump over trouble, so the chair maybe hears pretty soon a motion. But first the chair reads the resolution:

"The House of Representatives of the Farrington Mills, Incorporated, acting on its own legs, hereby swears by the holy Moses that we put out them goods for the International Company, so help me God."

"The clerk puts it in diplomatic language," he added. And then with a twinkle: "Or if he gets not brains enough, maybe the young lady does it. . . . The Chair hears not any motion? Listen! Instantly a workman near Farrington

A Strenuous Game-then-

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING RESINOL SOAP

Because it contains the soothing, healing Resinol properties, Resinol Soap is unusually qualified to stimulate and refresh your burning, tired skin. Even if used with a cold shower its lather is generous and pleasingly fragrant.

Besides being soothing and cooling, Resinol Soap is an ideal skin cleanser. It lessens the tendency to enlarged pores, by ridding them of impurities, and it relieves excessive oiliness and redness, while it in no way injures the skin's texture.

RESINOL SOAP allays the inflammation of sunburn, and is a valuable aid to the woman who wishes to keep her complexion unharmed through summer's heat.

At all drug
and toilet goods
counters



Resinol Soap



Vantine's Summer Toiletries

THE elusive fragrance of Vantine's toilet water refreshes and stimulates, leaving behind only the delicate memory of a perfume and a delightful sensation of wholesome cleanliness.

Wistaria Blossom	\$2.00	Kutch Sandalwood	\$2.00
Geisha Flowers	2.00	Flowerly Kingdom	2.00
Oriental Violet	2.00	Turkish Rose	2.00
Corylopsis	2.00	Jaffaw	3.50

Vantine's Oriental Talcum Powders

Of exquisite purity, ground to impalpable fineness and carefully guarded against any irritating property in either substance or odor.

Wistaria Blossom 25c	Sana Dermal 25c
Kutch Sandalwood 25c	

Vantine's Oriental Face Powders

Exquisitely soft and beautifying, these Oriental powders become one with the texture of the skin.

White, flesh and brunette

Wistaria Blossom \$1	Geisha Flowers 75c
----------------------	--------------------

Vantine's Oriental Emollients

To counteract the effect of too much sunshine when motoring, bathing or golfing. These creams preserve the mid-winter delicacy of the complexion through the dry, hot days of summer.

TOILET CREAMS

Wistaria Blossom, jar 50c, tube, 25c	
Geisha, jar, 50c	Oriental Cold Cream, 25c and 50c

Vantine's Temple Incense

A charming touch of Oriental association for the afternoon tea or the lantern party; delightful for summer interiors or for the piazza.

3 sizes — 75c, \$1.50, and \$3.00
Combination Set, Burner in brass, oxidized or verme (antique)
finish, with package of incense — \$1.50

Vantine's Oriental perfumery and Toilet Requisites are for sale by the best shops everywhere.

Should your dealer not yet have them write us, mentioning his name and we will see that you are supplied.

A Generous
Sample
of Vantine's
Fragrant In-
cense may be had
postpaid upon
request. Address
Dept. R.

A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK



was on his feet. "I make that resolution for a motion myself," he declared.

A dozen seconds were made simultaneously, and the resolution went through with a shout.

"Now the senate maybe does it too," said Kovac.

Just then a messenger from the office handed Farrington a note; he was wanted on urgent business. He went away marveling over what he had heard.

THE mills showed remarkable gains in per capita efficiency during the half year that followed; never before had they produced such an output with the same number of hands or at the same cost—and this despite an average increase of twenty-odd per cent in the earnings of the workers and a reduction in hours. A large part of the additional earnings of employees came from dividends on efficiencies and economies.

"You see," said Lefare, "it is only true psychology. Look at America itself! It was the freedom of voice and initiative that made us so great."

And then one day Farrington called a meeting of the Cabinet—made up automatically of the chief executive officers—and announced:

"For the first time in three years we're able to see a reasonable dividend for stockholders, after setting aside funds for replacements and extensions. Our smooth relations with employees continue."

"Because we have discovered men and women in the mills, instead of mere machines," observed Lefare. "The workers have discovered they really have a voice. The partnership of capital and labor on a fair basis is accomplished."

Yet Farrington had never completely outgrown his doubts, and as the months went by, events transpired that bore out his feeling of insecurity. First came intangible reports, originating no one knew where, of discords deep down in the republic. Then the murmurings grew more definite. Quarrels among the subordinate leaders pulled down efficiency rapidly, decreasing production and raising manufacturing costs.

"The thing was inevitable," said Farrington, meeting Lefare one day in the directors' room. "Labor is labor."

"You might better say that human nature is human nature," Lefare returned.

"To play the great game of democracy, we must keep out of it all insidious elements of destruction. I tell you, Farrington, something is happening here that we haven't yet fathomed."

FARRINGTON was alone in his office when the door opened and a visitor entered, unannounced but with evident timidity. He was a tall, thin man of forty, with a somewhat solemn visage and keen, penetrating eyes. There was something about him distinctly foreign, so that even before he spoke, one would have classed him as outside America's acclimated people. In dress he was midway between the executive and the plain factory workman. He was, in truth, a foreman in the Farrington Mills.

He paused for a moment just inside the door, then finding the way clear, turned, closed the door after him and locked it.

Farrington offered no objections, but regarded him curiously.

The visitor advanced, and leaning over the desk, said in a low voice and in a singular English, singularly correct:

"I want five minutes without interruption. I've found out who they are—they're right."

On Farrington's desk he laid a slip of paper bearing half a dozen names. The president picked up the list and scrutinized it for a minute in silence. Although only one name among the lot meant anything to him, this one confirmed his fears. It was the name of one Powkko, grand chief of the Order of Industrial Soviets.

"Powkko himself was in Jackson month ago," said the visitor. "He came under an assumed name and stayed here three days. He laid all his plans to bring about the downfall of the Farrington Democracy. Look here!"

Laying his finger on three other names, he went on: "These are Powkko's most dangerous men. They're working in the plant as Smith, Williams and Burnham—all assumed names. They came here three weeks ago and got employment through false representation. Since then they've enlarged their conspiracy by appointing secret sub-chairmen among our own men to spread their propaganda. I have yet much investigation to make."

Farrington sprang up excitedly. "Do you mean to tell me, Solchek," he demanded, "that our workers will lend themselves to such scurrilous influences after all they've gained and all they stand to win? Do you say they're working against this democracy we've built up?"

The other held up a warning hand. "Not so loud," he cautioned. "We have yet to find out where some of our enemies are."

Then as Farrington resumed his seat, Solchek went on: "Powkko knows his business. He's caused more devilry in industry than any ten men. He knows how to hire men who can do it. He and his people work under cover; they're so cautious it's hard to get anything on them. But as sure as I'm president of the senate, I'll get them."

He sat down opposite the president's desk, bending over it. "They'll not break up this democracy if I can help it," he went on, his eyes glittering. "Wait! It isn't Powkko alone who can lay waste."

Solchek had been another surprise in the working out of the Farrington democracy. He had been one of the most undesirable foremen in the plant, despite his notable ability in mechanical lines. For years he had been retained only because he was firmly entrenched with a class of workers Farrington could not antagonize beyond a certain point. Over these people Solchek seemed to have almost hypnotic powers—almost always exercised against the best interests of the company. In a hundred disputes between the workers and the office Solchek had manipulated things to gain the whip-hand. He had been head of an organization composed of the foremen, ostensibly in the interests of the company. In reality it was evident many times that the group leaned the other way.

And then when a senate was formed—



Organdies • linens • batistes

Launder them the same way you do your silk things

WHERE lawns are green and ices are served, the cool frocks of midsummer gather. Fly-away, frilly organdies; saucy English prints that play at being quaint. Fine blouses of handkerchief linen and French voile. And always rows on rows of tiny tucks and soft ruffles of real lace.

To keep them so daintily fresh, so charmingly new, how often and how carefully they must be washed.

Not ordinary scrubbing—their frills would never stand up again!

But the Lux way will not harm them, the careful way you do your

silks and satins. There's no rubbing to separate the sheer threads, to work havoc among the dainty colors. Just sousing and pressing of the rich suds through the soiled spots.

Every bit of expensive lace will stay soft and white. Their sashes will tie just as perkily, their colors look as merrily as though they'd never just been worn and washed.

The finest fabrics will last when they are washed in the delicate Lux suds. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

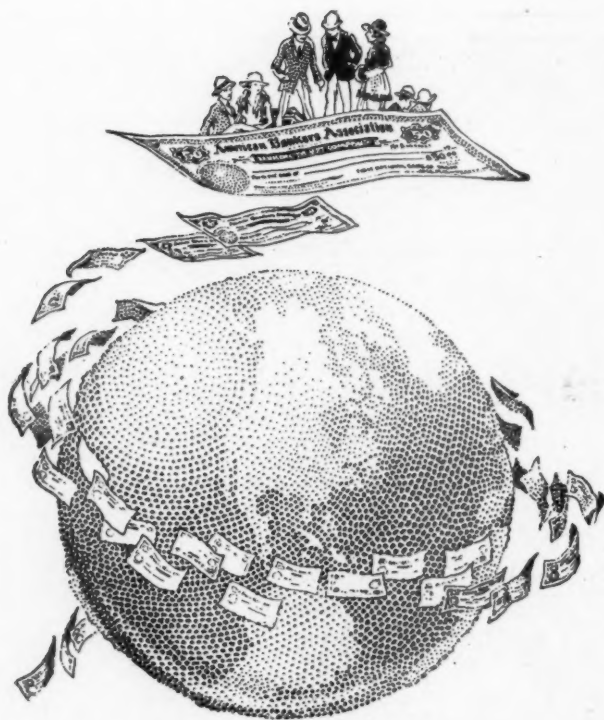
To launder fine lingerie fabrics

WHISK a tablespoonful of Lux into a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun.

For colors add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade.

LUX





"A·B·A" CHEQUES GO ROUND THE WORLD

THERE are strange and out-of-the-way places in this world, but none of them is strange to "A.B.A." Cheques—The Best Funds for Travelers. Wherever civilization has penetrated, these cheques have become a familiar medium of exchange and brought comfort and aid to thousands of tourists.

HOTELS, stores and transportation companies everywhere know and accept them, and those who use them are independent of banking hours, free from the annoyance of money exchange and protected from loss or theft. Your counter-signature, written in the presence of the acceptor, automatically identifies you. Without it the cheques are valueless.

IN denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Conveniently carried in a small, compact wallet. Issued by the American Bankers Association composed of 20,000 leading American Banks and Trust Companies.

"A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques
"the BEST funds for travelers"

For further particulars write

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
 New York City

composed solely of foremen.—Solchek was picked by that body itself to head it. Simply viewed as a capable leader, Farrington had conceded the choice a wise one. The magnetic, inscrutable power of this man was something almost unaccountable. If exercised in the right direction, Farrington admitted, Solchek was a wonderful man for the place.

And then came a bigger surprise—even greater than Farrington's astonishment over Kovac. Solchek and Kovac were far apart in ability, education and temperament; yet strangely enough they seemed to turn instinctively in the same direction as soon as the voice was conferred upon them. The thing hung in the word seemed. As to Kovac, there was no doubt; but Farrington never quite accept Solchek.

Yet Solchek himself many times discussed with Farrington the psychology of his change—discussed it too frankly, Farrington felt. Forebodings persisted in the mind of the president. Still it was a fine and logical.

Solchek put it this way: He had never really discovered himself until by strange shiftings of events he found himself in chief influence in this industrial senate—body in which he quickly came to see extraordinary possibilities along lines that were new and fascinating. The old leadership sank into insignificance beside this. Before, he had filled merely a little niche which had for its object destruction of things. As president of the senate, new constructive fields opened before him.

The biggest problem of all, Solchek said, was to maintain the fifty-fifty rule on which the whole democracy was based—the rule that prescribed a square deal to each side. And this problem itself he insisted, held him enthralled. Perhaps he hinted, he might have ambitions ultimately to rise above a foremanship—to graduate from the senate to the cabinet; but if so, these were quite legitimate. Farrington agreed. It was the very thing the company offered all its loyal business using workers. But for the present Solchek disavowed such intentions. He was deep in this leadership of his people through the senate.

Farrington found it easy to measure Kovac, more and more difficult to judge Solchek. The latter was infinitely deeper and more subtle, mentally. Often Farrington asked himself what lay back of those unanswering eyes—eyes that were like the riddle of the Sphinx. He could never fully satisfy himself as to the man's sincerity.

Solchek stood up, watch in hand. "I asked for five minutes," he said. "I have taken it. You will hear further."

And he slid silently out in his characteristic way—just a little suggestive of stealth.

A WEEK later Solchek laid before Farrington a list of twelve employees whom he labeled as utterly and hopelessly disloyal. "Their elimination from the plant and its democracy is the only solution," he said.

Farrington and the cabinet talked over this situation, with disheartening fear for the end of all things was at hand.

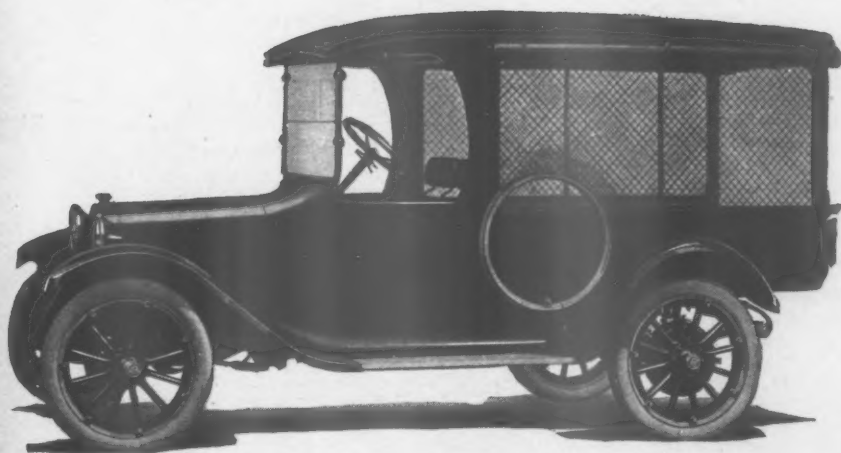


DODGE BROTHERS BUSINESS CAR

The service it renders, its reliability,
and its very moderate operating cost
make it a real economy in any business

It more than "earns its keep" in deliv-
ery use in the extra daily work it does

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



trust of Solchek had been contagious among the members of the cabinet, and now his proposal to bring these twelve employees before the house and senate for discharge seemed a sure way of precipitating a general call to arms.

The cabinet, of course, had the power of veto; but this meant little. The house and senate could pass any measure over the veto, though not once since the democracy was organized had the cabinet seen fit to use this power.

Higgins stoutly favored coming out boldly in disapproval of Solchek's plan. He wanted to pass this opinion along to the house and senate in no uncertain terms.

"It's a crooked game to the core," he said. "Solchek has something up his sleeve; I'll gamble he's an agent of the Industrial Soviets—one of Powkkor's high secret men. He knows well enough that the sure way to break up the democracy, in a riot, is to discharge these twelve men."

Most of the cabinet, including Farrington, were of the same opinion. "It's too much to believe that even the democracy could arbitrarily dismiss twelve men on a charge of disloyalty," commented Farrington.

He knew well enough that if the company itself had attempted such measures, even in the old days of autocracy, anarchy would have been invited. Farrington's way of doing the thing, in that former régime, had been slower and more crafty. Whenever a group of labor disturbers had been marked for slaughter, they were quietly let out—one at a time and at judicious intervals—on charges quite remote from disloyalty—which was no cause at all in the minds of the workers. Nevertheless Farrington now took his stand squarely on the side of the democracy.

"We are up against it," he said. "Whatever happens, we're committed to this philosophy of fifty-fifty. We have given the voice to a house and senate, and we cannot take it away. The experiment may fail—it is headed in that direction and going fast. Solchek may be the biggest traitor of all—the arch-fiend who is leading the others to the scene where the wreck-plot is to be sprung. But even granting all this we are powerless. One thing a man of honor never can withdraw is his solemn word—his promise."

Then Farrington's dominating will reassured itself as it had not done for a year:

"I would rather see this company go over the precipice than take back what we have given these people. No, we cannot interfere. It's a matter for the house and senate. Let us leave it to Solchek—archangel or devil. Let us play the game square to the limit."

THE house and senate met in joint extraordinary session. Never before in the history of the democracy had the chamber been fraught with such tenseness. Solchek presided—and now his experience of months as a parliamentary leader was clearly in evidence. Kovac was still the raw, unfinished presiding officer, but Solchek had progressed almost to the plane of true senatorial leadership. Tall,

commanding, more solemn than ever, he now stood behind the pine table and brought down his gavel. The rough legislative room was overflowing. Rapidly he disposed of preliminaries.

"We are convened to consider the report of the special committee on treason," he announced. "The clerk will read it."

The clerk was a foreman named Zeski, who like Solchek and Kovac, had once been a leader of the other sort. It had seemed to Farrington that nearly all the pronounced disloyalists had automatically been transferred to the democracy congress. Yet Zeski, like Kovac and most of the others, had seemed singularly sincere in the metamorphosis—ardent supporters of the new philosophy that had given them the voice and raised them from mere disturbers to constructive forces. Now in loud tones, somewhat uncouth yet with emphasis that seemed to leave little doubt as to where he himself stood, Zeski read the report:

"This committee has met in numerous sessions and taken verbatim evidence as to the charges of treason made against twelve members of this democracy. These individuals have been summoned and questioned, and given every opportunity to present their defense. All the evidence is attached to this report. The committee finds the charges substantiated and recommends that the twelve men be discharged forthwith from the Farrington Mills; and recommends further that they be forever eliminated from the Farrington democracy and prohibited from entering the grounds or interfering with loyal workers."

Then Zeski, in menacing accents and with some grandiloquence, read the names.

Deathlike silence reigned in the room for half a minute after Zeski's voice ceased. Farrington, who stood in the background, held his breath. Here was the crucial test of the democracy. The fate of the Mills hung on the outcome of that minute. Here was a report deliberately offered by a committee of the workers themselves, pronouncing sentence on twelve of their fellows. Farrington felt a sense of dizziness; the room seemed to sway. It would be miraculous if the house and senate were to back up this amazing stand of the committee—unless, indeed, the whole thing were a conspiracy to break up the congress.

Then over near the door a resolute voice spoke: "I move that the resolution be adopted."

Instantly it was seconded. Solchek called for a poll of the votes, and in breathless intensity it was taken. Solchek was pale as he stood up to read the result.

"The resolution is carried unanimously," he announced baldly. "These twelve men are discharged."

Instantly a great roar filled the hall. And then in the midst of it came other noises—shouts and curses as the twelve discharged men and a hundred of their cohorts invaded the room.

To Farrington it seemed the grand culmination of the plot to destroy the democracy. He saw it all in a flash, he believed. Congregating outside in groups, these people had waited the well-planned

decision—awaited the proper moment to raise the red flag, put the loyal members of the house and senate to flight, and arouse the workers to the emotional pitch for an immediate strike, sabotage, riot. This was the philosophy of the followers of Powkkor.

The onslaught was furious, and within a few seconds a hand-to-hand battle was in full swing. Solchek leaped over the table toward the front of the hall, but just what happened to him Farrington could not see. Blows fell upon other members from every side. Kovac, facing against the wall, hit viciously. Farrington, seizing a chair, sought to use it as a shield against men who were trying to get at him. One of his assailants drew a revolver.

But the riot was scarcely under way when something else happened. From somewhere—apparently from back of the walls or out of the air—came a rush of police, a dozen of them. They charged the unorganized invaders with such tremendous force that within a few minutes the uprising was quelled. Their appearance at that instant was a complete mystery to Farrington.

FIVE minutes later the mighty whistles of the Farrington Mills blew three long blasts and three short ones—the democracy signal for a massmeeting to be held in Yard No. 2. Two thousand workers, already thronging the exits in chambers over the wild reports spreading through the mills, turned with one accord toward the courtyard.

Standing on a box, Solchek—blood on his face, addressed them. The excitement and physical conflict had almost exhausted him, and his voice wavered yet he made himself heard as he read the resolution discharging the twelve disloyal workers.

"The constitution," he said, "provides for a referendum. Every man and woman who works in these mills has a voice. You are no longer under the heels of what you used to call capitalists. You are free to vote down this resolution if you choose. You have the power to reinstate these twelve men. If you wish, you can say that you want disloyalty to the company. You can strike—this minute—if you give the word. You can say that you don't want any more fifty-fifty. It's all up to you."

And then, waving aloft the typewritten resolution, he went on:

"Is there any member of this democracy who will move to overthrow it? Or is there anyone who will offer a motion to strike? I stand here ready to put such a motion to all of you."

Still holding the paper aloft in unconscious drama, he waited. There was only silence.

"Is there any man or woman who will offer a motion to ratify this resolution—to discharge these traitors and continue the democracy?" he asked.

Instantly a thousand voices put the question; a thousand others seconded it.

With a tremendous composite voice the affirmative vote swept the courtyard, the voice of true democracy—creator of fraternity between men who work and men who hire.

BLUE LABEL FOODS



Blue Label Foods — from Soup to Sweets—Ready to Serve

TWENTY kinds of delicious soups made from Rich Meat Stocks—Crisp New Vegetables—Fresh Wholesome Sea Foods.

Blue Label Boned Chicken is all solid meat—it has that "home cooked" chicken taste you love—and it's all ready—the minute you open the can.

Soups, Chili Sauce, Ketchup, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Boned Turkey and Chicken, Jams, Jellies and Preserves. The factory kitchen where Blue Label Foods are packed is spotlessly clean and the utmost care is taken in the preparation of every Blue Label Food.

These wholesome Blue Label Foods are always ready for your instant use. Stock your pantry with Blue Label Foods—then you can serve a complete and perfect meal from soup to sweets—at a moment's notice.

Write for our booklet "Pictorial History of Hospitality." It contains many good menus and recipes. We shall be pleased to send it if you will mention your grocer's name.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.

ROCHESTER N.Y.

Your Own Color Scheme

What pleasure there is in home surroundings which express your own tastes and individuality!

Painted walls give you this opportunity—your favorite color scheme can be worked out, all through your home, just as your "mind's eye" sees it.

You Can See How Each Tint Will Look

Perfect harmony, correctness in every detail, are assured—because your painter, adding the color when he mixes the paint, can show you each tint for approval, and can vary it a bit this way and that as you watch him, until he gets exactly the tint you want.

Soft, Dull Finish Washable

Walls painted with Dutch Boy White-Lead and Flatting Oil have that soft, dull finish so restful to the eyes.

They can be washed as often as necessary, without injury.

A handsome portfolio of color plates, showing the latest ideas in home decoration, both inside and out, will be sent you for ten cents. Address nearest office.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Chicago
Cincinnati Cleveland St. Louis San Francisco

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh



Dutch Boy

Save the surface and you save all

Flatting Oil and White-Lead

white-lead saves the surface

THE CUSHION

(Continued from
page 66)

speak in disparagement of one whom I'm sure is a most estimable lady, but I may as well tell you that you're not going to suffer greatly by comparison with Mrs. Rufus Danforth. She's the type old Waldo Heyden used to call the Dull Thud."

THE last had been added in an undertone as they approached the group on the terrace, and in another moment Elsie Trainor found herself beside Mrs. Danforth. What she had seen in the casual glimpse of yesterday, what George had said, all, all was true. Mrs. Danforth was inclined to an ungraceful stockiness of figure, and her complexion had the fixed dull redness that is sometimes seen in middle age. Her features were uncompromisingly plain, unredeemed by any warmth or brilliance when she smiled. She wore a costume of raw blue, a garish shade that she of all people should have avoided.

Between Milla Armsberry's pale laces and Elsie Trainor's transparent white, she looked a none-too-amiable cook, in Sunday best. "She is like the cushion—she is, she is," thought Elsie Trainor, studying her. And suddenly, she felt her mood lift into gaiety. What did this dull, unresponsive, dowdy woman have to do with the brilliant and appealing man beside her, beyond the mere trifle of wearing his name? Doubtless she was an excellent housekeeper and looked after his creature comforts. Certainly a woman who looked so much like a cook ought to know something about good cooking.

"And you don't care for the sea?" she asked Mrs. Danforth sweetly. She'd make the creature talk.

"No, I don't," was the reply without the slightest display of animation.

"But you like the mountains?" persisted Elsie.

"The air agrees with me better," submitted she of the blue frock, and put a period after the last word.

"Do have one of these little cakes," broke in Milla Armsberry. "They're the most delicious things—if you're not afraid of sweets."

Mrs. Danforth took one of the little cakes and ate it in silence. It was not a rude silence, but it was intensely uninterested.

"You and Mr. Danforth are here alone?" asked Elsie, returning to the attack. "Your children are not with you?" Yes, she was sure there were children—she'd seen their pictures somewhere.

"The boys are at a camp in New Hampshire," quoth Mrs. Danforth sententiously.

"Very much more fun for them than a big hotel like this, I'm sure," cooed Milla Armsberry with sweet attention. "My two—I have a boy and a girl, you know—are on a farm this summer, having the time of their young lives."

Mrs. Danforth ate the last of her cake and betrayed no concern about the Armsberry offspring.

Across her bulky blueness Milla and Elsie exchanged glances of desperation. Elsie turned away. "It's no use; I won't

make the effort. She's Milla's guest. Let Milla labor with her," she decided. She knew that across the tea-table Rufus Danforth was watching her, and that it would only need a glance to bring him to her. She gave something more than the glance.

"What a wonderful swim we had this morning!" she flung to him lightly.

"You have no business to say 'we'—you wouldn't wait for me."

"Elsie waits for no one," drawled George. "But of course I must say nothing, because I can't swim."

It was the signal for a quick and easy rearrangement of chairs, and Elsie found Rufus Danforth, as she had expected, beside her. Mrs. Danforth sat by stolidly, answering Milla's chatter with monosyllables; George and Tim Armstrong drifted into gossip, and the other two were left practically alone. In a few moments they were deep in engrossing talk, and now there was no lightness, no trivial personalities. They talked as only a keen-minded man and woman can talk when there is between them not only intellectual interest but a decisive personal attraction. And only by an effort did Elsie Trainor rouse herself to go when the insistent gaze of two pairs of reproachful eyes—Milla's and George's—reminded her that the tea-hour was long over.

MRS. DANFORTH was not reproachful-eyed. She made her departure in the same stolid dullness with which she had sat through the party. Her squat blueness ambled along beside the distinguished figure of Rufus Danforth as unconcerned as a clumsy mechanical toy. Milla Armsberry gazed after her resentfully.

"Well," she sighed, "it must be wonderful for Rufus Danforth to talk to you and look at you, Elsie, after that. She's hopeless."

And George added, as they left the Armsberrys, "I don't want to trouble you, Elsie—but you know, I love you, and I—I feel things about you. You—you must be careful—" He broke off awkwardly.

Elsie Trainor felt heated color rising to her cheeks. She did not answer, but in her own room the words she would have liked to fling at George shaped themselves involuntarily.

"I'm tired of being careful."

She sat down, staring at the ugly, awkward cushion that symbolized Rufus Danforth's wife for her. So—it had been apparent, what she was feeling, what she was thinking. If apparent to George, why not to the others? Milla Armsberry was an acute observer—and misinterpreter—of other people. Tim had a politician's shrewdness. Perhaps that plain dull woman in the blue dress had been aware also. And Rufus Danforth. She pressed her hands over her face. What was this strange and curious emotion that had in twenty-four hours seized hold of her?

Love? She smiled. Was love pain and confusion and chaotic, inexplicable fear? She rejected the word and the thought of it. She turned her thoughts to

the cold facts. Here was a man conspicuous in the world, married; and though his wife might seem hardly a mate for him, there had never been a hint of domestic infelicity about them. And here was she, Elsie Trainor, who had, as George had said, "always been careful"—picked her way fastidiously through a none-too-fastidious society, not because she was afraid of herself or of jeopardizing her name and position, but as instinctively as she kept her hands clean. She wasn't the type for cheap emotions.

But this—this was not a cheap emotion. It hurt and tore at her. It demanded that she put aside all thought of her standards and those of her world and set her course by strange unsteady stars. It gave relentless commands. It asked for all and promised nothing in return. In the end it wrung from Elsie Trainor an admission of its power.

A DRAMA that begins swiftly runs swiftly to its close. And in this inevitable board that fell upon Rufus Danforth and Elsie Trainor, during those weeks of summer, there was more than drama.

To be sure, there were no silly conventional indiscretions to be watched for. If Elsie Trainor walked with Rufus Danforth, more often than not, Milla Armsberry or George Riley or Mrs. Danforth walked with them. If they dined or lunched together, there were always others in the party. Yet no matter how many were near, there was that intense awareness of each other, that keen sensitiveness to each other's every word and look that held them aloof, together. Occasionally, in the mornings, they swam together. Occasionally on the beach they sat together and talked a little, but in no manner of concealment. Those who sat near them might have heard every word. It was only at long intervals, in an unguarded look, an impulsive gesture, that they told each other what each so longed and dreaded to hear.

WITH a queer feeling that in so doing she might find a certain safety, Elsie Trainor attached herself as much as possible to Rufus Danforth's wife. She had also a strong wish to know what there was in this stolid, unattractive woman to have drawn him into marriage, and what she gave him. And as their acquaintance grew, her wonder increased. Mrs. Danforth was neither decorative nor domestic.

She did not care for books. She never read a newspaper, save the little weekly that came from her home town in Pennsylvania. She did not care for any of what she termed fashionable amusements, and that included bridge, dancing, motor-ing, entertaining and being entertained. But if "fashionable amusements" did not please her, no more did homely ones.

She simply sat through life,—preferably in a rocking chair,—giving nothing to it, concerned only for a few material comforts.

"How did he ever come to marry her?" Elsie asked herself innumerable times.



FULFILL A NOBLE OBLIGATION IN ROCK OF AGES GRANITE

We who were not called to the colors must "nobly acquit the noble claim" laid upon us by the men who died for Liberty. A cenotaph erected to those of imperishable memory should be of everlasting Rock of Ages Granite.

With a superb indifference alike to time and storm, the memorial here pictured would stand in your community, a reminder to countless men and women to come.

Rock of Ages Granite is of a light gray tone, agreeable and impressive both in the crowded city square, the open park meadow or the cemetery.

A certificate of genuineness is furnished by the dealer. A booklet will be sent you on request.

BOUTWELL, MILNE & VARNUM CO.
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Quarriers of
Rock of Ages
Granite

Refer to
Dept. C.



Quarries at
Barre, Vermont,
the Granite
Center of the
World

© 1920 B. M. V. CO.



Presently she was in possession of that information. Mrs. Danforth herself gave it.

"Rufus' people weren't as good as mine," she said. "My father was a judge, and Rufus was only a country boy. He studied law in Pa's office, and then Pa died so sudden, and his affairs were all mixed up, and it left me pretty nearly without a cent. I wasn't but seventeen, and I hadn't hardly any relations except one old great-aunt. I'd have had to go live with her, and teach school, I suppose, or something—but Rufus wanted to marry me, and while I wasn't so much in love with him, I'd have done anything rather than go live with Great-aunt Mary. Everybody at home thought it was kind of a come-down for me to marry a Danforth, though, but I guess Rufus had shown 'em different."

So—he had not loved her. Elsie told herself that she had known as much. He had seen her poor, forlorn, penniless, and in rash youthful magnanimity had offered her marriage. Perhaps he had been attached to the old judge, her father. And she patronizingly felt, even today, that to marry him was a "come-down." Her only pride in his achievements was that she could show her provincial friends that she had made no mistake in marrying him.

Secretly, Elsie exulted in this knowledge. It made it all seem—not so wrong. Insensibly she drew nearer to Danforth. Her eyes told him that he had only to speak—and she would listen.

It was George who again interposed. He had stayed near, unhappily, feeling that the time would come when he might be needed.

"Of course you'll hate me for speaking, Elsie," he had said, "but I don't believe you know where you're going, or what you're doing. Anyone can see that you're mad about Danforth, and he about you. But it won't do. And I'll tell you why. He's in politics. Curiously enough, in this land of free and easy divorce, a man who climbs high politically has got to steer clear of anything like that, unless it's flagrantly his wife's fault that drives him to it. If Rufus Danforth divorces his wife and marries you, he'll have to bid farewell to his life-work when he does it. And I wonder—can you make it up to him?"

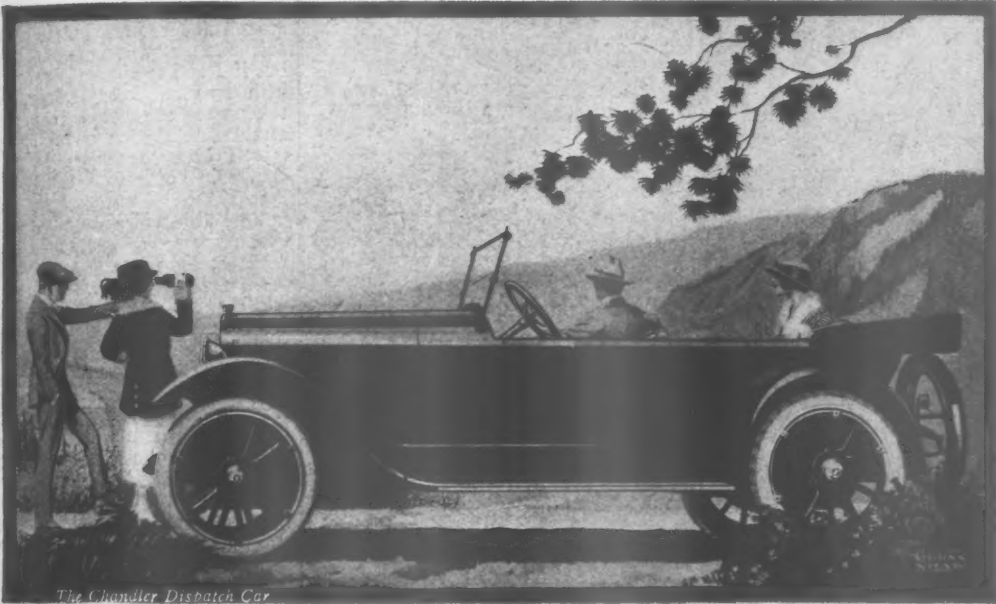
He had gone away without waiting for her answer, and left her breathless. She had not known George would care to speak so openly. It gave her a sick feeling of shame and distaste. What George had said to her other people were doubtless thinking and saying to each other. Oh, yes, she had known they would—and yet it was not a pleasant thing to think about.

BUT all that she put resolutely out of her mind. The thing that she must do now was to discover whether anything in George's warning was just. She must look at Rufus Danforth dispassionately and coolly and decide whether or not he was so engrossed and engaged and encompassed by his chosen career that love—such as she could give, love and companionship and tenderness and honesty—would not outweigh it.

Carefully she sounded Mrs. Danforth.

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



The Chandler Dispatch Car

The Chandler Gives You the Service You Demand

THOUGHTFUL men, in selecting an automobile, find in the history of the Chandler Six a source of real confidence.

The Chandler motor of today is the development of the Chandler motor of seven years ago, embracing refinements and improvements which have been the natural development of these years of service in the hands of thousands of owners, and the constant application of the engineering skill and the sincerity of its builders.

Motors of one type and another have been heralded and retired within these years. But the Chandler motor, its true superiority

proven in service on every roadway in America and in many nations abroad, has lived and gone forward into a place of distinction.

Men who have owned and driven many cars, men from coast to coast, will tell you the Chandler is the leader of all Sixes. Over the long mountain roads or on the trails of the desert or in crowded city traffic, anywhere, the Chandler will give you the service you demand. Its power, its flexibility and its sturdy endurance are not surpassed.

The Chandler Six is the Most Closely Priced Fine Car Built

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1995

Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1995

Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, \$2075

Seven-Passenger Sedan, \$2995

Four-Passenger Coupe, \$2895

Limousine, \$3495

(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland, Ohio)

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.

Export Department: 5 Columbus Circle, New York

Cable Address: "CHANMOTOR"

Sealpax

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Better Athletic Underwear Sold in a Cleaner way

WHEN the mercury climbs to 90 in the shade the man in a suit of Sealpax feels 10 degrees cooler than his sweltering fellows. Sealpax is cut from airy fabric for the freedom of active men.

Sealpax is laundered to a snowy whiteness, and comes to you fresh and spotless in the Sanitary Sealpax Envelope. Get it today—and laugh at the thermometer! Write for "The Sealpax Family Booklet."

THE SEALPAX COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

"Lady Sealpax"
Dainty Athletic Underwear for
Every Woman Every Day

"Little Brother
and Little Sister Sealpax"
Dad's Comfort for Dad's Kids



"Oh, Rufus has always been *camp* about politics—had a natural turn for it, Pa used to say. He's always played it fair and square, and he's worn himself to pieces over things I couldn't see were worth bothering about. But then I never did understand it."

Elsie put hypothetical questions to Armsberry.

"Why, no," he told her. "When a man's climbed pretty high, he might as well be killed outright as have to come out. I'm pretty small potatoes, of course, but if I had to choose between going in with the game, Miss Trainor, and everything else I've got in the world, I'm afraid I'd have an awful struggle with myself even to salvage Milla and the children. You needn't tell her I said so, though."

Elsie also said a cautious word to Senator Gray, as he basked on the veranda in the morning sun, his fine gray head nodding over his bunch of newspapers. The courtly old man was flattered by her attention.

"You young ladies of today are interested in extraordinary things," he said oratorically. "I can hardly imagine a reigning belle of my generation asking questions of such wide import, or being so deeply interested in the psychology of success. Yet it is deeply interesting. I have lived many years, and seen a great deal of life in its various strains, and I know that suddenly to take a man from the work he loves and into which he has put all his energy is to do murder to his soul. There is no real satisfaction in this world but work, whether it brings rewards or not. It is this satisfaction that takes the place of the phantom of perfect happiness that we pursue in our youth. They are only phantoms, no matter how beguiling they seem."

But all the testimony Elsie could pile up did not convince her.

"It doesn't matter what they say," she told herself recklessly. "They can't know—they can't. They can't understand. And I have no right to make this decision for him. If he is sure that I am worth his career, why should I question? I will do anything—anything—" Her thoughts became incoherent.

She came downstairs in a defiant mood. The humid sultriness of the night was intolerable; the air pressed down in breathless stillness. Out on the horizon an occasional dark flare of lightning promised a storm, long-delayed yet threatening. When the shore is hot, it is the hottest place on earth. Tonight it was a furnace, a moist and steaming furnace, destructive to appearance, energy, clothes, temper.

MISS Trainor took her place at table with the Danforths, and there were two men—she did not listen to their names. She only saw that their collars were wilted and that they were as little preoccupied with her as she with them. She looked at Mrs. Danforth in one of the raw pinks she affected, and saw again her grotesque likeness to the cushion upstairs. What did it matter that anything should happen to a woman like that, Elsie asked herself. And then—she became aware of something else.



"Pollyanna" with a flat tire
 —There's a good reason for her Cheerfulness
 Her car is equipped with a

Weed Chain-Jack

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack, it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car and work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. To lift a car with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few easy pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. To lower a car, pull the chain in opposite direction. Up or down—there's no labor.

Never gets out of order. Quickly adjusted to any required height by lifting the screw and spinning the corrugated "collar" shown in the illustration. Try it yourself—you will never be satisfied with any other jack.

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them, send \$7.50 for any size for pleasure cars or \$15.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send \$8.50 for any size for pleasure cars or \$16.00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied return it to us and we will refund your money.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

SIZE	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12 1-2 inches	14 1-2 inches	\$7.50
10 inch	10 inches	14 3-8 inches	17 3-8 inches	7.50
12 inch	12 inches	16 1-2 inches	No Aux. Step	7.50
18 in. Truck	18 inches	19 1-2 inches	No Aux. Step	15.00

The 8-inch and 10-inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the jack.



The Jack That Saves Your Back

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES: Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburg Portland, Ore. San Francisco



The Best Oil is Cheapest

There's not much difference in price between ordinary oils and Havoline Oil—but there's a real difference in service. It will pay you to ask for your grade of Havoline—the oil that heat won't break up. It protects and preserves your motor. Get it in its sealed containers.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
(Incorporated)
NEW YORK

An independent company that produces and refines its own petroleum

HAVOLINE OIL

"It makes a difference" ©

Free Book

Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—single, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

You can learn to play the saxophone in one hour's practice, and soon be playing popular airs. You can double your income, your pleasure, and your popularity. Easy to pay by our easy payment plan.

MAKES AN IDEAL PRESENT

Send for free Saxophone book and catalog of everything in True-Tone band and orchestra instruments

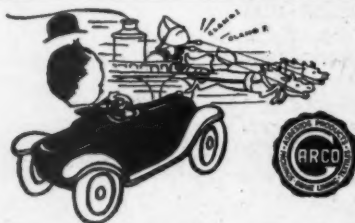
BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
275 Jackson Street, Elkhart, Ind.

Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

Delivered to FREE

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "HANGER" bicycles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your town, allowed 30 Days Free Trial on the bicycle you select, actual riding test. EASY PAYMENTS if desired, at a small advance over our Special Factory-to-Rider cash prices. Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices. TIRES, LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog.

HEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. B14, CHICAGO



Whoa! Garco knows that word

Obedience is Garco's most noticeable quality. It doesn't hold you back when you want full speed ahead; it never fails to respond when you feel like a hurried stop.

Garco Asbestos Brake Lining is easy to recognize. The name is stamped on every second foot. That is your assurance of 100% good brake service.

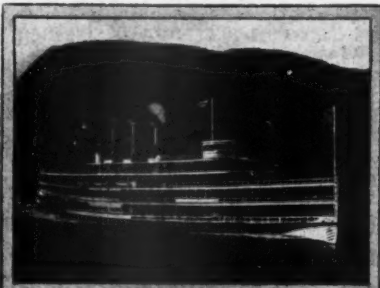
Your dealer has Garco or can get it for you.

General Asbestos & Rubber Co.
Charleston, S. C.

NEW YORK CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

GARCO

ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING



Hudson River by Daylight

THE Hudson River trip is one of the great natural wonders of America. You will enjoy it particularly well because of the excellent Day Line service. Comfort and charm surround you on the wide cool decks of luxurious steamers.

Attractive one-day outings New York to Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, West Point, and Bear Mountain.

All through rail tickets between New York and Albany accepted and therefore exceptionally convenient for long-distance travelers.

Steamers run until Oct. 24th. Service daily including Sunday.

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses St. Pier New York.

The two men guests who had done no more than offer her a perfunctory courtesy were intensely absorbed in Rufus Danforth. They spoke to him in urgency, and of matters she did not understand. They were centered on him; their minds were closed to everything but what he said.

Slowly, as she listened to them, she began to see a great and intricate network of plans and schemes and projects, woven together with masterly strategy. If this could be effected, then this might be advanced; if that failed, then there must be a rearrangement there; if steps were taken to forestall certain tendencies, some other shift of indispensables could be arranged. They discussed men and measures, ways and means, weighing, discarding, molding. It was the history of the future that they sketched in outline, history as they intended to shape it.

And now she began to look at Rufus Danforth and to listen to him. His limp lay limp against his forehead, and his collar was as limp as those of the other men, but he possessed a fire of power and interest that they did not. He was clearly their superior, and they deferred to him. In the weeks that had passed since her coming, she had often heard him talk, but now she saw him create. Here was his world, and here he was master. The brilliance and lucidity of his mind, his far-seeing invention, and his very practical expediency hurt her while they fascinated. Slowly but surely she knew that she had nothing to give him that would replace these activities and these enthusiasms. Slowly she knew that no woman's love was worth any such price to a man like Danforth.

To this painful conviction came the added pang that he had forgotten her, that she was no more to him than the plain and dumpy creature who sat there in her intolerable pink dress, eating a green ice, last touch of discord. Elsie rose hurriedly from the table and made an excuse of the heat to go outside, and she saw that while Rufus Danforth had mechanically risen as she did, he had turned back to the other men with absorbed eagerness.

She felt that she must scream or faint or do some wild fantastic thing to relieve the tension of her overwrought nerves. But as is usual in such strange moments the habit of convention held her. She made her way from the dining-room, even remembering to bow to several acquaintances. She reached the elevator; she walked steadily through the long hall until she had gained the dark solitude of her room.

She did not know how long she had sat there when she heard a knock at the door. She supposed it was a maid, and she hurriedly snapped on the lights, but when she opened the door, Mrs. Danforth entered.

She had hardly got inside the room when she began to talk.

"I guess you'll think it's strange of me to come to you like this, Miss Traine, but you're what they call a woman of the world, and I thought you'd understand. And you've been very friendly."

Under the stolidity there was a little glow of excitement.

"Wont you sit down?" asked Elsie.



CLEVELAND SIX

It Makes Thousands of Friends by Its Every-day Performance

Men and women, everywhere, have acclaimed the Cleveland Six a winner. It has won thousands of them, and they are enthusiastic in its praise. It has won them because it brings them so much more of the pleasure of driving, such ease of driving and such unusual comfort.

The Cleveland has made its friends, too, because of the extraordinary performance of the Cleveland motor, developed through three years of tests in the laboratories and shops and on the road before being offered to the public. It has life, pick-up, power and endurance that you cannot find in many cars.

Cleveland bodies are of most graceful, dignified design, handsomely finished and

upholstered in genuine hand-buffed leather.

See the Cleveland Six. Ride in it. Drive it yourself. Then you will know just how good it is.

A leading automobile house in over 1500 cities and towns in the United States is showing the Cleveland Six. You will find it worth your while to see and have explained to you the many fine features of this splendid six.

Touring Car (Five Passengers) \$1485
Sedan (Five Passengers) \$2395

Roadster (Three Passengers) \$1485
Coupe (Four Passengers) \$2395

(Prices F. O. B. Cleveland)

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Export Department, 5 Columbus Circle, New York, N. Y. Cable Address, "CLEVE-AUTO"

\$1485

CHASE DREDNAUT Motor Topping

"DEFIES TIME AND THE ELEMENTS"



Very likely

you have made
"a hobby" of fitting
your car with the
best. Don't over-
look the importance

of the top, and to really make
sure that you have a quality
top through and through, obtain Drednaut Motor
Topping—one of the famous "Chase" products.

L. C. CHASE & CO., . . . BOSTON

NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

CHASE

After a glance about her Mrs. Danforth settled herself comfortably in an easy chair. (She was the color of the cushion, exactly. And *what* was she going to say? Had she too seen? Elsie Trainor summoned all her self-control.)

"You and I were talking the other day about Rufus and his future," went on Mrs. Danforth. She sat straight, her pudgy hands dropped in her pink lap. "Well, I just want to tell you, Miss Trainor, what I've never said to another living soul—I'm just sick and tired of it all. I get so bored with the politicians, and dragging round to big receptions, and listening to Rufus speak, and dressing up all the time and sort of parading, that it makes me sick. Now look, to-night: those two men want Rufus to be President, I'd be willing to bet anything. And I just made up my mind the last time he was elected Governor I was going to quit."

"What!" said Elsie. "What do you mean?"

"I made up my mind I was going to leave him and get a divorce and live in some peace and comfort," said Mrs. Danforth, evidently a little vexed that her listener did not comprehend. "I can go back home—Rufus always kept P's house, and it's in my name, and I'd get me a good hired girl, for I do hate housework, and I'd settle down and have a little real enjoyment out of life. Oh, I like some of the going round, of course, but for the most part I'm so bored I could just about die. Rufus could keep the boys if he wanted to; they take after his family, anyway—not a feature of mine, and they've never been what I call much of a comfort, for he's had them so educated and they talk about things I'm not interested in—honestly, they began as soon as they could talk. I don't see I get a thing out of life. I thought I'd tell you, and see what you thought about it. As I say, you're a woman of the world and all, in spite of never having been married."

AS Mrs. Danforth's flat and monotonous voice went on, Elsie Trainor saw three things with hateful clearness. First, that if Rufus Danforth's wife did this thing, it would leave him free for herself. Second, that the world would never believe that Mrs. Danforth had acted on her own volition. Third, that Rufus Danforth's enemies would make sufficient capital out of such an incident to end his public career, because the truth was so utterly unbelievable.

Then she saw one thing more: that she must make a final and wholly ironic sacrifice of her love and urge his wife to stay with him. His work was what he loved, and his future was what really counted with him. Well—she would try to save it for him.

Cautiously she cast about for a fitting argument. It was no use to point out to this leaden woman that she was preparing to bring ruin to a man who was doing great things for his country. It would be impossible to show her her own insignificance as compared with him. She could not see it. With craft Elsie chose her persuading plea.

"I can see your side of it exactly, Mrs. Danforth," she began. "I can imagine

Five Million More Tires than last year

How much More Tire Economy



IT IS interesting to watch a car owner gradually becoming conscious of his tires. If his first tires don't give him what he has been led to expect, you will see him going back to the dealer for an allowance.

Finally he reaches the point where he prefers to shoulder his losses himself rather than argue the matter out with the dealer.

Meet him a year later and you will probably find him with two or three different makes of tires on his car.

There is less conviction in the minds of motorists about tires today than about any other subject connected with motoring.

Despite all the claims, all

The driver of the car in the foreground probably does not realize that by rounding the corner too quickly he may be taking as much as a thousand miles out of his rear tires.

A great deal of tire trouble can be avoided by slowing down to a reasonable speed in negotiating corners.

the allowances, all the selling talks that are presented for the motorist's consideration, he goes along in his own way, seeking the tire that will give him the greatest economy.

Often you see him running foul of the irresponsible dealer.

But sooner or later he finds out that claims and allowances and selling talks can never take the place of performance.

More and more motorists are coming to realize that the

only way to tire economy is through *better tires*. Avoiding the dealer whose idea of business is merely to fill the eye or to supply a market and going direct to the *merchant who deals in quality*.

Never has the United States Rubber Company's policy of *quality first* been more thoroughly justified or widely appreciated than it is today.

Discounting, as it does, every temptation to force production in favor of a highly specialized, wholly standardized product.

Even when the production of U. S. Tires has reached two or three times its present figure, the test will still be not how many tires—but *how good*.

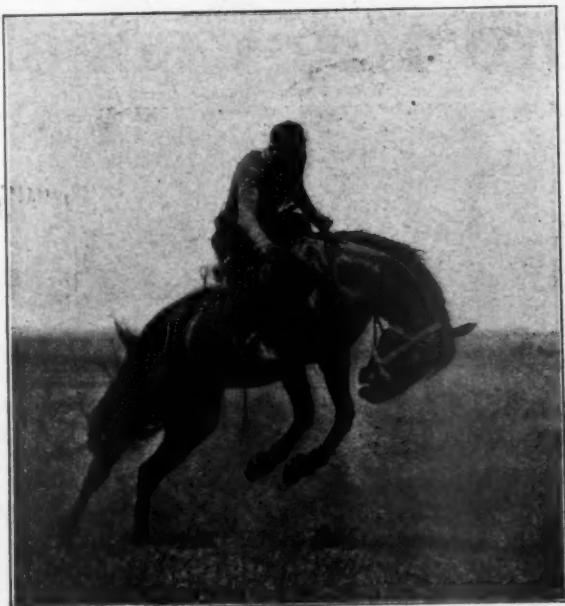
United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three factories

The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and thirty-five Branches



GRAFLEX

CAUGHT—and in every detail. One can almost hear the smashing, tearing effort of bone and sinew.

Graflex was not made for speed pictures alone. It is equally effective for making pictures of average subjects, with a certainty that is only possible the Graflex way—landscapes, marine views, birds and insect studies—fully timed negatives in light thought impossible for photography—pictures on cloudy or rainy days, indoor or outdoor portraits—through the whole gamut of subjects that have a trace of appeal.



Eastman Kodak Company

Folmer & Schwing Department

Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogue free at your Dealer's or by mail.

just what a wretched, tiresome existence you lead—never doing anything you really like, or getting any real enjoyment from life—as you say. But—I'm not sure that you'd get it if you went back home again."

"Well, for goodness' sake, why not?" asked her hearer tartly.

"All those old friends and neighbors of yours—would they believe your story? Would they believe that you were honestly sick of your distinction and position, and had come home longing for the simple pleasures they could offer? Wouldn't they—it's a hard thing to say, but wouldn't they be inclined to think that it was Governor Danforth who had cast you off—that perhaps he had turned to some other woman?"

"Rufus Danforth never looked at another woman," snapped out Rufus Danforth's wife.

"Of course not," acquiesced Elsie Trainor. "Of course not—but—wouldn't your old friends suspect that he had—if you left him suddenly and divorced him, and came home again, and without your children? Wouldn't they be rather sneering and patronizing to you, and make it uncomfortable for you? Do you honestly think they'd believe that you'd rather live there than in the governor's mansion at the capital of one of the greatest States in the Union? Think it over calmly, Mrs. Danforth—would they believe you?"

She said much more in the same strain, but at last she waited. She felt she had achieved her effect.

Mrs. Danforth sighed.

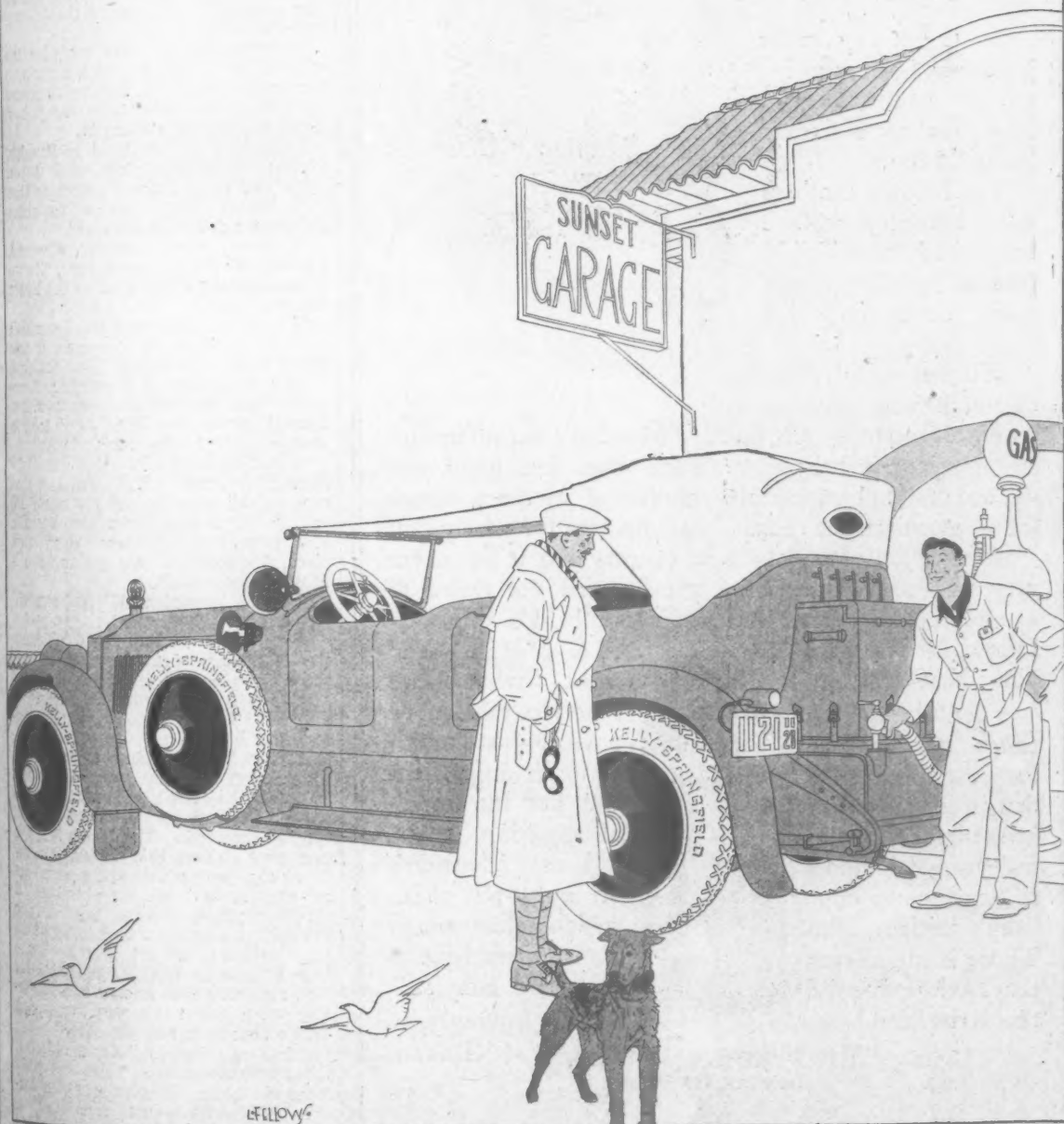
"I expect you're right," she said drearily. "They'd all say, 'I told you so,' and dear knows what beside. No, I guess I was foolish to think about it. It's a good thing I talked to you, Miss Trainor. I'm obliged to you. I—well, I knew you were a woman of the world, the first time I saw you. You've got those people down just right, I will admit. They've given to peddling gossip about everybody, and I'd be a grand fine piece for 'em. No, it's better for me to stick by Rufus, I suppose. I wouldn't never want to settle down anywhere else than home, and I—no, you've made it plain I couldn't go back there."

She wiped her forehead with a too-lacy handkerchief and rose.

"I guess I'll go along," she said. "My, isn't it hot?" And out she went as stolidly as she had come in.

ELSIE TRAINOR sat staring at the door. Tears would not come, though her throat and eyes ached rackingly. She got up and walked about the room. At last she paused by the chair with the cushion, and for the first time she laid her hand upon it. To her intense surprise its brilliant puffiness was all a sham. It was stuffed to bursting with some stiff and crackling stuff that might be excelsior or a similar substance. It was hard, hard and heavy and unyielding—a heavy lump of a thing without the grace of comfort to excuse its ugliness. Elsie Trainor touched it again, lightly, with her beautiful hand.

"Of course—it would be hard," she said aloud. "I can't imagine why I should be surprised."



"You've come all the way from New York to San Francisco without a blowout?
Those must be some tires you have!"
"They are. Kelly-Springfields, you know."



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Baby's Perfume

Dear EDITH:

Is there any scent hidden in flowers so ineffably sweet as the fragrance of a freshly bathed baby?

Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give Baby a very unpleasant headache—and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one talcum that I know is safe and that is the kind I use.

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She really understands babies. She would like to correspond with you about your baby.



THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Laboratories: Newark, New Jersey; Montreal, Quebec

Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, has been the choice of mothers, nurses and doctors for nearly half a century and it has never yet harmed nor failed to relieve a baby's skin.

It is different—and right—what I call a perfectly balanced powder—just enough of each ingredient and not too much of anything.

I use Mennen's on my own skin, which, after all, is about as sensitive as that of a baby's.

Lovingly,
BELLE.

THE NUT

(Continued from page 71)

Barwick cried exultantly as at the first turn, which was but a short distance to the right, they saw the big chestnut shoot across his horses, well out in front; and before they had covered a quarter, he was flat against the rail, a length ahead.

"See him, Mister?" Barwick asked.

"See what he can do when he likes?"

Three lengths to the good, Red Devil swung into the stretch, and the green jacket, lying so flat over his withers, with never the flicker of an arm, showed that the boy had not moved on him. Would he keep it up, Andrews was wondering—he was going so easy. Would he curl up like a hound just opposite the betting ring—would he dog it?

It had ceased to be a race, for the chestnut was being eased up, he was as far out in front. The boy hadn't moved on him as he rushed past the judge's stand, winning by six lengths.

Owen held out his hand to Barwick, saying: "Some psychology, pard. D'you think you could make a gold mine that isn't showing up none too good run about a thousand dollars to the ton?"

"I guess, now," Barwick answered, ignoring this bit of facetiousness, "it's up to me to make good, seein' as the hawse has made good."

"I'll tell you right now, son, I wouldn't have bet a bean on that mule if you hadn't been so cock-sure," Owen declared.

"But a bargain's a bargain," Andrews said. "Mr. Barwick could have wished himself in on this killin'—jus' took a chance on the hawse runnin' kindly."

"I aint askin' nothin' but a fair deal," Barwick retorted. "Red Devil won that race an' all your boodle jus' cause I've got his psychology down fine, an' I'm goin' to prove it right now. In the first place, I discovered he'd got to have a lightnin'-fast track."

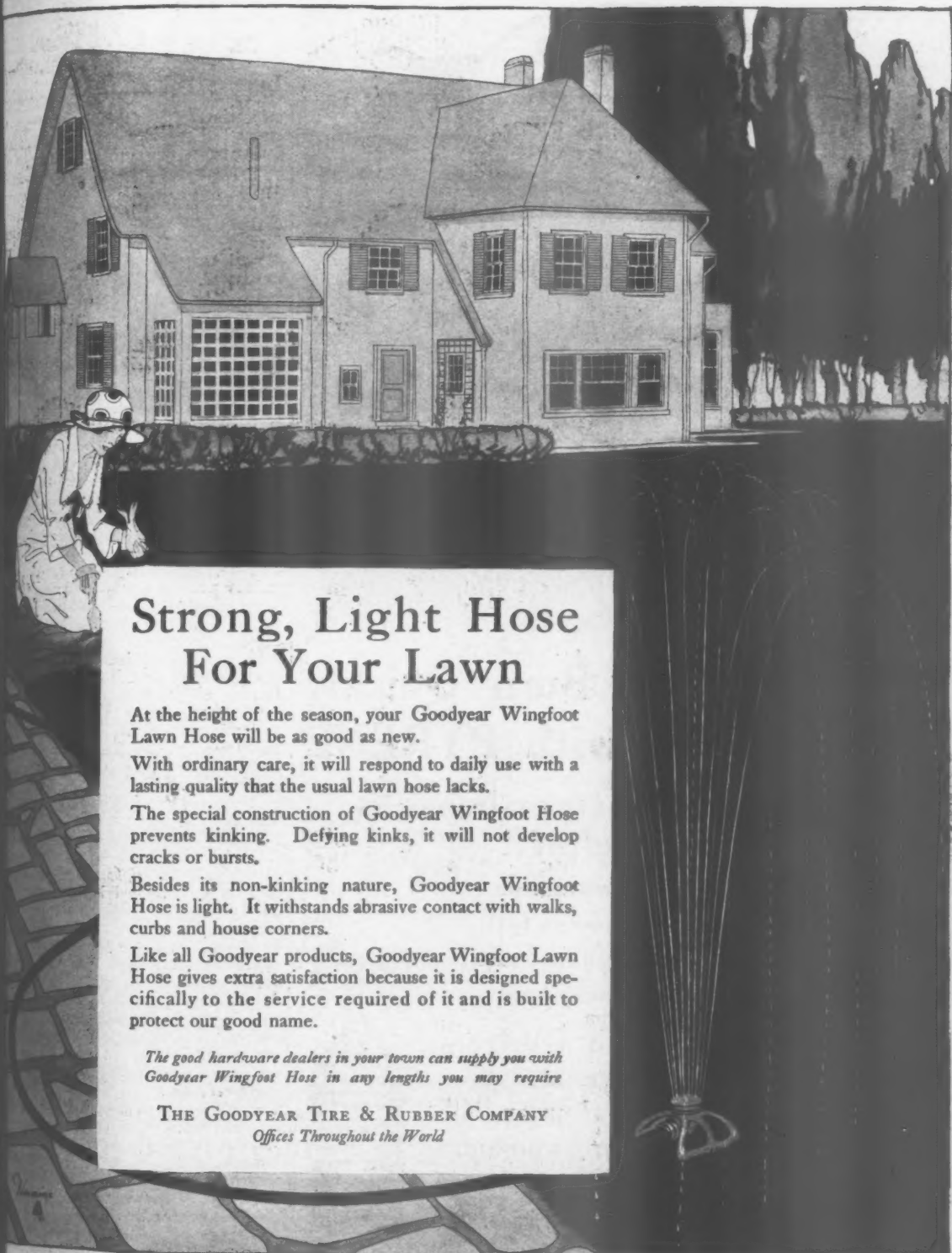
"We all knowed that," Andrews objected.

"Sure you did. But you didn't know that if a ducky went out there an' spilt three times on the fast track that Red Devil would curl up when he come to it, did you? I see him stop twice this summer, an' I found out, by watchin' him, that once it was because there come a little shower that only dampened the fast track, an' the other time he stopped when he come to where the water-cart had damped the track. Then I see him was easy over at Fort Erie this summer, an' it was the day the waterworks played out an' they couldn't use the water-cart. I got his psychology then. When he saw the track wet, he threw back to the quicksand muskies, an' got 'feared. That's how I knew he wouldn't win the other day, an' that's how I knew he'd win today when the track wasn't sprinkled. That's what made him win. See?"

"Hold on, Barwick," Owen objected; "that was an accident. You said you'd make the horse win—that was your bargain. Where d'you come in on that?"

The man from Olds tipped his head closer to Owen, and lowering his voice, answered: "I'm the man that took the nut off of the axle of that water-cart."

the first
stance to
chestnut
in front;
quarter,
th ahead
asked
akes?"
ed Devil
he green
ers, with
wed that
Would
ndering
e curl up
betting
for the
e was so
't moved
e judge
Barwick
l. D'you
nine that
un about
answered,
"it's up
he hawse
wouldn't
e if you
declared
'Andrew
e wished
took a
dly."
air deal,"
won that
cause I'd
an' I'm
the first
have a
rews ob-
n't know
an' spit
that Red
me to k,
this sum-
hin' him,
come a
the last
ped when
cart had
him with
mer, an'
layed out
-cart. I
he saw
he quick-
That's
the other
d win to-
sprinkled
objected;
aid you'd
your bar-
that?"
his head
his voice,
took the
ter-cart."



Strong, Light Hose For Your Lawn

At the height of the season, your Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose will be as good as new.

With ordinary care, it will respond to daily use with a lasting quality that the usual lawn hose lacks.

The special construction of Goodyear Wingfoot Hose prevents kinking. Defying kinks, it will not develop cracks or bursts.

Besides its non-kinking nature, Goodyear Wingfoot Hose is light. It withstands abrasive contact with walks, curbs and house corners.

Like all Goodyear products, Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose gives extra satisfaction because it is designed specifically to the service required of it and is built to protect our good name.

The good hardware dealers in your town can supply you with Goodyear Wingfoot Hose in any lengths you may require

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

LAWN HOSE



Summer Homes Burn Quickly Protect Yours with PYRENE

FIRE peril in summer homes is greatly intensified by:

- Light frame construction**
- Gasoline or kerosene fuel**
- Absence of fire departments**
- Inadequate water supply**

Equip your home with a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher. Pyrene lessens the fire hazard; protects human life and property. Pyrene, in a woman's hands, has saved many a home from destruction. Put Pyrene on guard. Keep fire at bay.

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., INC.

17 East 49th Street, New York

ATLANTA CHICAGO KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

Pyrene Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, P. Q.

Sold by hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages



THE PALMATED

(Continued from page 46)

evidence before his eyes. A band of moose had yarded in this thicket in mid-winter when the drifts lay deep, and their hoofs had tramped the snow into a solid floor, the height of which could be determined by the fractured saplings tramped down even with the surface as they fed. The close-cropped twigs showed that in this fashion they had fared well.

As he resumed his way, he was conscious of the first doubt that had entered his mind as to the advisability of killing this lone bull. His thoughts hitherto had been exclusively confined to the saving of the last sun-bear and not at all concerned over the fate of the first bull moose seen in that locality. But now he regretted having undertaken the trip at all, and the feeling increased with the sight of every spot where brush testified to winter browsing of the moose-herd.

Lawton, on the contrary, had more enthusiasm for this protracted search for the moose, and he left the details of it to his guide; but his impatience to reach the vicinity where Kennedy had glimpsed the bear increased, and as he traveled, he turned over in his mind the theory of its origin.

He knew that it does not require many generations of selective breeding to perfect any one strain of an animal that has varied color-phases, that any shade can be made to throw true to type. In the baked foothills and light soil of the badlands the lighter shades of bears would blend well with their background and thus be better concealed from the eyes of their enemies than the blacks and the richer shades of browns. These latter had probably fallen first before the feathered slabs of the plains tribes, leaving a preponderance of light-colored bears in the low country, and of natural consequence the sun-bear type would have been perfected by enforced selective color-breeding. Thus they would be but another offshoot of the many-tinted browns, and there would be no difference in their skulls for scientists to note—the sunny pelts long since gone, and only the legend left. Their inferior size could be accounted for in exactly the same way: the gradual deterioration of an inbred race.

If Kennedy had made no mistake in his observation, it might be that one last survivor—who may have wandered into the hills or who might prove to be only a throwback to an ancient strain—could yet be located. The fact that his range was in a strip of barren slopes and ridges so closely resembling the old foothill habitat of the fabled tribe was a hopeful sign, and the trophy-hunter fretted over the guide's stubborn refusal to kill the rare beast in event of their finding it.

It was not until the fifth day that Kennedy found a recent trace of the big bull. He reached a place where a dozen trails indicated that Stranger had used the spot for several days past, and his fresh tracks, made but a few hours before, led into a cottonwood jungle downstream. The wind was in Kennedy's face as he

PIIONEER

(continued from page 40)

A band of men moved cautiously ahead, Lawton following close behind him, his interest roused at last when on the hot trail of his prey; but there was a sudden shift of the breeze, and the guide found it square at his back. He veered instantly from his course and ascended the slope to the right with intent to circle the swamp—but he was just too late. Two hundred yards below them, Stranger was roused from his slumber by the reeking taint of man-scent that reached his nostrils, a scent which he had known and dreaded in the days on his old home range. The two men heard the crashing of brush to mark this line of flight—and Stranger was gone.

STRANGER fled straight downstream, holding to the dense thickets that afforded full concealment, then angled across the stream and climbed the steep slope that flanked it. He was not greatly alarmed. For the better part of two years he had had nothing to fear from man, and the sense of security he had come to feel had dulled his caution to an extent that it could not be thoroughly reinstated by one brief whiff of man-scent. He ran for half a mile at a swinging trot, slowed to a walk and within three miles he stopped, stood for a while facing suspiciously toward his back-track, circled to a point where both his nose and eyes would apprise him of enemies who followed it, and bedded down.

Kennedy had not followed the trail with the wind at his back, but had traveled the ridges down to the mouth of the stream and swung square across the bottoms to find if the bull had gone out ahead of them and on to the Yellowstone. They had rested, satisfied that they had outlanked their quarry and that Stranger was still above them. The wind held steadily downstream, and the evening of the second day they worked cautiously up against it. They paused in a clump of trees to view an immense bog ahead of them, stretches of marsh-grass and thickets of brush studded with groups of trees and sluggish ponds where the drain-
age-water stood in sites of ancient beaver colonies.

When the hoarse grunt reached them, Kennedy knelt behind a down-log in the edge of the trees and motioned Lawton down beside him.

He moved within three hundred yards—two hundred; and Kennedy dreaded the instant when the mighty bull should topple and fall at the report of Lawton's gun, for he had given his word that the collector could kill the moose. Then he suddenly touched Lawton's arm and pointed:

A small taffy-colored bear shuffled into sight across an open shoulder that rose from the bottoms, and the trophy-hunter riveted his gaze on the spot.

"It is true," he half whispered. "The last one-bear!"

The bear's shuffling gait was in sharp contrast to the springy, powerful stride of the moose. Stranger drew still closer, and the bear neared a tongue of timber

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY SILVERWARE AND STATIONERY
OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT

EFFICIENT SERVICE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

PARIS
25 RUE DE LA PAIX

LONDON
221 REGENT STREET

KNOWLEDGE of the Right Kind

is the most powerful asset you can give your child, and upon your selection of a school may depend his success or failure. If you are in doubt, the expert advice of the Educational Manager of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is at your disposal. Simply write us the age and sex of your child, the kind of school you wish him to attend, the desired locality, and the amount of yearly tuition you wish to expend.

Educational Bureau
RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street New York City

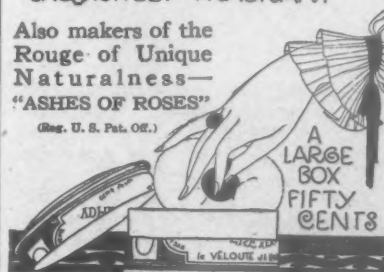
The greatest story of ALFRED NOYES
will be in the August issue.

Bourjois' **JAVA** FACE POWDER

ADORABLY FRENCH
EXQUISITELY FRAGRANT

Also makers of the
Rouge of Unique
Naturalness—
"ASHES OF ROSES"

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



that reared from behind the shoulder; a single minute, and he would be gone.

"Shoot!" Kennedy said hoarsely. "Drop him. Quick!" Lawton raised his gun, longing to turn it on the bear, but he too was a man of his word, and the rifle covered the moose. Kennedy shoved it aside. "No—the bear!" he ordered.

Lawton did not question but acted instantly on this advice, and at the roar of his gun, the last sun-bear collapsed, and the giant bull was running for cover at the sound. Lawton turned his gun on the fleeing shape but an iron hand clamped the barrel and swung it aloft.

"You have the one you wanted most," Kennedy said. "Let the other go."

The collector nodded, well satisfied with this last-minute substitution which had netted him the bear; and as they stripped off the shining pelt, he marveled at Kennedy's sudden change of front. It was not in keeping with what he knew of the old man's character, that the temptation of the prize-money should have swayed him when he thought it was slipping away; yet no other cause was apparent.

"I'll give you a trophy worth while," the guide announced. He strode away, and when he reappeared, he carried the antlers he had cached in the tree-fork the year before.

"The first pair of moose-blades ever shed on the Thoroughfare," he said. "The day will come when they'll mean to you what they mean to me right now, and they'll be the favorite of all those on your walls."

STRANGER went back to his swamps, Kennedy to his trap-line, and Lawton to his scouring of the earth for rare trophies of the animal world. Because they were given by a valued friend, he kept the worthless antlers and had them mounted on a walnut base, and above them gleamed the pelt of the last sun-bear. It was perhaps another fifteen years before Lawton realized the significance of those two prizes and the words of the old guide who had made their attainment possible.

He had heard the reports of the dying of the Yellowstone elk-herds, their numbers dwindled by two thirds from starva-

tion on their winter range that was now cropped close by the settlers' cows and sheep. He heard, too, that the Thoroughfare and the Yellowstone were fast being repopulated by a different kind of beast, that giant moose ranged in hundreds on the headwaters of both streams, with many bands of them straying out in ways to take up quarters on the Shoshone, and the Buffalo Fork of the Snake, some of them now ranging in the safety of the Park. He heard that the moose winters high in the summer range of the elk and flourished on the brush that the grazing elk-tribe could not use. There might have been other moose who followed the trail of Stranger, the palmed pioneer, but in any event he had been the first. And then Lawton knew!

The glistening pelt stood for the finish of a line that had outlived its usefulness in Nature's purpose—stood for decadence and decay, the end.

The shed horns stood for the beginning of a line that would continue—stood for that line and for the one man who had visioned its future, and for Stranger, the bull that led the way.

MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME

(Continued from page 56)

and saw standing upon the threshold of the balcony the gigantic negro.

"Scuse me, Miz Susana."

"What is it, Jefferson?"

"Hit's dis, Miz Susana. His Excellency, Pres'dent Juarez, wants fo' to speak wif you on de telefome."

Doña Susana's delicate eyebrows contracted in a slight frown; then she smiled, and gracefully waved her hand.

"Oh, say to His Excellency," she commanded, "that I am engaged with a relative."

THAT afternoon, as Santiago de Palma was waking from its siesta, Mr. Billings moved, bag and baggage, from his hotel to the house of Doña Susana. She received him graciously, even warmly, and after showing him about the premises—which she did with the eagerness of a child displaying its treasures—led him out into the flowering courtyard, where a light refreshment was served. Mr. Billings sat at a small table, under an orange tree, sipping iced pineapple-juice and eating strange little cakes, while the most beautiful woman in the Island, if not in the world, conversed enchantingly beside him, calling him *Cousin*!

"You haven't told me what business it is that brings you to the Isle de Palma, Cousin John," said Doña Susana in her soft, seductive manner. "I suppose it's something very important!"

"Very important!" echoed Mr. Billings dreamily.

"Perhaps I may be able to help you. I have some influence with the Government. The President himself is one of my friends. If I can be of any assistance—"

"You are very kind," he said. "But somehow, I don't feel like discussing anything so—practical—as business just now. It is very beautiful here."

"Ah, yes!" murmured Doña Susana, half-lowering her eyelids and glancing at him enigmatically. "It is beautiful—if one has the esthetic sense. Wont you have another cake, Cousin John?"

The afternoon drifted away. Purple evening followed, pricked by innumerable scintillating stars. Doña Susana and Mr. Billings went up to the roof of the house, to the pavilion that she had built there, and dined alone beneath the jeweled vault of heaven.

Below them lay the city, its street-lights making a pattern in the darkness, and beyond that the harbor with its dim snarl of shipping. Later the moon rose out of the sea, huge and round, cast off her golden robes and launched upon a silver progress. The distant ocean sparkled with pale fires. The nearer roof-tops took on an argent glamour. The night was luminous, soft and still.

DOÑA SUSANA sent for her guitar, and for half an hour played and sang little Spanish songs of an impassioned melancholy, while Mr. Billings sat enthralled. So pensive did he become, indeed, that she broke off suddenly and leaning toward him said: "You are worrying about that important business of yours. I know! Ah, if there were only no such thing as business!"

Mr. Billings gazed at her in dazzled bewilderment.

"Business? No such thing."

Doña Susana nodded her dark head.

"Is it such a secret, Cousin John?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Billings. "Yes, it's a secret."

"Ah," sighed Doña Susana, "I don't like secrets. I am afraid of secrets—ever since the Revolution. But that is absurd!"

"What?" demanded Mr. Billings quickly.

"Nothing—a nightmare of mine. I don't know how I came to speak of it!"

Her hand was resting upon the table between them. Mr. Billings gently covered it with his own. "Tell me!" he pleaded.

"It's foolish, I dare say, but I—for the past year I have lived in dread of a conspiracy. It's no obsession with me. I have no reason to believe—I have no reason to fear. And yet I do fear!"

"But what has that to do with me?" cried Mr. Billings. "Surely, Cousin Susana, you don't imagine that I am in any way—"

"No, no—of course not!" She put down her guitar and rose, smiling—slender, graceful figure from whose shoulders rippled a misty scarf, giving her a strange, ephemeral charm. Mr. Billings, stirred anew by her beauty and moved by certain instinctive impulses, also rose and stood looking into her face, which in the moonlight seemed endowed with an angelic loveliness.

"It is time to go to bed," announced Doña Susana artlessly.

Mr. Billings contained himself. He paused; he reflected. He summoned to his aid one single, conquering thought—namely that under the circumstances his feelings were nothing short of despicable. No hero of fiction, at least no American hero of fiction, would have permitted himself the least hint of palpitation.

"Cousin Susana," said Mr. Billings in a tone at once lofty, dignified and solemn, "before I bid you good night I wish to thank you for the confidence you have placed in me. I know something of the world! I have traveled. I realize that in asking me to stay—hmm!—to visit you here alone, you have risked the odium of irresponsible gossip." The phrase was one that Mr. Billings had read in a novel. "But (Continued on fifth page following)"



© 1920
The R. L. Watkins Co.

*Makes Your Hair
Look Its Best*

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

**WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO**

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio



EACH BOTTLE
NOW PACKED
IN A CARTON



Talc

Pur comme les forêts du Nord, doux comme les zéphirs tropique; Parisien comme le peut être seulement du talc français. Mon 'Djer-Kiss!

Kerkoff, Paris

Translation: Pure as Northern frosts, soft as Southern winds, Parisian as only French Talc can be. My Djer-Kiss!

Have you tried it in all the ways in which it can be used—this finest of French Talcs?

If not, you will want to add its satin smoothness to the skin dainty, after sea bathing. You will let its soothingness drive away the burn of the hot sun. You will let its fresh smoothness and delicacy keep away the unpleasant heat of summer.

Quite, quite Parisian in its softness, its purity, its so unusual fragrance, you will be delighted always as you use Djer-Kiss Talc! (30¢ at big shops and little shops)

EXTRACT
FACE POWDER
SACHET

Djer-Kiss
Made in France

VEGETALE
TOILET WATER
TALC · SOAP

*ROUGE · *LIP STICK · *CREAM *Made in America with Djer-Kiss Concentrate from Paris

Delicious



TALC Jonteel

25¢

*Perfumed with the Costly
New Odor of
26 Flowers*



*Posed by
Helene Chadwick
Motion Picture Star*

ROSSES from France, orange flowers from Mediterranean shores, lavender from England, vetivert, ylang-ylang, geranium—26 of the world's loveliest fragrances—make up the sweet, haunting odor of Jonteel. Take home a box of Talc Jonteel today.

The Jonteel Beauty Requisites are sold exclusively by *The Rexall Stores* throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 8,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

THE JONTEEL BEAUTY REQUISITES

Odor Jonteel, \$1.50 Odor Jonteel concentrate, \$1.50
Face Powder Jonteel, flesh, white, brunette, 50c
Face Powder Compact, flesh, white, brunette, "out-door," 50c Combination Cream Jonteel, 50c
Cold Cream Jonteel, 50c Soap Jonteel, 25c
Manicure Set Jonteel, \$1.50
Rouge Jonteel, light, medium, dark, 50c
Lip Stick Jonteel, 25c Eye-brow Pencil Jonteel, 25c

(In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher)

(Continued from fifth page preceding)
I wish to say to you that you are as safe with me as you would be with your own mother!"

An expression of faint astonishment came into the eyes of the beautiful Doña Susana. She regarded Mr. Billings with a keen scrutinizing glance. Then her long lashes dropped; she smiled her enigmatical smile.

"Cousin John," she said gently, "you are—a true relative. Let us go down, and I will ask Jefferson to show you to your room."

FIVE minutes later Mr. Billings found himself alone in a room which, for size and stateliness, might well have sheltered a king. It was a vast room, with white plaster walls, tiled floor and elaborately decorated ceiling from which depended a gorgeous chandelier. An awe-inspiring mahogany bed stood upon a dais at one end of the chamber. The rest of the furniture was cast upon the same impressive scale, and was upholstered throughout in a rose-colored velvet.

Mr. Billings felt his heart swell with pride as he gazed upon this magnificence. Truly he had soared high! Nor was the end yet to be discerned. To what further altitudes he might attain Mr. Billings himself hardly dared invite his wisdom.

He walked to one of the long French windows and opened it. The room was on the second floor of the house and overlooked the street. As he stood gazing down into the moonlit plaza, his attention was drawn to the figure of a man who sat, wrapped in a long cloak, upon one of the park benches. Probably Mr. Billings would not have noticed the fellow had not the latter lifted his hand in a peculiar gesture which, even at that distance, arrested our hero's glance. It was the gesture of a man stroking his mustache.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Billings, "it looks like—but no, it couldn't be Manuel!"

He left the window and walked across the room to turn off the light. Before doing so, however, he paused once more to contemplate his surroundings.

He was standing with his head thrown back, admiring the chandelier, when a whirling, glittering object caromed through the open window and struck heavily against the footboard of the bed. There it hung quivering.

It was a long, villainous-looking knife, the point of which had imbedded itself deeply in the hard mahogany. To the hilt of it was tied, by means of a piece of string, a folded sheet of paper.

Mr. Billings stared at the knife and for one weak, fallible, imperfect human moment wished that Destiny had not concerned herself so heartily with his affairs. Then he pulled himself together, assumed an indifferent air and walked toward the footboard.

"Come, come!" reflected Mr. Billings. "This is nothing. This is not extraordinary, when you consider the rest of my career. This is Romance—Yes, Romance!"

"What a large knife! If it had struck me— But it didn't strike me! It wasn't intended to strike me. Ah! The man out there was Manuel, after all. So that's what it comes to! He wanted to com-

municate with me. Yes! Here is the message. . . . Romance!"

Pulling the knife from the footboard, Mr. Billings untied the string that bound the paper to its handle. The message upon the paper was written in English. Mr. Billings read:

Señor: It is to be hoped that you will find it convenient to keep the following business appointment: At ten-thirty o'clock tomorrow morning, September 28th, in the back room of the Café El Amigo del Diablo. One whom you will recognize by a red handkerchief tied about his throat will be waiting near the fountain in the plaza. He will conduct you to the place named. Do not fail to keep the appointment.

The note was not signed, but Mr. Billings guessed at once that it was from Excelencia. He read it through again, and frowned a little at the peremptory tone of it. He even imagined himself refusing to obey it; but his better self prevailed against such a course.

"After all," argued Mr. Billings, "he has paid me half a year's salary in advance. Five thousand dollars! Isn't he my employer?"

Whereupon Mr. Billings undressed and went to bed, only to dream of Doña Susana smiling enigmatically in the moonlight.

IT was nine o'clock in the morning. Doña Susana sat before her dressing table, combing her beautiful dark hair. Her boudoir adjoined the little balcony that overhung the courtyard—the balcony where she had first received Mr. Billings. It was a bright, candid room. Yet it contained a secret which its innocence only served to hide.

As Doña Susana lifted her white arms to coil her tresses, there sounded a muffled knock, followed by three knocks more.

Leaning forward, Doña Susana pressed the side of her mirror. It swung back, revealing a small iron-barred window set deep in the wall. Through this window could be seen dimly the face of a man.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"Operative Number One."

"Ah, have you anything to report?"

"Yes. Last night a message was thrown into Billings' room by the servant Manuel."

"What was the message?"

"I don't know. The important fact is that they are in communication with him. May I ask whether you succeeded in getting anything out of him?"

"Nothing whatever. He is either the cleverest man on earth, or the most innocent. I don't really know which."

"Whichever or whatever he is, we must use him. He is exactly suited to our purpose. I will watch the house from the street. If he goes out alone, I will follow him. Meanwhile I suggest that you exert your personal charms—"

Doña Susana laughed lightly.

The mirror swung back into place with a faint click. Doña Susana proceeded with her toilet, humming to herself as she did so.

A quarter of an hour afterward she was having breakfast with Mr. Billings upon her little balcony.

"I hope you rested comfortably, Cousin

John," said she as she poured coffee out of a silver urn.

"Very comfortably, thank you," returned Mr. Billings.

She handed him his cup. "I have been making plans for you," she said gayly. "At first I had thought of giving a small tea—that is what a woman always thinks of first of all, but then decided that you would rather go to the races. Are you fond of sports, Cousin John?"

"Oh, very!" exclaimed Mr. Billings, who like most Americans, had been an inveterate reader of journalistic sporting-pages all his life.

"I felt that you must be. Well, then, we will lunch at the Jockey Club and spend the afternoon at the track. Tonight we will go to the *hai-jali*. It is a Cuban game, Cousin John, and very exciting—especially if you bet a little."

"I always bet a little," said Mr. Billings in a tone of such admirable *savoir faire* as almost to deceive his own ears. "But I had forgotten my engagement," he ejaculated suddenly.

"Your engagement?"

"Yes, I—I have a business appointment at ten-thirty this morning. It had entirely slipped my mind—"

"Ah, business, business! But you won't let it keep you *too* long, will you, Cousin John?"

Mr. Billings replied that he would not let it detain him more than an hour.

At that point the negro Jefferson appeared and announced that His Excellency President Juarez was in the house—was, in fact, ascending the stairs. "President Juarez!" exclaimed Mr. Billings.

"Yes," said Doña Susana with a smile. "Did I not say that we were friends? He has a way of dropping in for coffee and good advice. —Ah, buenas dias, Estéban!"

Mr. Billings turned and saw entering the balcony the President of the Republica de Palma—a man of medium height, rather heavily built, and in a precise military way, handsome. He greeted Doña Susana gravely, bending low over her hand. Then, at a word of introduction, he faced about, snapped his heels together and bowed stiffly to Mr. Billings.

"Señor," said he, "it gives me great happiness to meet the guest of Doña Susana."

"Mr. Billings is more than a guest," said Doña Susana. "He is a relative."

"Ah!" said Juarez, and bowed again. "Doña Susana," he continued, "is the inspiration of our country, the idol of every true patriot. I will confess that she is also the brains of my administration." He addressed the lady, who had begun to feed bits of toast to her parrot.

"I have come to solicit a favor," he

"On Paradise Peaks"

ONE of the many attractive features of the August Red Book will be a charming romance of the mountain country by Charles Collins,—a story so brim full of sparkle and spirit that it is a whole vacation in itself.



A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason—that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. About their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed. It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes

ARTHUR B. REEVE
The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE—Poe

10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's masterpieces in 10 volumes.

When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off there in Paris—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817

*Cut out this coupon
and mail it today*

Harper & Brothers, 17 Franklin Square, New York
Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe—in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them with'n 5 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1 within 5 days and \$2 a month for 14 months.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
OCCUPATION..... R. B. 7-30

said with a charming smile. "May I not ride with you in the Fiesta tomorrow night? May I not ride in your carriage?"

Doña Susana smiled in return, but shook her head dubiously.

"I think that you ought to ride with the Cabinet, Estéban," she gently answered. "Reasons of state, you know. And then—people might not understand." Glancing toward Mr. Billings, she added: "So few people do understand!"

"I would understand," declared Mr. Billings nobly.

"Then too, we shall all be in costume," urged Juarez. "But there! Forgive me! I know that your judgment in such matters is best. I had merely thought—for once!—to escape the dignity of my office, to be a little bit human."

"Cousin Susana," cried Mr. Billings, rising from his chair. "I beg of you—let the President ride in your carriage!"

Doña Susana's doubts apparently were swept away by Mr. Billings' generous appeal.

"Very well," she said. "Since Cousin John requests it!"

"Señor," gratefully observed Juarez, "I am indebted to you. And now, may I have a cup of your excellent coffee, Doña Susana?"

In this manner did Mr. Billings arrange an affair of state, and in a sense direct the course of history. For one who determines what carriage a president shall ride in certainly casts some shadow upon the historical screen.

Mr. Billings, indeed, had suddenly a sense of contact with greatness and glowed a little to feel himself an influence in matters of more than ordinary import. This so increased his self-esteem that when Juarez, after drinking his coffee, rose to go, our hero felt almost casual toward him.

"He seems to be a pleasant sort of president," observed Mr. Billings as His Excellency disappeared from the balcony.

"Yes," said Doña Susana. "He is very pleasant. But—"

She sighed, and lightly stroked the wing of her parrot.

"But—"

"I had not thought—I had not expected to have Estéban for my companion on the night of the Fiesta."

"Cousin Susana! Could it be—do you mean that I—"

Slowly the lady drooped her lashes.

"Let us not speak of it," she gently pleaded, "since it is now impossible. Estéban rides in my carriage—"

"Yes!" replied Mr. Billings, struggling to conceal the emotion that had attacked him. "But at least—I thank you—for the thought—"

Then he took her hand, and impelled by an excess of daring, pressed it to his lips. Doña Susana turned her head away. It was one of those beautiful moments when speech is a profanity. . . .

The moment passed. Mr. Billings coughed, sprang up energetically, and pulling his watch from his pocket, exclaimed that he must be off to keep his appointment.

"Will you not take the carriage?" asked Doña Susana with solicitude quite tender.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Mr. Billings. "I—ah—I prefer walking."

1920
JULY
Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9

INSURE HAPPY DAYS
for those you love

A Prudential Monthly Income Policy

is like a radiant burst of sun
shine thru dark clouds.

A Prudential Check can be put
into the hands of your loved
ones on the first of every month.

Hundreds of American homes
know this day as

PRUDENTIAL DAY
THE NATIONAL PAY-DAY

Insure in

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN
President

HOME OFFICE
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Formed by JOHN F. DRYDEN
THE PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIGANTIC
Industrial Insurance in America

HERCULES POWDERS



The Mixing House Crew

The men in the dynamite mixing house work together with the smoothness of an eight oared crew—without apparent hurry and yet without a waste motion. There is never a suggestion of confusion or uncertainty. Each man does his appointed tasks with the precision and alertness of the trained powder worker.

These men must not only work smoothly, but they must think quickly in order that nothing may go amiss without their instantly detecting and correcting it. They must know the weights and proportions of *dope** and nitroglycerin used to produce the many different grades of dynamite, and their correct action under the great rubber-shod wheels. Any slip of theirs here will quickly be brought to light by the chemists' analysis.

It has taken years of patient work and careful experimenting to bring this seemingly simple mixing process to its present perfection. But no matter how perfectly the machine does its work it would be of little avail without the skill and practical knowledge of the mixing house crew.

To the men of the mixing house is due, in no small measure, the credit for the important work done by Hercules Dynamite as it fights on the side of man in his battle with nature—leveling mountains, altering the courses of rivers, changing the farmers' arid land into fruitful fields, in fact performing for man tremendous tasks which he could never accomplish unaided.

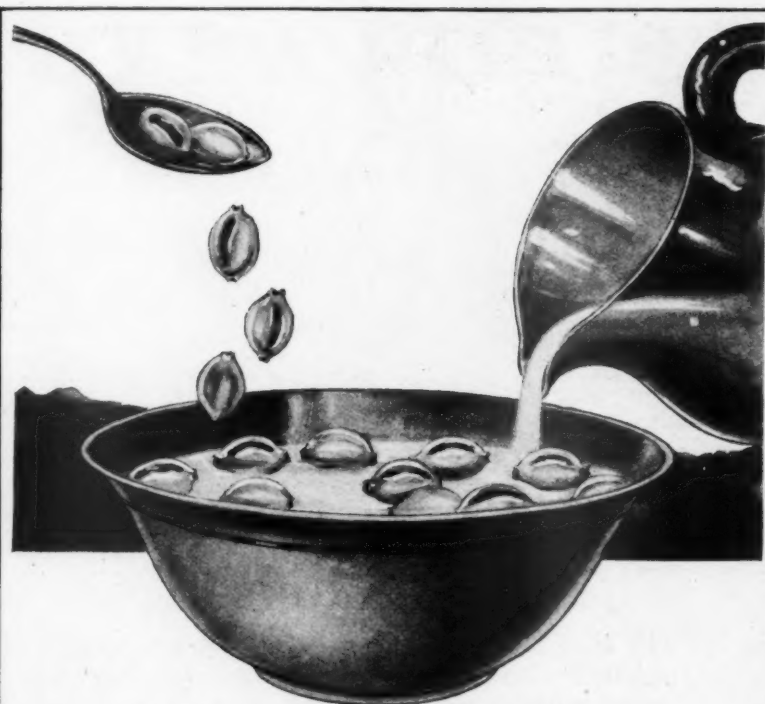
HERCULES POWDER CO.



Chattanooga	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Wilmington, Del.
Chicago	St. Louis	New York
Pittsburg, Kan.	Denver	Hazleton, Pa.
San Francisco	Salt Lake City	Joplin



*"Dope"—the powder makers' term for a combination, properly proportioned, of nitrate of soda, nitrate of ammonia, wood pulp, flour, starch, sulphur, chalk, and other ingredients.



An invention which has revolutionized July

Think how many new delights Prof. Anderson gave summer when he invented Puffed Grains.

The milk dish now has Puffed Wheat floating in it—thin, flimsy, toasted bubbles of whole wheat.

Breakfast brings the choice of three Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations.

Puffed Rice now adds to berries what crust adds to a short-cake. Or a nut-like garnish to ice cream. And between meals, hungry children get some Puffed Grain crisped and buttered.

Every day in summer, millions of people now enjoy these supreme food delights.

But don't treat them like mere tidbits

These flaky, flavory bubble grains seem like food confections. But two are whole-grain foods, remember. And all are scientific.

They are made by steam explosion. Every food cell is thus blasted so digestion is easy and complete.

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence—the only cereals so ideally fitted to digest.

They are all-hour foods. They make whole-grain foods tempting. Let children find them handy, morning, noon and night.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

All bubble grains

Also puffed rice pancake flour



Now ice cream
Is garnished with these
airy, nut-like bubbles.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

"A true North American!" commented the lady. "But you must not be too energetic, or you will get a sunstroke. Shall I expect you back at noon, Cousin John?"

"At noon," said Mr. Billings, "or a little earlier." He bowed, if not in the diplomatic or military, at least in the haberdashery manner, and made an exit that was nothing short of noble.

The instant he had gone, Doña Susana abandoned her languid pose, and rising with swift feline grace, walked through her boudoir to a private drawing-room at the front of the house. Standing in one of the windows of this room and looking down, she saw Mr. Billings, brisk and businesslike, just crossing the square.

She took her handkerchief from her sleeve and waved it up and down in the window. A man who had been lounging under a palmetto tree in the park opposite raised his Panama hat, put it back upon his head, and then, turning, strolled after Mr. Billings.

OUR hero had no difficulty in following the instructions of the note that he had received (so romantically) the night before. He proceeded directly to the fountain in the plaza. There, bending over one of the drinking-spouts, he perceived a man with a red handkerchief tied about his neck. Mr. Billings stepped forward confidently and addressed this individual.

"Good morning," he said; and then, as the latter looked up: "Manuel!" he exclaimed.

"*Si, señor!* Thanks to God you have come at last."

"Have you been waiting long?"

"Long, señor! I have drunk half the water in the fountain waiting for you. My poor stomach will never be fit for decent beverages again. Will the señor give himself the trouble to follow me?"

"Lead on!" said Mr. Billings with his usual unreserved and trustful air.

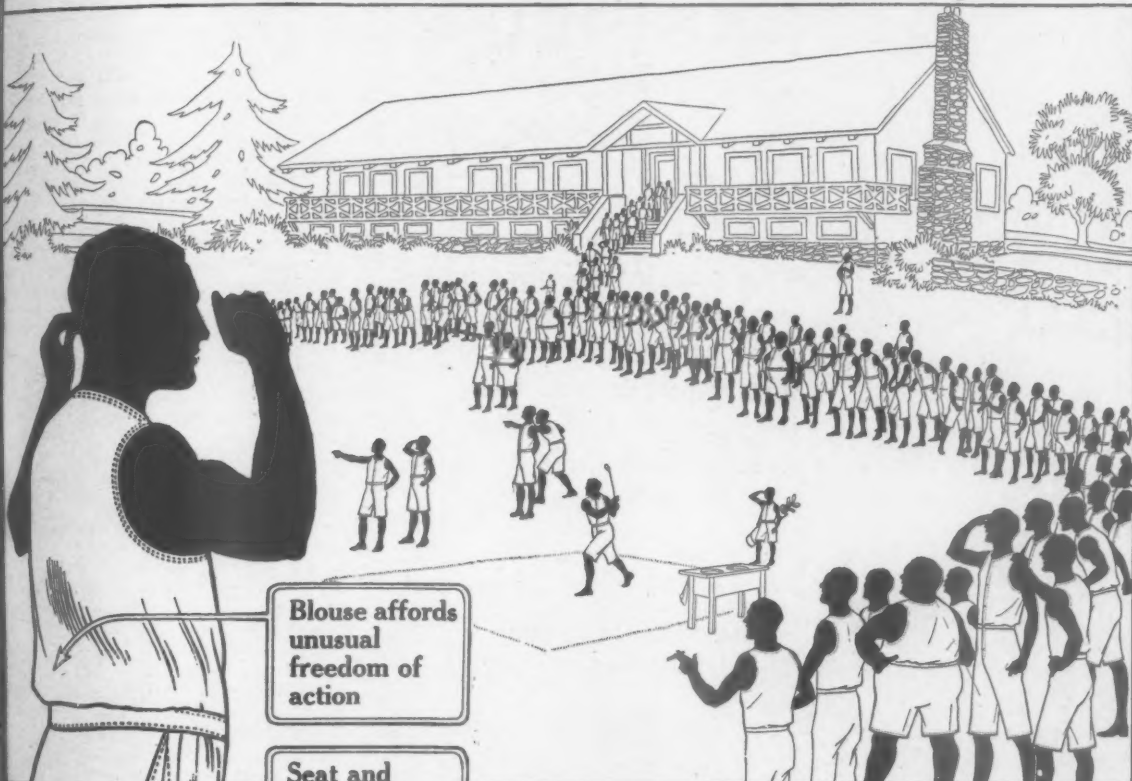
Manuel turned, and walking at a rapid pace, soon left the vicinity of the plaza.

The character of the neighborhood through which Mr. Billings passed grew steadily poorer. The fine houses of the plaza district had given way to low, sprawling tenements, painted for the most part a sickly yellow, and hung with iron balconies on which a fecund life manifested itself. Finally Mr. Billings, led by the somewhat morose Manuel, reached the Café El Amigo del Diablo. It was an ordinary wine-saloon disposed with the frankness of the country to public gaze. One went up three steps from the sidewalk and found oneself in an open room with a shabby wooden bar stretched across the rear of it and little tables distributed about the floor, over which was strewn a coat of sawdust. Several persons of dark, romantic aspect sat drinking at the tables.

Manuel did not pause here. With a brief nod to the bartender, he crossed this room, opened a door at the end of it, and closely followed by Mr. Billings, entered a dark passage half choked with boxes and barrels. This passage led in turn into a second room, a small low-ceilinged chamber very badly lighted and utterly befogged with tobacco-smoke. As Mr. Billings walked into it a voice said:

ROCKINCHAIR

Athletic Underwear for Men & Boys



Blouse affords
unusual
freedom of
action

Seat and
crotch closed
exactly like
your trousers

Opens on the
side. Adjusted
in a jiffy

"Kittle Strunk"
Unshrinkable
All cotton suits
guaranteed
never to shrink

An Easy Drive

made easier by the complete bodily freedom allowed by the everlastingly perfect fit of a Rockinchair Union Suit.

On top of the Ease and Comfort features—the full blouse in back above the waist, closed seat and crotch and side-leg opening—there is this year the added benefit of an athletic underwear that is *absolutely unshrinkable*.

"Kittle Strunk" is a new, exclusive process of finishing cotton cloth that positively prevents shrinking. All Rockinchair cotton garments of this year's production are constructed of "Kittle Strunk" fabrics. These fabrics can only be found in garments which bear our standard Rockinchair label.

"It opens on the side—adjusted in a jiffy."

HENDERSON & ERVIN

331 Fourth Ave., New York

Branch Offices in Chicago and San Francisco

AND REMEMBER—when fall and winter roll 'round, protect your health with Duofold—the two-layer fabric, wool *outside*, cotton *inside* and air space between. A good investment in Health and Comfort—for man, woman, child and infant.



Duofold Health
Underwear
for Men, Women and Children





The illustration depicts a domestic scene with a woman seated in a wicker chair, a man standing and holding a box of Nabisco Sugar Wafers, and a young child seated on the floor. In the foreground, two boxes of Nabisco Sugar Wafers are shown, one open and one closed. The background features a large arched window with a decorative frame and a vine climbing up the side. The text 'NABISCO Sugar Wafers' is prominently displayed in the upper center, followed by a paragraph of descriptive text. Below this, the text 'Sold in the famous In-cr-seal Trade Mark package' and 'NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY' are printed, accompanied by the company's logo. The bottom of the illustration shows the detailed packaging of the wafers, including the 'NABISCO' brand name and 'NEW YORK U.S.A.' on the side.

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

*T*HERE'S cooling refreshment in their fragile strips and in the creamy goodness that lies between. Light as evening zephyr, they impart an added deliciousness to beverage, ice, fruit, or sherbet, and simplify the art of entertaining.

*Sold in the famous
In-cr-seal Trade Mark package*

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**



NABISCO
NEW YORK U.S.A.

"Welcome, señor!"

Our hero blundered forward, blinking and gasping. So thick was the haze of smoke, indeed, that he could discern but dimly the three figures seated about the table in the center of the room. Then a chair was thrust against his legs. He sat down abruptly, and found himself gazing into the blurred but benevolent face of Excelencia.

"General Blanco!" he exclaimed. "I am delighted to see you again!"

"The delight is mutual, Señor Beelings!" replied the General in his suave, calm tone. "Permit me to make known to you Señor Starbock, the tobacco magnate! Señor Starbock is one of the officers of our company, Señor Beelings."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Billings, cordially giving his hand to the other.

"So, so, señor! It is well that we make the acquaintance. It is very well!" responded Starbock, peering keenly at Mr. Billings.

"And this is Colonel Gomez," added Excelencia, indicating the third member of the trio. Mr. Billings bowed to the mustachioed, hawk-eyed man who sat across the table, a wineglass in his hand and a huge volcanically smoking cigar thrust at an angle between his lips.

"Is Colonel Gomez also a member of the company?" he asked politely.

"An indispensable member of it, señor," replied Starbock.

An audible snicker followed this remark. General Blanco spoke in brusque rebuke: "Manuel, be silent—and lean against the door so that no one may come in."

"Buena, Excelencia."

"By the way!" ejaculated Mr. Billings, and suddenly, putting his hand beneath his coat, he drew out the villainous long knife that had come hurtling through his window the night before. His purpose was innocent enough; he intended merely to return it to its owner. But at the sight of the naked steel a small panic occurred about the table.

Starbock jumped up with a shriek. The General drew back, tugging at something in his coat pocket. Colonel Gomez, for his part, reached down into his boot, whipped out a knife as large and sinister as the one in Mr. Billings' hand and with a movement swift as lightning presented it at our hero's heart.

The latter stood absolutely agape with astonishment.

"Why," he stammered, "what is all this? What have I done?"

"The knife, señor!" admonished Excelencia softly but in a grim voice. "You drew the knife!"

"Oh, that!" cried Mr. Billings. "Yes, yes, I see! Ha-ha! You thought that I was going to— But why should I? Why? Ha-ha! A good joke on you gentlemen! Hmm—yes! A joke! I only meant to give it back to Manuel."

"Señor Beelings," said General Blanco, "I apologize. I apologize for the temperament of my race. We are of a nervous temperament, señor. —Manuel! Come get your knife! And now, Señor Beelings, let us talk of matters more serious."

"Yes!" hissed Starbock, half crouching upon the table. "There are some questions that we wish to ask you, señor."

Every style



EVERSHARP is made in every appropriate style for everybody and writes every style of handwriting with equal facility. Its compact barrel is balanced for easy writing. Its rifled tip holds a lead point that is always sharp and never sharpened. Into its making has gone a combination of invention and art that makes Eversharp the most efficient and attractive of pencils. Eversharp carries 18 inches of lead which writes 250,000 words at 10,000 per penny. Make sure you get Eversharp—the name is on the pencil. Prices, \$1 and upward. Dealers everywhere.

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

Eastern Office: 165 Broadway, New York City. Western Representatives: Bert M. Morris Co., 444 Market St., San Francisco. Canadian Representatives: Rowland & Campbell, Ltd., Winnipeg, Can; Consolidated Optical Co., Toronto, Can.

EVERSHARP

Companion of the Tempoint Pen

PARKER

LUCKY-CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED

Fountain Pens



**Write Without
Blotting—**

**Carried Without
Leaking**

THE PARKER Pen simply cannot leak. The "Lucky-Curve"—found only in Parkers—carries the ink to the point and not to the fingers. You get a smooth, even ink flow under every writing condition.

The unique Push-the-Button filling device at the top of the pen does away with holes-in-the-wall and side levers. The Parker Pen is safety sealed—it's absolutely ink-tight at all times.

Many million users have adopted the Parker Pen because of these exclusive Parker features. Twenty thousand dealers sell it, under guarantee and on a service basis.

The Parker Pen Company

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
New York Chicago
San Francisco Spokane

The New Parker Patent Clip

Held in place like a washer.
It holds the pen firmly at
pocket level. 25c extra.



"Well," said Mr. Billings, "ask them!" Starbock and the General exchanged glances. Starbock spoke.

"You are, señor, a person in the employ of General Pablo Blanco?"

"I am the resident agent of the proposed Pan-American Tobacco Company," said Mr. Billings with dignity, "—at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year." He looked for confirmation toward Excelencia, who nodded.

"So!" continued Starbock. "And you are aware of the conditions under which General Blanco returns to this country?" "General Blanco has told me everything."

Starbock started, then recovered his composure.

"You know that the General is the enemy of the party now in power? You know that he is the enemy of the Juarez government?"

Mr. Billings smiled and waved his hand. "Yes," he said. "At least—"

"One moment, señor! You know this thing, and yet, knowing it, you deliberately go to live in the house of Doña Susana Dale, who is President Juarez's guardian angel."

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that! What of that, señor? You ask me what of that!"

"Excuse me, Señor Starbock," interrupted Excelencia. "Perhaps I can present the matter so that Mr. Beelings will comprehend. It is this that disturbs us, Señor Beelings: We are engaged in forming a—a company, the nature of which, until our plans are ripe, it is necessary to keep secret. Especially do we wish to keep our plans a secret from the Juarez government—a question of politics, señor, a mere question of politics, but very important, you understand."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Billings.

"You, señor, are a member of our company. Suddenly we discover that you are living at the home of a lady who is, as a matter of fact, the brains of the Juarez government—"

"Yes," said Mr. Billings in an off-hand tone, "President Juarez himself admitted that."

"What!" cried Excelencia. "You have met Juarez?"

"I had breakfast with him this morning," replied our hero.

There was a moment of intense silence. Then Starbock gasped, in a harsh whisper: "So!"

Colonel Gomez, sensing an accusation, took his cigar out of his mouth and said in his native tongue: "If the round-faced señor is a spy, permit me, in the name of God, to put my knife into his bowels. . . . But I do not think that he is a spy!"

"Señor Beelings," said Excelencia, "tell us, explain to us, why you are living in the house of Doña Susana."

Mr. Billings looked at the speaker and smiled a second time.

"General Blanco," said he gravely, "when I accepted the resident agency of the proposed Pan-American Tobacco Company, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, I asked you for my instructions. You told me, if you remember, to study the ground, to become acquainted, to make friends! Well, I leave it to you. Could I have done more to



*"Like the touch of a
loved one's hand"*

Thousands who endure headaches and inflammations do so needlessly. For a Superservice Fever Ice-Cap works wonders in relieving pain.

Superservice Fever Ice-Cap

has the life and durability of several ordinary caps. Made of the finest, purest rubber used for this purpose. Every wear-point triply reinforced—the strength of three ice-caps in one.

Attractively packed in orange-colored, blue-ribboned, gold-sealed box.

At the leading drug stores everywhere, you'll find DAVOL Rubber Products to keep you well from infancy to old age.

Write for FREE copy of "HEAT AND COOL." Tells how to relieve many ills.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY

Established 1874
Executive Offices and Factory
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York Chicago Boston
San Francisco

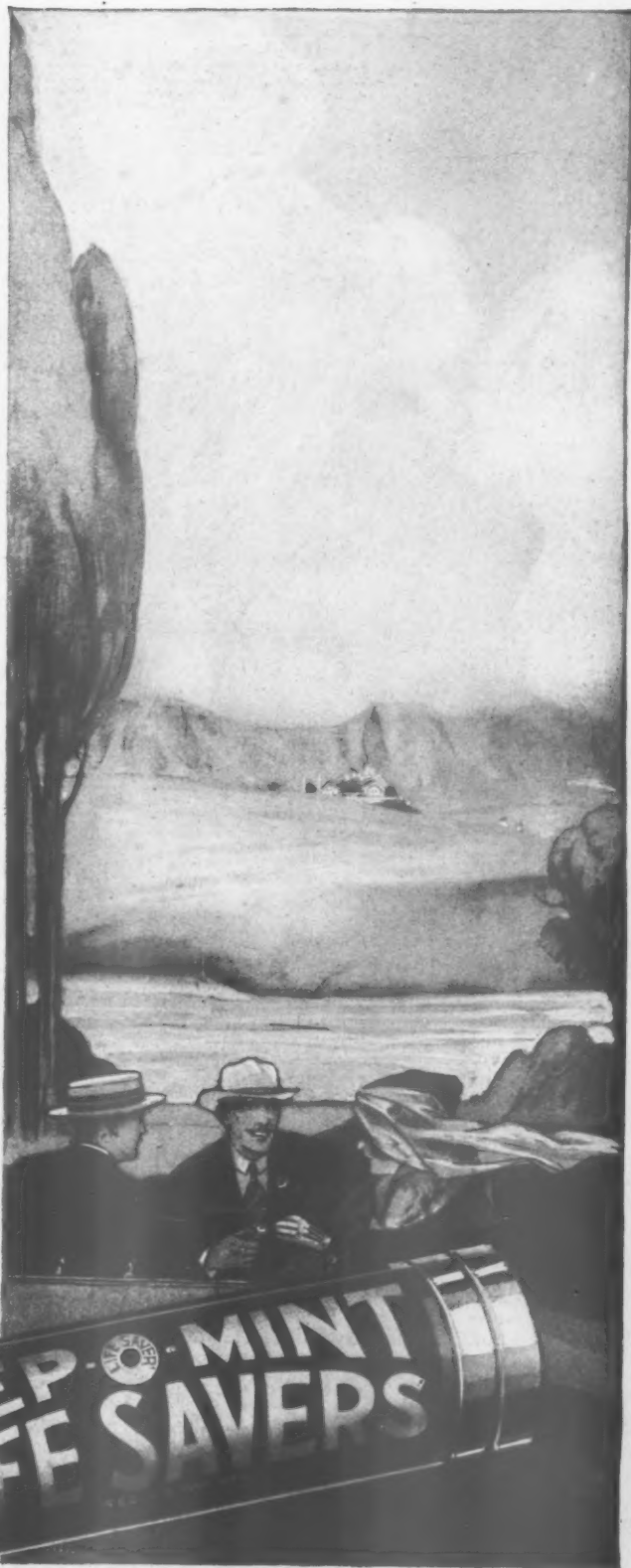


MADE IN U.S.A.
MADE IN U.S.A.

When I drive
Around
In my costly motor car
(as Ring Lardner says)
I always take
A spare tire
An extra tube
And
My Life-Savers.
I can't smoke—
The ashes blow
In my eye
Or my friend's eyes
And the cigar
Burns up one side,
Or goes out.
But I want something
—don't know just why—
To turn over
And twist around
On my tongue.
The answer is
Life-Savers,
So snappy
So comforting
So smooth and cool,
They keep my throat
Moist and flexible
And each one
Sort of wears down
Slowly
Giving off that spicy
Honey-fied
Aromatic
Piquant flavor
Until it's just a thin
Brittle
Delicious rim
Of sweetness;
And it breaks
And is gone,
Like a pleasant dream;
But I can dream it
All over again
Whenever I like.

MINT PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
New York—Montreal

6c



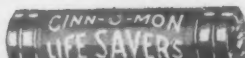
THE QUALITY MINT WITH THE HOLE



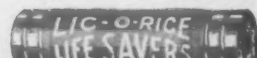
The spicy, breath-sweetening
map of Cloves.



No flavor was ever more popular
than Wintergreen.



Crisp, delicious—like apple pie
and cookies—that's Cinnamon.



The old favorite flavor—Licorice
good for a "tickly" throat, too.

PARKER

LUCKY-CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED

Fountain Pens



**Write Without
Blotting—**

**Carried Without
Leaking**

THE PARKER Pen simply cannot leak. The "Lucky Curve"—found only in Parkers—carries the ink to the point and not to the fingers. You get a smooth, even ink flow under every writing condition.

The unique Push-the-Button filling device at the top of the pen does away with holes-in-the-wall and side levers. The Parker Pen is safety sealed—it's absolutely ink-tight at all times.

Many million users have adopted the Parker Pen because of these exclusive Parker features. Twenty thousand dealers sell it, under guarantee and on a service basis.

The Parker Pen Company

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
New York Chicago
San Francisco Spokane

The New Parker Patent Clip

Held in place like a washer.
It holds the pen firmly at
pocket level. 25c extra.



"Well," said Mr. Billings, "ask them!" Starbock and the General exchanged glances. Starbock spoke.

"You are, señor, a person in the employ of General Pablo Blanco?"

"I am the resident agent of the proposed Pan-American Tobacco Company," said Mr. Billings with dignity, "—at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year." He looked for confirmation toward Excelencia, who nodded.

"So!" continued Starbock. "And you are aware of the conditions under which General Blanco returns to this country?"

"General Blanco has told me everything."

Starbock started, then recovered his composure.

"You know that the General is the enemy of the party now in power? You know that he is the enemy of the Juarez government?"

Mr. Billings smiled and waved his hand. "Yes," he said. "At least—"

"One moment, señor! You know this thing, and yet, knowing it, you deliberately go to live in the house of Doña Susana Dale, who is President Juarez's guardian angel."

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that! What of that, señor? You ask me what of that!"

"Excuse me, Señor Starbock," interrupted Excelencia. "Perhaps I can present the matter so that Mr. Beelings will comprehend. It is this that disturbs us, Señor Beelings: We are engaged in forming a—a company, the nature of which, until our plans are ripe, it is necessary to keep secret. Especially do we wish to keep our plans a secret from the Juarez government—a question of politics, señor, a mere question of politics, but very important, you understand."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Billings.

"You, señor, are a member of our company. Suddenly we discover that you are living at the home of a lady who is, as a matter of fact, the brains of the Juarez government—"

"Yes," said Mr. Billings in an off-hand tone, "President Juarez himself admitted that."

"What!" cried Excelencia. "You have met Juarez?"

"I had breakfast with him this morning," replied our hero.

There was a moment of intense silence. Then Starbock gasped, in a harsh whisper: "So!"

Colonel Gomez, sensing an accusation, took his cigar out of his mouth and said in his native tongue: "If the round-faced señor is a spy, permit me, in the name of God, to put my knife into his bowels. . . . But I do not think that he is a spy!"

"Señor Beelings," said Excelencia, "tell us, explain to us, why you are living in the house of Doña Susana."

Mr. Billings looked at the speaker and smiled a second time.

"General Blanco," said he gravely, "when I accepted the resident agency of the proposed Pan-American Tobacco Company, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, I asked you for my instructions. You told me, if you remember, to study the ground, to become acquainted, to make friends! Well, I leave it to you. Could I have done more to



RUBBER GOODS

*"Like the touch of a
loved one's hand"*

Thousands who endure headaches and inflammations do so needlessly. For a Superservice Fever Ice-Cap works wonders in relieving pain.

Superservice Fever Ice-Cap

has the life and durability of several ordinary caps. Made of the finest, purest rubber used for this purpose. Every wear-point triply reinforced—the strength of three ice-caps in one.

Attractively packed in orange-colored, blue-ribboned, gold-sealed box.

At the leading drug stores everywhere, you'll find DAVOL Rubber Products to keep you well from infancy to old age.

Write for FREE copy of "HEAT AND COLD." Tells how to relieve many ills.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY

Established 1878
Executive Offices and Factory
PROVIDENCE R. I.
New York Chicago Boston
San Francisco



MADE IN U.S.A.
"AMERICAN
MADE GOOD"

When I drive
Around
In my costly motor car
(as Ring Lardner says)
I always take
A spare tire
An extra tube
And
My Life-Savers.
I can't smoke—
The ashes blow
In my eye
Or my friend's eyes
And the cigar
Burns up one side,
Or goes out.
But I want something
—don't know just why—
To turn over
And twist around
On my tongue.
The answer is
Life-Savers,
So snappy
So comforting
So smooth and cool,
They keep my throat
Moist and flexible
And each one
Sort of wears down
Slowly
Giving off that spicy
Honey-fied
Aromatic
Piquant flavor
Until it's just a thin
Brittle
Delicious rim
Of sweetness;
And it breaks
And is gone,
Like a pleasant dream;
But I can dream it
All over again
Whenever I like.

MINT PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
New York—Montreal

6c



THE QUALITY MINT WITH THE HOLE



The spicy, breath-sweetening
map of Cloves.



No flavor was ever more popular
than Wintergreen.



Crisp, delicious—like apple pie
and cookies—that's Cinnamon.



The old favorite flavor—Licorice
good for a "tickly" throat, too.

Marcella Swanson
whose blond beauty adds
immeasurably to the success
of Florodora.



Beatrice Swanson
as lovely as her sister—which
is saying a great deal. Both
are famous beauties.



Dama Sykes
one of the most popular and
most beautiful members of
the Sextet.



Fay Evelyn
The success of the Sextet
would be impossible without
this English beauty.

The Four Most Beautiful Members of The Famous Florodora Sextet Wearing the

Bonnie-B VEIL

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
"Just Slip it on!"

All Paris knows the loveliness of these flattering Veils. And now the four leading members of the Florodora Sextet find in them a charm which supplements their own beauty. These are the famous Veils which you "just slip on!" No tying—no pinning—no knotting.

At the better shops and drug stores everywhere—10c, 15c, 25c and 50c.

The Bonnie-B Co., Inc.

222 Fourth Avenue

New York

Also Importers of the famous Bonnie-B Hair Nets

make friends with the most influential persons in the country?"

"You mean that you have been merely following instructions?" demanded Excelencia.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Billings.

"Señor," interposed the General, "tell me: are you on good terms with Doña Susana?"

"Excellent—if I may say so!"

"And with Juarez?"

"I—ah!—Yes, I think so. Yes, to be sure! And I must say that I have found him a very pleasant sort—"

General Blanco's eyes flashed suddenly. He smote the table with his fist.

"Pleasant! Ah, the hypocrite! The usurper! The tyrant! The infamous office-snatcher!"

"Excelencia, you forget yourself!" snapped Starbuck.

"And you are wrong!" proclaimed Mr. Billings with the nobility that was ingrained in his very nature. "You are wrong, General! Every man has his good side. No man is as black as he's painted. President Juarez may be a usurper, but he is not a hypocrite. Nor do I believe that he is a tyrant. No, he is a democrat at heart, General Blanco! I feel sure of it. Why, only this morning he begged Doña Susana to let him ride in her carriage tomorrow night—in the Festival, you know—simply to escape the dignities of his office—"

"What?" exclaimed the General sharply.

Starbuck half rose from his chair. His small, beady eyes glittered strangely.

"Of course," said Mr. Billings, inwardly pleased that his statement had created such an effect. "I don't suppose the President would want it known—"

"Of course not, of course not!" agreed Starbuck, almost crooning the words. "It will be a secret with us, eh? So—so! Such a lot of secrets!"

General Blanco rose and said:

"Señor Beelings, we are much indebted to you for your courtesy in keeping this appointment. You have relieved us of our little doubts. You have reassured us upon every point. We are more than ever convinced of your inno—ha!—of your honesty, your discretion, your loyalty to the affairs of the soon-to-be-formed Pan-American Tobacco Company. Continue, señor, to make friends among the highest. Already you have done us an inestimable service." Here General Blanco drew out his pocket his familiar large purse and took from it a substantial budget of bills. "Señor," he said cordially, "permit me to pay you the rest of your first year's salary. Five thousand dollars, is it not, señor? Yes, that is correct! Manuel, stand away from the door. And now, señor, until we meet again."

"Until we meet again!" echoed Starbuck with a snarling smile.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Billings, rising and bowing to each in turn, "I am happy in your estimate of my character. I wish you a very good morning!"

So saying, he placed the money in his wallet and walked with dignity out of the room.

And next month you will enjoy Mr. Billings even more—in the forthcoming August issue.

Midsummer Magic

By Dorothy Blair



From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps, she was perfect!

MARY ARMAND sat up in bed. Sleep was impossible. Through the windows came the first grey light of dawn. For hours Mary had been awake. For hours she had tried to solve her problem. But it was hopeless.

Slipping out of bed, she dressed. As she glanced in her mirror she saw the trace of a tear, one of many that had given expression to her feelings during the long night. She brushed it away and with a sad little toss of her head decided to decline Mildred Harrington's invitation.

Mildred was probably the only real friend Mary had. Making friends had been difficult for her. But some common point of interest had drawn the two girls together, although their positions in life lay far apart. Three years after her father's death, Mary had found it necessary to get a position and most of the money she earned went to her mother and was used for the bare necessities of life.

Money did not bother the Harringtons. Every summer they closed their beautiful home in the city and went to their cottage at the shore. A great many of Mildred's friends summered at the same resort and from late May until early September there was one continuous round of pleasure.

So when Mary had been invited to spend her vacation with them, it had seemed like a gift from some fairy godmother. Besides being a chance to get away from the city during one of the hottest months, it was a rare opportunity to enjoy the gay, carefree life that appealed to her so strongly.

Then last night she had gone to the Harrington home, where the girls had gathered to talk over their plans. Mildred's brother, Bob, was just leaving the house, but stopped to speak to her.

When he had said good night, Mary wondered whether Bob's presence would be added to the other pleasures this wonderful vacation held in store for her. Somehow she had always preferred him to the other men she knew.

Mary found the girls in a gay discussion of their plans. They had something scheduled seemingly for every day of the summer. What happy days they were to be! There would be bathing every day and moonlight sailing or beach parties at night. Then, too, Mildred had planned many dances and week-end parties.

All these things had seemed like pleasant dreams to Mary. She could picture long stretches of sand and the ocean with a big yellow moon creeping up out of the silver streaked waters. She could see herself at these wonderful dances during the week-end parties. For a little while at least Mary Armand was to really live!

"Oh, I got the most stunning evening dress today!" It was Kitty Wells talking. Clothes! Mere mention of them had ended Mary's dreaming. Once introduced, the subject had developed into a lengthy discussion—afternoon frocks—sport suits—shoes—hats—bathing togs! Mary listened. Several times she tried to say something—anything—but each time words failed her. She was afraid they would ask about HER new clothes. What a thought! The mere possibility of it embarrassed her and finally giving a quickly formed excuse, she said good night.

Outside she had walked slowly home. Pretty clothes! She had none. How many times that had made it impossible for her to be like the girls she wanted most for friends. Now because she had "nothing to wear" she was to lose the vacation that had seemed so real—so wonderful!

At home her mother had been awaiting news of the much-talked-of vacation.

"I'm afraid I can't go to the Harringtons this summer," Mary announced. "Tonight every one was talking about their pretty evening dresses and afternoon frocks. I'm afraid I would feel a little out of place." She voiced her disappointment as gently as she could—and she went no further, for Mrs. Armand was crying.

"Mother, please don't!" pleaded Mary. "Maybe after all I will be able to go." And bidding her mother good night, she sought the seclusion of her room.

So at dawn after a sleepless night, Mary decided to decline Mildred's invitation.

Two weeks later a group of happy, laughing girls boarded a train bound for the shore. Mary was at the station to see them off. She smiled, calling a happy farewell as the train pulled out. But when it had disappeared, the silver rails seemed

to dance through her tears in the sunshine, as she turned to go back to the hum-drum of the office.

For days afterward Mary was miserably unhappy. It wasn't merely missing the vacation—she was looking ahead. Were clothes always going to hold her back and make her different from other girls?

THEN finally the problem in Mary's mind was solved and in the weeks that followed a change came over her more wonderful than she had even dreamed.

Bob Harrington, driving his car, noted this change one night in July when he met Mary on her way home from work.

"Summering in the city seems to agree with you, Miss Armand," he said. "I never saw you looking so well—or so happy!"

Mary smiled at his compliment and the almost bewildered expression of admiration on his face told her that her triumph over circumstances was practically complete!

September found the girls at Seaciff anxious to get back to the city. The shore season had been a disappointment. For the first month there had been the usual dances and parties—made delightful by Bob and the friends he brought with him. But later when he remained in town, pleading pressure of business, Mildred's parties, without his guests, became a little tiresome.

So when the day for the trip homeward arrived the girls had no regrets. They were eager to get home and plunge into their preparations for the fall season.

Bob was at the station to meet them. Mildred, followed by the other girls, had almost reached his car when she suddenly stopped—stifling a cry of astonishment.

A girl, beautifully dressed—her face aglow with a radiantly happy smile—was stepping out of Bob's machine.

It was Mary Armand! But what a transformed and adorable Mary she was! Wearing a charmingly distinctive afternoon frock she was a fascinating picture! From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps, she was perfect!

For one long moment the girls stood bewildered by the marvelous change in the girl before them. Then they rushed forward with one accord to greet her.

"Mary—you look wonderful—positively beautiful!" they exclaimed.

"You seem surprised—I am I so very, very different?" asked Mary, smiling.

"Different!" exclaimed Mildred, "why you are another person! Tell us—"

"Girls," replied Mary, "I've had the most wonderful summer imaginable and I can scarcely wait to tell you all about it!"

A little later at Mildred's, the girls crowded around Mary for her story.

"YOU girls will never know how much I wanted to go to Seaciff," she began. "For you this vacation trip was simply the regular thing; to me it meant the first chance I ever had for a really good time! And at first I thought I couldn't give it up! You may have guessed why I had to. I simply didn't have the kind of clothes you were going to take and I knew I would be unhappy every minute contrasting my own simple little outfits with the wonderful wardrobes of you other girls. But it was terribly hard!"

"I guess every girl wants pretty clothes. We are perfectly happy only when we know we are well dressed. So for days after you had gone, I could think of nothing else! The words kept ringing in my ears—'Clothes! Clothes! Clothes!'"

"Then one night, a wonderful thing happened. I had gone to my room so mother would not know how unhappy I felt. After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I opened a magazine, and my glance fell on the story of a girl, just like myself, who found the way to friends and happiness by learning right at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all of her own clothes and hats.

"Almost wild with hope I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—and so much the very opportunity I needed, that I wrote the Institute for more information that very night.

"Well, in just a few days a beautiful book arrived telling all about the Woman's Institute and how 50,000 women of all ages and in all circumstances had solved

their clothes problems in this delightful new way. I made up my mind that I, too, would do it! So I joined the Institute at once and took up dressmaking."

"Right away I began to feel like a different girl. I was so interested I devoted every spare moment to my lessons. And, of course, I made rapid progress. The textbooks seem to answer every possible question and the teachers take just as personal an interest as if they were right beside you!"

"And I realize now how fortunate it was for me that I began my lessons in the summer time. That is absolutely the best time—the logical time—to learn dressmaking. The days are longer and every evening I had several hours of daylight to devote to my work. Then, too, I could work out of doors. And the sheer summer fabrics are so much easier to handle—the summer dresses are so much simpler to make—and summer materials cost less."

"When my vacation came, I accomplished wonders! It was just delightful—working on those beautiful fabrics out of doors all day long. Almost at once I began making actual garments."

"WHAT was most important to me, I also learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming. My course opened up a whole new world to me."

"I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!"

"I suppose," said Kitty, a little enviously, "you'll soon be needing a wedding dress. But, of course, you'll buy that?" "Well, that's an entirely separate secret," Mary answered, blushing, "but a whole section of my course was devoted to planning and making a bride's complete trousseau—and I took the last stitch in my wedding dress nearly a week ago. So I'm the happiest girl alive and I owe it all to the Woman's Institute! That alone made possible what Bob calls my 'Midsummer Magic.' And what I did—in saving hundreds of dollars on my clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments and attracting happiness with them—any woman or girl can do!"

It will cost you nothing to find out just what the Woman's Institute can do for you. Simply send a letter, postal or the coupon below and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school which has proved such a wonderful blessing to more than 50,000 women the world over.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 20G, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address



HEINZ

Vinegars

Every drop awakens flavor

If the success of a salad depends on the dressing—and it certainly does—then it follows that the success of the dressing depends on the vinegar used.

The name Heinz on a bottle of Malt, Cider or White Vinegar stands for something special. Back of that name stands a reputation based on years of experience, the choicest materials, skill in making and long aging in wood. The flavor is a thing to be remembered—to be remembered by the name Heinz.



Sold in pint, quart and half-gallon bottles, filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment.

HEINZ
Imported
Olive Oil

The same rigorous methods of cleanliness prevail there that characterize the Home of the 57. In bottles or tins.

SOME OF THE

57

Pressed at the Heinz plant in Seville, Spain, from selected olives. Absolutely pure and full flavored.

The same rigorous methods of cleanliness prevail there that characterize the Home of the 57. In bottles or tins.

Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

A MATTER

(Continued)

He started.

"No, not in a week. Why, is there anything the matter with him?"

"Of course not." She touched him lightly upon the arm. "You knew that Mr. Bell, cashier of the National Penn Bank, had died?"

"No. Is that so! That's too bad." Then suddenly Deacon sat erect. "By George! Father is one of the assistant cashiers there. I wonder if he'll be promoted." He turned upon the girl. "Is that what you wanted to tell me?"

She waited a bit before replying.

"No—not exactly that."

"Not exactly—What do you mean?"

"Do you know how keen Mr. Doane, I mean Junior's father, is on rowing? Well,"—as Deacon nodded,—"have you thought how he might feel toward the father of the man who is going to sit in his son's seat in the race tomorrow? Would it make him keen to put that father in Mr. Bell's place?"

Deacon's exclamation was sharp.

"Who asked you to put that thought in my mind?"

"Ah!" Her hand went out, lying upon his arm. "I was afraid you were going to take it that way. Mother was talking this afternoon. I thought you should know. As for Junior Doane, I'm frank to admit I'm awfully keen about him. But that isn't why I came here. I remember how close you and your father used to be. I—I thought perhaps you'd thank me, if—if—"

"What you mean is that because I have beaten Doane out for stroke, his father may be sore and not promote my father at the bank."

"There's no 'may' about it. Mr. Doane will be sore. He'll be sore at Junior, of course. But he'll be sore secretly at you, and where there is a question of choice of cashier between your father and another man,—even though the other man has not been so long in the bank,—how do you think his mind will work; I mean, if you lose? Of course, if you can win, then I am sure everything will be all right. You must—"

"If I can win! What difference would that—" He stopped suddenly. "I've caught what you mean." He laughed bitterly. "Parental jealousy. All right! All right!"

"Jim, I don't want you—"

"Don't bother. I've heard all I can stand, Jane. Thank you." He lurched out of the car and hurried away.

She called him. No answer. Waiting a moment, the girl sighed, touched the self-starter and drove away.

Deacon had no idea of any lapse of time between the departure of the car and himself in his cot prepared for sleep—with, however, no idea that sleep would come. His mood was pitiable. His mind was a mass of whirling thoughts in the midst of which he could recognize pictures of his boyhood, a little boy doing many things—with a hand always tucked within the fingers of a great big man who knew everything, who could do everything, who could always explain all the

OF LOYALTY

(from page 81)

mysteries of the big, strange, booming world. There were many such pictures, pictures not only relating to boyhood, but to his own struggle at Baliol, to the placid little home in Philadelphia and all that it had meant, all that it still meant, to his father, to his mother, to him. Any act of his that would bring sorrow or dismay or the burden of defeated hope to that home!

But on the other hand, the morrow was to bring him the crown of toilsome years, was to make his name one to compare with wherever Baliol was loved or known. He knew what the varsity *cachet* would do for his prospects in the world. And after all, he had his own life to live, had he not. Would not the selfish, or rather the rigorous, settlement of this problem, be for the best in the end, since his making good would simply be making good for his father and his mother? But how about his father's chance for making good on his own account?

A comrade in the cot adjoining heard a groan.

"Eh! Are you sick, Deacon? Are you all right?"

"Sure—dreaming," came the muffled reply.

THERE was something unreal to Deacon about the morning. The sunlight was filled with sinister glow; the voices of the rowing men were strange; the whole environment seemed to have changed. It was difficult for Jim Deacon to look upon the bronzed faces of the fellows about the breakfast table, upon the coach with his stiff mustache and glittering eyeglasses—difficult to look upon them and realize that within a few hours his name would be anathema to them, that forever where loyal men of Baliol gather he would be an outcast, a pariah.

That was what he would be—an outcast. For he had come to his decision: what he would do he did not know. He did not know that he would not stroke the Baliol varsity. Out of all the welter of thought and travail had been resolved the dominant idea. His father came first: there was no evading it. With all the consequences that would follow the execution of his decision he was familiar. He had come now to know what Baliol meant to him as a place not only of education, but a place to be loved, honored, revered. He knew what his future might be. But—his father came first. Rising from the breakfast-table, he spoke to but one man, Junior Doane.

"Doane," he said, drawing him to one side, "you will row at stroke this afternoon."

The man stared at him. "Are you crazy, Deacon?"

"No, not crazy. I'm not feeling well; that's all."

"But look here, Deacon—you want to see the coach. You're off your head or something. Wait here, just a minute." Doane hurried away in search of Dr. Phillips. Deacon turned blindly through



HEINZ

OVEN BAKED BEANS

The first taste proves to you how good *bakea* beans can be, and you realize that there is something about them that is different.

This delicious taste is due partly to the quality of beans selected, and to the Heinz tomato sauce with which they are prepared. But the main factor is the *baking* in dry heat in real ovens.

When Heinz Beans are taken out of the can, they are never crushed or mashed. Each bean is brown, rich, appetizing, whole and uniform. They are inviting.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Some of the

57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup



All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



Don't pass by And let that corn keep hurting

Don't pass a drugstore that sells Blue-jay if you ever suffer corns.

Blue-jay stops the corn pain. A simple touch applies it. And soon the toughest corn will loosen and come out.

The Blue-jay way is gentle, easy, sure. It comes in plaster or in liquid form.

It is scientific—a product of this world-famed laboratory.

Millions now employ it. Most of the corns that develop are being ended by it.

Compare it with old methods, harsh and uncertain. Learn what folly it is to merely pare and pad corns.

Use Blue-jay on one corn tonight. Watch that corn go. Then remember that every corn can thus be ended the moment it appears. A week-old corn should be unknown in these days.

Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender
BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

Don't send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$2.50 a month until \$10.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the ladies' or men's. Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lechman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av. Dept. B116 Chicago

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. The Morley Phone for the DEAF"

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIAL.
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778 26 S. 15th. St., Phila.

the yard and so out to the main road leading to a picturesque little river about nine miles up the stream.

June was at her loveliest in this lovely country with its walled fields, its verdant uplands and glowing pastures, its lush river meadows and wayside flowers. But of all this Deacon marked nothing as he head down he tramped along with snail-dogged stride. Up the river three or four miles farther on was the little city of which he had so often heard about but never seen, the little city of Norton, so like certain English river-cities according to a veteran Oxford oarsman who had visited the Baliol quarters the previous season. Deacon had an interest in strange places; he had an eye for the picturesque and the colorful. He would wander about the place, filling his mind with impressions. He had always wanted to go to Norton; it had seemed like a dream city to him.

He was in fact striding along in the middle of the road when the horn of a motorcar coming close behind startled him. As he turned, the vehicle sped to his side and then stopped with grinding of brakes.

Dr. Nicholls, the coach, rose to his full height in the roadster and glanced down at Deacon, while Junior Deacon who had been driving, stared fixedly at the wheel. The coach's voice was merely a series of profane roars. He had ample lungs, and the things he seemed to echo far and wide. His storian anger afforded so material a contrast to the placid environment that Deacon stood dazed under the avalanche, hearing but a blur of objection.

"Eh?" He paused as Junior Deacon placed an admonishing hand upon his arm.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor; but I don't think that is the right way. I say something to Deacon?"

The coach, out of breath, nodded and gestured, sinking into his seat.

"Look here, Jim Deacon, we've come to take you back. You can't back out the race this way, you know. It's done. Now, wait a minute!" he cried sharply as the boy in the road made speak. "I know why you ran away. Bostwick called me up and told me everything. She hadn't realized what she was doing—"

"She—she bungled everything."

"Bungled! What do you mean, Nicholls?"

"Nothing—nothing! You young men don't you realize you're trying to ruin yourself for life? Jump into the car!"

"I'm not going to row." Deacon's eyes smoldered upon the two.

STUDYING him a moment, Dr. Nicholls suddenly grasped the seriousness of Deacon's mood. He leaped from the car and walked up to him placing a hand upon his shoulder.

"Look here, my boy: You've had a false ideal run away with you. Do you realize that some twenty-five thousand people throughout this country are having their interests tossed away by you? represent them. They didn't ask you to come out for the crew and you're until you won a place for yourself."

main road
the river city
m.
this lovely
s, its serene
es, its hal
lowers. But
thing as wit
g with smil
er three
he little city
heard about
y of Norton
ver-cities
oarsman who
ers the pro
n interest
eye for the
t. He would
been gathering in intensity, broke
ling his arm
uddenly. He couldn't go on.

Deacon raised his hand.
"I've heard it said often, Dr. Nich-
ols, that anyone who gets in Cephas
Doane's way gets crushed. I'm not afraid
of him, nor of anyone else, on my own
account; but I'm afraid of him because
of my father. My father is getting to
be an old man. Do you think I am go-
ing to do anything—?" Deacon's voice, which
had been gathering in intensity, broke
suddenly. He couldn't go on.

"Jim Deacon!" There was a note of
exhilaration in Junior Doane's voice. He
hastily climbed out of the car and joined
the coach at Deacon's side. "I'm not
going to defend my father now. No one
knows him as I do; no one knows as I do
the great big stuff that is in him. He and
I have always been close and—"

"Then you know how he'd feel about
anyone who took your place in the boat.
He can't hurt me. But he can break my
father's heart—"

"Deacon, is that the opinion you have
of my father!"

"Tell me the truth, Doane; is there
the chance under the conditions that with
choice between two men in the bank he
might fail to see Father? Isn't it human
nature for a man as dominant and strong
as he is, who has always had or got most
of the things he wants, to feel that way?"

"Perhaps. But not if you can win out
against Shelburne. Can't you see your
chance, Deacon? Go in and beat Shel-
burne; Father'll be so glad he'll fall off
the observation-train. You know how
he hates Shelburne. Any soreness he has
about my missing out at stroke will be
directed at me—and it won't be soreness,
merely regret. Don't you get it?"

"And if we lose—"

"If we lose, there's the chance that
we're all in the soup."

"I'm not, if I keep out of this thing—"

"If we lose with me at stroke, do you
suppose it will help you or anyone related
to you with my father when he learns
that I would probably have won
with you stroking?"

"My Lord, Jim Deacon," Doane went
on as the other did not reply, "do you
suppose this is any fun for me, arguing
with you to swing an oar this afternoon
when I would give my heart's-blood to
winning it in your place?"

"Why do you do it, then?"

"Why do I do it? Because I love
Baliol. Because her interests stand above
mine. Because more than anything I
want to see her win. I didn't feel this
way when you beat me out for stroke.
I admit it. I didn't show my feelings,
but I was thinking of nothing but my
winning."

"Ah!"

"Just a minute, Jim. I didn't realize
the bigness of the thing, didn't appreciate
what I wanted to do didn't count
for a damn. Baliol, only Baliol! It all
came to me when you bucked out. Baliol
is all that counts, Jim. If I can help
her by rooting from the observation-



A woman's charm See how white teeth enhance it

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Countless women have found a way
to whiter, safer teeth. You meet them
everywhere. A new method of teeth
cleaning is now widely employed, and
anyone who watches can see the re-
sults of it.

This is to ask that you test it.
Watch the results for ten days, then
judge for yourself if you need it.

The tooth wrecker

Millions find that well-brushed teeth
discolor and decay. Tartar forms, and
often pyorrhea starts.

Most of those troubles are now
traced to film. To that viscous coat
which you feel with your tongue. It
clings to teeth, enters crevices and
stays. The ordinary tooth paste can-
not dissolve it, so the tooth brush
leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolours—

not the teeth. Film is the basis of
tartar. It holds food substance which
ferments and forms acid. It holds the
acid in contact with the teeth to
cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They,
with tartar, are the chief cause of
pyorrhea. All these troubles have
been constantly increasing.

Now a new method

Dental science, after years of search-
ing, has found a way to combat this
film. Able authorities have amply
proved its efficiency. Now leading
dentists everywhere are urging its
adoption.

A new tooth paste has been per-
fected to meet every modern require-
ment. The name is Pepsodent. And
this film combatant is embodied in it.

Sent to all who ask

A ten-day tube of Pepsodent is sent
to all who ask. Thus millions have
already proved it. If you have not,
write for that tube today.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the
digestant of albumin. The film is al-
buminous matter. The object of Pep-
sodent is to dissolve it, then to day
by day combat it.

This method long seemed impos-
sible. Pepsin must be activated, and the
usual agent is an acid harmful to the
teeth. But science has discovered a
harmless activating method, so active
pepsin can be every day applied.

The results are quick and apparent.
They argue for themselves, and a
book we send explains all reasons
for them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube.
Note how clean the teeth feel after
using. Mark the absence of the vis-
cous film. See how teeth whiten as
the film-coat disappears.

Judge by the clear results between
the old ways and the new. Do this
now, for it is most important. Cut
out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant now
advised by leading dentists every-
where and supplied by druggists in
large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 393

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 601, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

car, all right! But—don't think it's any fun for me urging you to come back and row. For I wanted to row this race, old boy. I—I—" Doane's voice faltered. "But I can't; that's all. Baliol needs a better man—needs you. As for you, you've no right to consider anything else. You go in—and win."

"Win!" Jim Deacon stood in the road, rigid, his voice falling to a whisper. "Win!" Into his eyes came a vacant expression. For a moment the group stood in the middle of the road as though transfixed. Then the coach placed his hand upon Deacon's arm, gently.

"Come Jim," he said.

THE afternoon had gone silently on. Jim Deacon sat on the veranda of the crew-quarters, his eyes fixed upon the river. Some of the crew were trying to read; others lounged about talking in low voices. Occasionally the referee's launch would appear off the float, the official exchanging some words with the coach while the oarsmen watched eagerly. Then the launch would turn and disappear.

"Too rough yet, boys. They're going to postpone another hour." Twice had the coach brought this word to the group of pent-up young men who in a manner of speaking were sharing the emotions of the condemned awaiting the executioner's summons. Would the up-river breeze never subside and give them conditions that would be satisfactory to the meticulous referee?

Deacon lurched heavily in his seat.

"What difference does it make so long as the shells won't sink?" he asked.

"We're ready," replied Dick Rollins. "It's Shelburne holding things up; she wants smooth water, of course. It suits me, though. Things will soften up by sunset."

"Sunset!" Deacon scowled at the western skies. "Well, sunset isn't so far off as it was."

Word came, as a matter of fact, shortly after five o'clock. The coach, with solemn face, came up to the cottage, bringing the summons. After that for a little while Jim Deacon passed through a series of vague impressions rather than living experience. There was the swift changing of clothes in the cavernous boat-house, the bearing of the boat high overhead to the edge of the float, the splash as it was lowered into the water. Mechanically he leaned forward to lace the stretcher-shoes, letting the handle of his oar rest against his stomach; mechanically he tried to slide, tested the oarlock. Then some one gripped the blade of his

oar, pushing gently outward. The shell floated gingerly out into the stream.

"Starboard oars, paddle." Responsive to the coxswain's sharp command Deacon plied his blade, and in the act there came to him clarity of perception. He was out here to win, to win not only for Baliol, but for himself, for his father. There could be no thought of not winning; the imminence of the supreme test had served to fill him with the consciousness of indomitable strength, to thrill his muscles with the call for tremendous action.

As the shell swept around a point of land, a volume of sound rolled across the waters. Out of the corner of his eye he caught view of the long observation-train, vibrant with animation, the rival colors commingled so that all emblem of collegiate affiliation was lost in a merger of quivering hue. A hill near the starting-line on the other side of the river was black with spectators, who indeed filled points of vantage all down the four miles of the course. The clouds above the western hills were turning crimson; the waters had deepened to purple and were still and silent.

"There, you hell-dogs!" The voice of the coxswain rasped in its combativeness. "Out there is Shelburne; ahead of us at the line. Who says it'll be the last time she'll be ahead of us?"

Along the beautiful line of brown, swinging bodies went a low growl, a more vicious rattle of the oarlocks.

Suddenly as Jim Deacon swung forward, a moored skiff swept past his blade, the starting-line.

"Weigh all." The coxswain's command was immediately followed by others designed to work the boat back to proper starting-position. Deacon could easily see the Shelburne crew now—big men all, ideal oarsmen to look at. Their faces were set and grim, their eyes straight ahead. So far as they gave indication, their shell might have been alone on the river. Now the Baliol shell had made sternway sufficient for the man in the skiff to seize the rudder. The Shelburne boat was already secured. Astern hovered the referee's boat, the official standing in the bow directing operations. Still astern was a larger craft filled with favored representatives of the two colleges, the rival coaches, the crew-managers and the like.

"Are you all ready, Baliol?"

"Yes sir." Deacon, leaning forward, felt his arms grow tense.

"Are you all ready, Shelburne?"

THE affirmative was followed by the sharp report of a pistol. With a snap of his wrist Deacon beveled his oar, which bit cleanly into the water and pulled. There followed an interval of hectic stroking, oars in and out of the water as fast as could be done, while spray rose in clouds and the coxswain screamed the measure of the beat.

"Fine, Baliol." The coxswain's voice went past Deacon's ear like a bullet. "Both away together and now a little ahead at forty-two to the minute. But down now. Down—down—down—down! That's it—thirty-two to the minute. It's a long race, remember. Shelburne's dropping the beat, too. You listen to Papa, all of you; he'll keep you wise. Number

three, for God's sake don't lift all the water in the river up on your blades at the finish. Shelburne's hitting it up a bit. Make it thirty-four."

"Not yet." Deacon scowled at the tense little coxswain. "I'll do the timing." Chick Seagraves nodded.

"Right. Thirty-two."

Swinging forward to the catch, his chin turned against his shoulder, Deacon studied the rival crew which with the half-mile flags flashing by had attained a lead of some ten feet. Their blades were biting the water hardly fifty feet from the end of his blade, the naked brown bodies moving back and forth in perfect rhythm and with undiminished power registered in the snap of the legs on the stretchers and the pull of the arms. Deacon's eyes swept the face of the Shelburne coxswain; it was composed. He glanced at the stroke. The work, apparently, was costing him nothing.

"They're up to thirty-four," cried Seagraves as the mile flags drew swiftly up.

"They're jockeying us, Chick. We'll show our fire when we get ready. Let 'em rave."

Vaguely there came to Deacon a sound from the river-bank—Shelburne enthusiasts acclaiming a lead of a neat half length.

"Too much—too much." Deacon shook his head. Either Shelburne was setting out to row her rival down at the start, or else, as Deacon suspected, she was trying to smoke Baliol out, to keep at an early juncture just what method was in the rival boat. A game, steady-hearted, confident crew will always do this, it being the part of good racing policy to make a rival know fear as early as possible. And Shelburne believed in herself, beyond any question of doubt.

And whether she was faking, or simply Baliol could not afford to let the bid go unanswered, a lead of a quarter of a length at the mile had to be challenged.

"Give 'em ten at thirty-six!" Deacon's voice was thick with gathering effort.

"Talk it up, Chick."

From the coxswain's throat issued a machine-gun fusillade of whiplash words.

"Ten, boys! A rouser now. Ten. Come on. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten! Are we walking! Five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten! They anchored over there? Seven—eight—nine—ten! You big brown babies! Eight—nine—ten! Shelburne, good night—nine—wow!—ten!"

Deacon, driving backward and forward with fiery intensity, feeling within him the strength of some huge propulsive machine, was getting his first real thrill of conflict—the thrill not only of actual competition, but of all it meant to him personally: his father's well-being, his own career—everything was merged in a luminous background of emotion for which that glittering oar he held was the outlet.

Shelburne had met the spurt, but the drive of the Baliol boat was not to be denied. Gradually the two crews came abreast, and then Deacon, not stopping at the call of ten, but fairly carrying the crew along with him, swung on with undiminished ferocity, while Seagraves' voice rose into a shrill crescendo of triumph as Baliol forged to the lead.

"They know a little now." Deacon's voice was a growl as gradually he

"The Yellow Horde"

NEXT month will begin a remarkable new novel of the great out-doors, "The Yellow Horde," by Hal G. Evarts, author of "The Palmated Pioneer" and other vivid stories of animal life. You will find this a story of exceptional interest.



© THE B.V.D. CO.

LEADERSHIP

LEADERSHIP IN ANYTHING
CAN ONLY BE GAINED BY
QUALITY MAINTAINED

REGARDLESS OF MARKET
CONDITIONS OR COSTS, THE
QUALITY OF B·V·D UNDERWEAR
IS UNBUDGINGLY UPHELD.

NO UNDERWEAR IS B·V·D WITHOUT
THIS RED WOVEN LABEL.



(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

THE B·V·D COMPANY,
NEW YORK



YOU can always enjoy the rare deliciousness of Ward's Orange-Crush and Ward's Lemon-Crush with entire confidence in their high quality and well-guarded purity.

The charming flavors of these drinks are not imitations—but actual blends of the luscious oils pressed from the fresh fruit, purest sugar and citric acid—the natural acid found in all citrus fruits.

at fountains or in bottles

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago
Laboratory, Los Angeles

Send for free book, "The Story of Orange-Crush"

—like oranges?
drink
ORANGE-CRUSH



placed the beat to thirty-two, Shelburne already having diminished the stroke.

DEACON studied them. They were rowing along steadily, the eyes of their coxswain turned curiously upon the Baliol shell. He suspected the little man would like nothing better than to have Baliol break her back to the two-mile mark and thus dig a watery grave. He suspected also, that, failing Baliol's willingness to do this, the test would now be forced upon her. For Shelburne was a heavy crew with all sorts of staying-power. What Deacon had to keep in mind was that his eight was not so ragged and had therefore to be nursed along, conserving energy, wherever possible.

It was in the third mile that the battle of wits and judgment had to be carried to conclusion, the fourth mile lurking as a mere matter of staying-power and ability to stand the gaff. Deacon's idea was that at present his crew was leading because Shelburne was not unwilling for the present that this should be. How true this was became evident after the two-mile flag had passed, when the Shelburne oarsmen began to lay to their strokes with tremendous drive, the boat creeping foot by foot upon the rival shell until the Baliol lead had been overcome and Shelburne herself swept to the fore. Deacon raised the stroke slightly, to thirty-three, but soon dropped to thirty-two, watching Shelburne carefully lest she make a runaway then and there. Baliol was half a length astern at the two-and-a-half-mile mark, passing which the Shelburne crew gave themselves up to a tremendous effort to kill off her rival then and there.

"Jim! They're doing thirty-six—walking away."

The coxswain's face was white and raw.

But Deacon continued to pass up a thirty-two stroke while the Shelburne boat slid gradually away until at the three-mile mark there was a foot of clear water between its rudder and the prow of the Baliol shell.

Deacon glanced at the coxswain. A mile to go—one deadly mile.

"Thirty-six," he said, "Shelburne can't have much more left."

The time had passed for study now. Grinding his teeth, Deacon bent to his work, his eyes fixed upon the swaying body of the coxswain, whose sharp staccato voice snapped out the measure; the beat of the oars in the locks came as one sound.

"Right, boys! Up we come. Bully—bully—bully! Half a length now. Do you hear? Half a length! Give me a quarter, boys. Eh, Godfrey! We've got it. Now up and at 'em Baliol. Oh, you half-dogs!"

As in a dream Deacon saw the Shelburne boat drift into view, saw the various oarsmen slide past until he and the crew stroke were rowing practically alone.

"That's for you, Dad," he muttered—and smiled.

He saw the men swing with quickened rhythm, saw the spray fly like bullets from the Shelburne blades.

"Look out." There was a note of anguish in Seagraves' voice. "Shelburne's spurring again."

A malediction trembled upon Deacon's lips. So here was the joker held in reserve by the rival crew. Had Baliol anything left? Had he anything left? Grave doubt was mounting in his soul. Away swept the Shelburne boat inches at a stroke until the difference in their positions was nearly a length. Three miles and a half! Not an observer but believed that this grueling contest had been worked out. Seagraves, his eyes running tears, believed it as he swung backward and forward exhorting his men. Half a mile more! The crews were now rowing between the anchored lines of yachts and excursion-craft. The finish boat was in sight.

And now Deacon, exalted by something nameless, uttered a cry and began to give to Baliol more than he really had. Surely, steadily, he raised his stroke while his comrades, like the lion-hearts they were, took it up and put the sanction of common authority upon it. Thirty-four! Thirty-six! Not the spurt of physical prowess, but of indomitable mentality.

"Up we come!" Seagraves' voice was shrill like a bugle. He could see expressions of stark fear in the faces of the rival oarsmen. They had given all they had to give, had given enough to win almost any race. But here in this race they had not given enough.

On came the Baliol shell with terrific impulse. Quarter of a mile; Shelburne passed, her prow hanging, doggedly onto the Baliol rudder.

Victory! Deacon's head became clear. None of the physical torture he had felt in the past mile was now registered upon his consciousness. No thought but that of impending victory!

"Less than a quarter of a mile, boys. In the stretch. Now—my God!"

FOLLOWING the coxswain's broken exclamation, Deacon felt an increased resistance upon his blade.

"Eh?"

"Innis has carried away his oarlock." The eyes of the coxswain strained upon Deacon's face.

Deacon gulped. Strangely a picture of his father filled his mind. His face hardened.

"All right! Tell him to throw his oar away and swing with the rest. Don't move your rudder now. Keep it straight as long as you can."

From astern the sharp eyes of the Shelburne cox had detected the accident to Baliol's Number six. His voice was chattering stridently.

Deacon, now doing the work practically of two men, was undergoing torture which shortly would have one of two effects. Either he would collapse or his spirit would carry him beyond the claims of overtaxed physique. One stroke, two strokes, three strokes—a groan escaped his lips. Then so far as personality, personal emotions, personal feelings were concerned, Jim Deacon ceased to function. He became merely part of the mechanism of a great effort, the principal guiding part.

And of all those rowing men of Baliol

only the coxswain saw the Shelburne boat creeping up slowly, inexorably—eight men against seven. For nearly quarter of a mile the grim fight was waged.

"Ten strokes more, boys!"

The prow of the Shelburne shell was on a line with Baliol's Number two.

"One—two—three—four—" The bow of the Shelburne boat plunged up abeam Baliol's bow oar.

"Five—six—God, boys!—seven—"

The voice of the coxswain swept upward in a shrill scream. A gun boomed; the air rocked with the screech and roar of whistles.

SLOWLY Deacon opened his eyes. Seagraves, the coxswain, was standing up waving his megaphone. Rollins, at Number seven, lay prone over his oar. Innis, who had broken his oarlock, sat erect; Wallace, at Number five, was down. So was the bow oar. Mechanically Deacon's hand sought the water, splashing the body of the man in front of him. Then suddenly a mahogany launch dashed alongside. In the bow was a large man with white mustache and florid face and burning black eyes. His lips were drawn in a broad grin which seemed an anomaly upon the face of Cephas Doane. If so he immediately presented a still greater anomaly. He laughed aloud.

"Poor old Shelburne! I—George! The first in four years! I never saw anything quite like that. We've talked of Baliol's rowing-spirit—eh! Here, you Deacon, let me give you a hand out of the shell. We'll run you back to quarters."

Deacon, wondering, was pulled to the launch and then suddenly stepped back, his jaw falling, his eyes alight as a man advanced from the stern.

"Dad!"

"Yes," chuckled Doane. "We came up together—to celebrate."

"You mean—you mean—" Jim Deacon's voice faltered.

"Yes, I mean—" Cephas Doane stopped suddenly. "I think in justice to my daughter-in-law to be, Jane Bostwick, that some explanation is in order."

"Yes sir." Deacon, his arm about his father's shoulder, stared at the man.

"You see, Dr. Nicholls had the idea that you needed a finer edge put on your rowing spirit. So I got Jane to cook up the story about that cashier business, at the bank."

"You did!"

"Yes. Of course your father was appointed. The only trouble was that Jane, bright and clever as she is, bungled her lines."

"Bungled!" Deacon's face cleared. "That's what Dr. Nicholls said about her on the road, the day I bucked out. I remember the word somehow."

"She bungled, yes. She was to have made it very clear that by winning you would escape my alleged wrath—or rather, your father would. I knew you would row hard for Baliol, but I thought you might row superhumanly for your father."

"Well," Jim Deacon flushed, then glanced proudly at his father,—"you were right, sir—I would."

"Brannigan," another fine story by Lawrence Perry, will appear in an early issue.

THE TEN PAYMENT PLAN

Buy an Income Month by Month

A Decided Advantage

of investing on "The Ten Payment Plan" is that it enables you to

Control Five Times as Much Stock

as your first payment of 20% would purchase outright. You pay the balance of your purchase in 9 equal monthly payments. Meanwhile, you

Get All Dividends as Due

and reserve the right to sell should the stocks you hold advance in price and afford you an opportunity to take a profit. Send for our FREE Booklets showing how to insure a definite saving from your income each month and how to invest this saving under "THE TEN PAYMENT PLAN" in listed securities yielding as high as 10%.

Write for Booklet R-7

E. M. FULLER & CO.

Members Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York
50 Broad Street New York

ROSE 20 PAYMENT PLAN

You can buy high class dividend paying stocks—any number of shares—by making moderate initial deposit—balance in small monthly payments.

PROFITS CAN BE TAKEN AT ANY TIME.

NO MARGIN CALLS

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET No. 1212
HOW YOU CAN BECOME FINANCIALLY INDEPENDENT

ROSE & COMPANY

50 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: BROAD 6360-6361

OWN YOUR OWN STOCKS IN A YEAR

Begin To-day

Invest Wisely. Obtain Growing Income. Buy only high grade stocks paying substantial dividends. First payment 20% of purchase price. Balance equal monthly payments during year.

Write today for Booklet "R"

FRANCIS & CO.

Investment Securities

Cor. Broadway and Wall St., New York City

Investment Opportunities and Our Twenty Payment Plan

These publications tell of good investment stocks, which can be purchased on small payments, extending over a period of twenty months. This has been our business since 1908. You can secure both free.

Write for 17-RB

SLATTERY & CO.

(INC.)
Investment Securities

40 Exchange Place, New York

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me, I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Businessman Journal. Write today.
C. W. Bansom, 413 Essex Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BUY NOW!

German — Russian — French
Belgian — Italian — Mexican
Bonds and Currency
L. N. ROSENBAUM & CO.
135 Broadway, New York

SOUTHWESTERN OIL JOURNAL

Tells You All About the Marvelous
Development of the Texas Oil Fields.

This reliable oil trade Publication, issued weekly by expert oil writers; contains authentic drilling reports, interesting illustrations, and reliable news about all the rich Oil Pools and the good, substantial oil companies operating therein.

Write us to day and ask
for a sample copy, which
will be mailed to you.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Subscription
Rate
3 mo. \$1.50
6 mo. \$2.50
1 yr. \$4.00

SOUTHWESTERN OIL JOURNAL
Suite 100 Flatiron Bldg., Ft. Worth, Texas

INVESTMENT

is a magazine that is teaching thousands of people how to make a profit on listed stocks and bonds. Write for this week's issue, which contains up-to-date information about several established securities that can be bought now to yield a liberal return. INVESTMENT IS FREE. WRITE TODAY.

KRIEBEL & CO.

INVESTMENT BANKERS

141Y South La Salle St. Chicago

A DAUGHTER OF D

(Continued from page

her—after stating my reasons frankly and courteously, after advising her as I seemed right to advise her."

"If my daughter loved your son, and your son loved my daughter, would you object to their marriage?"

"If I could be assured of the reality of their affection—no. I would be relieved to see Cleghorn married to a woman, a strong woman."

Daniel Lang lowered himself into the proffered chair and sat in silence for a moment. "You have acted as I would have done if our positions had been reversed," he said presently. It was a magnificent quality of Lang's that he could recognize the truth when he heard it, and perceive honesty where honesty resided.

"I am glad," said Islip.

"Where is your son?"

"At his office, I believe."

"My daughter has disappeared. I left my house yesterday and has not returned."

Islip pressed a button on his desk, and a young woman appeared.

"Get my son on the telephone," directed.

The men sat in silence, waiting. The young woman reported.

"Mr. Cleghorn is not in his office. He was not there all day yesterday."

"Thank you," Islip said, and waited until she had left the room. "We must find him," he observed, and Lang agreed that a partnership had been brought about between himself and this man, a capitalist. "I will give directions," Lang continued. "I think I can save time. Will you remain here? I think," he said, looking into Lang's face in a queer, most appealing, intent way that he said, "that you and I should know each other better."

"Yes," said Lang.

"We are like men from opposite sides of the world meeting," said Islip. "It is strange we find such a meeting-ground. He rested his chin on his hand and gazed with an air of sorrow, upon nothingness. "I think we have made the same mistake," he said presently, "our children."

"I have not known how to be a father to my daughter," said Lang.

"Nor I to my son. I seem to have thought of everybody else before I thought of the boy."

"And I," said Lang, "have given my life to labor for mankind—and have neglected the woman growing up in my home."

"I was born to this place," Islip said slowly, musingly, as if trying to account to himself for events as they had occurred. "As a boy I knew it would mine—this wealth and this authority. I do not know what it means to be without those things, and so in a measure I am unable to understand the lives of those who do not have them. Because I have always possessed, the fact of possession signifies little to me. It is a matter of course. But I have tried to understand and to do what was required of me."

RIGHT OF DISCONTENT

(Continued from page 76)

...trying to explain myself to you, and myself—to see how this has come about. . . . I am a lonely man. It must be my fault, for I have a son—and other men have sons who are companions to them. I am wondering if it is my business which has prevented me from being father—if it was necessary to make that sacrifice. Mr. Lang, I would rather possess a son who was a son to me and to live up all I own, than to be myself and to feel that my son neither loves nor trusts me. I have no need for so much wealth. Money provides me with food and a new suit of clothes when I need it—it can do no more for any man. The exercise of power is not a pleasure but a responsibility. I would be happier without it. I would throw it away gladly if it would give me back my son. But I cannot throw it away. I do not possess this business: it possesses me."

Lang nodded. He was interested. "I am forced to regard this business and this power as a trust," Islip went on, and myself as a trustee responsible to the world. I cannot stand from under. But I would seem"—his voice was low with grief and perplexity—"as if there might have been time to gain the love of one boy. If only I had known how! While I have been giving my life to providing food for the world, to carrying food to the world's doors, I might have been given a few moments to get this one thing for myself. 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' It is a commandment, Lang; yet our parents have to earn obedience to them from our children. It isn't like a traffic-law with officers to enforce it. It takes me wonder where a man's great duty lies—to his own soul or to the world. I have organized the food-transportation and storage of the world. I have built a machine that can avert famine in the Balkans and store the harvests of summer against the coming of winter—but when the Great Record is read, will not my failure to be a real father to one boy outweigh and erase all that service to mankind?"

"I'm feeling that," said Lang. . . . "My son and my daughter! You come from one pole, I from the other; yet we make the same error, suffer the same grief."

"Mankind seems to have nothing in common but grief."

"And folly," said Lang sternly.

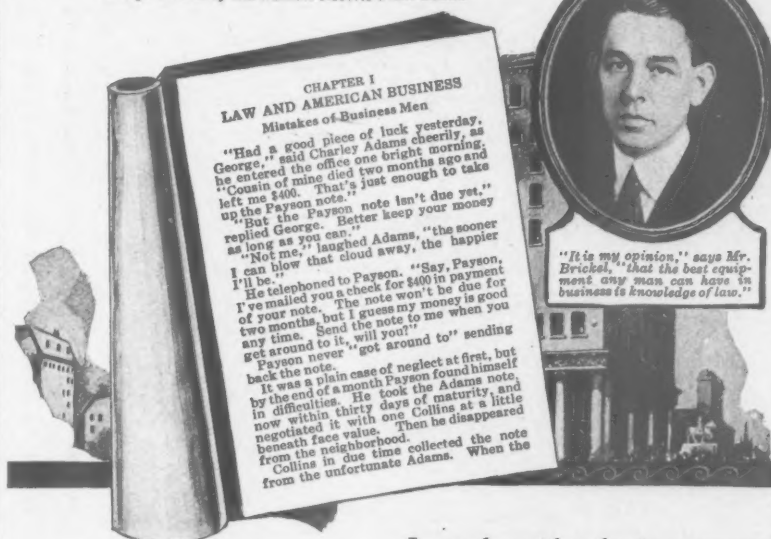
"If there were to be nothing worse than folly, Lang! I could bear with much folly. I might even be able to laugh at my son's folly." His tone was pathetic, appealing for sympathetic understanding. "A man may laugh at a son's folly, but not at a daughter's."

"True. And I pray that my son and my daughter may not have joined in the same folly." His face became stern. "Lang, 'He shall make reparation.'"

Lang shook his head; the severity of his face relaxed into something akin to sadness, eloquent of great-hearted sympathy for the fallibility of mankind. "Reparation—forced reparation—is a great wrong. It benefits no one. I have

Send for this Free Book

This book will show you the way to greater success in business, just as it did Floyd E. Brickel, who rose from a clerk to become vice-president of the Akron Morris Plan Bank.



THREE years ago, Floyd E. Brickel—then an assistant in the accounting department of the Akron Morris Plan Bank, Akron, Ohio—sent for a copy of the book pictured here.

His need for this book was real and definite, for he had been watching other men in the bank and had discovered the secret of their success. They knew law.

So he determined to equip himself in every possible way with valuable legal knowledge. He found that this book gave him some helpful legal pointers which he could apply in his everyday work.

Mr. Brickel also discovered that through the Modern American Law Course and Service of the Blackstone Institute he could gain a thorough knowledge of all phases of business law at home, in his spare moments. He enrolled for the Course at once.

A short time later the position of secretary in his bank became vacant. Three men were considered for the position, but the directors, noting Mr. Brickel's growing knowledge of law, had confidence in him. He was elected.

Six months later came still another promotion—this time to the position of vice-president and treasurer. In writing to the Institute about this Mr. Brickel says:

"My latest promotion is an additional bit of good fortune I can attribute to my law training. There are frequent instances where the information gained from your Course has been a deciding factor in guiding important business negotiations. It is my opinion that the best equipment any man can have in business is a knowledge of law."

Law—the guide to business success

The truth of Mr. Brickel's statement is proved by the experience of the leaders in the nation's biggest enterprises. In the iron and steel business, in the railroads, in the banks and other industries the men at the top are legally trained.

Law is essential. It governs, regulates and controls every business act. A knowledge of law will enable you not only to protect your own interests but those of your company as well. Law training is synonymous with progress and promotion.

Ex-president Taft and eighty other eminent authorities have now made it possible for you, through our plain, clear, easy-to-read Course in law, to obtain a legal training at home in your spare moments, without interruption to your regular work.

Let the coupon below bring you the facts about this Course in which 40,000 business men are already enrolled. Let the coupon bring you our FREE 118-page book of everyday legal pointers pictured above.

Read, by all means, the practical legal illustrations, written in story form, which this book contains. They will perhaps surprise and startle you, and may be the means of saving you thousands of dollars this year.

If you are a man in whom ambition is ripened by action, you will send for this book at once. There is no obligation. Fill in coupon, with your name plainly written or typed. Mail it today. Blackstone Institute, Dept. 70-B, 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



Send your 118-page book of everyday legal pointers—FREE

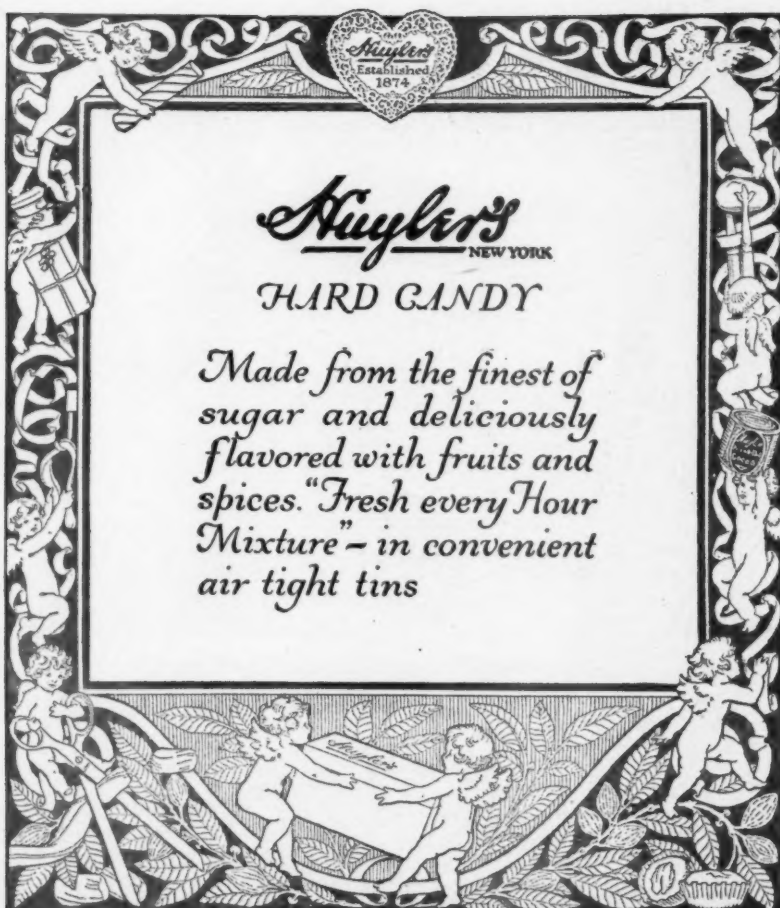
Name.....
Business.....
Position.....
Business.....
Address.....


City..... State.....

Check with X Law for Business ☐ Admission to Bar ☐

Blackstone Institute

Organized to meet the demand for law-trained men
Dept. 70-B, 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois




Kuyler's NEW YORK
HARD CANDY

*Made from the finest of
 sugar and deliciously
 flavored with fruits and
 spices. "Fresh every Hour
 Mixture" - in convenient
 air tight tins*

The greatest animal story of the wide outdoors that this magazine has ever offered its readers and one that you must not miss

"THE YELLOW HORDE" By Hal G. Evarts

It will begin, with wonderful pictures, in August.

NESTLÉ'S



Louise Forsyth

MILK

Atlanta, Ga.
 NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY.
 My wife and I met a friend who was so interested in our baby that he wanted to know what we had raised her on. I told him Nestlé's Food and he was so impressed with her physical condition, weighing 31 pounds at 18 months, that he suggested I communicate with you, as you would be interested to learn of our success with Nestlé's Food. This is her second Summer and she is getting along very nicely.
 Yours truly, J. A. FORTYTH, JR.
Transportation Building.

This is a typical Nestlé case. Nestlé's has stood the test of three generations. And today more babies are fed on Nestlé's than on any other baby food in the world.

Address Dept. K1
 Nestlé's Food Company
 New York

FOOD



FREE TO MOTHERS
 A trial package—enough for 12 feedings—and a valuable book for mothers.

met your son, Islip. He is a good boy—a good boy. I liked him. It was my daughter's misfortune to be beautiful and to have no mother. I think Jane was stronger than your son."

Islip did not understand.

"Able to compel him to her desires," said Lang. "She was uneasy, discontented, not schooled to self-control—child of her era, perhaps—a daughter of discontent. She did not give me her thoughts, but I could see. I was close to her, or I should have been alarmed. She talked, but I dismissed her talk as words. She was ignorant, and I should have instructed her. The fault is mine. Daughters do love their fathers," he said. "The fault is mine."

"And mine."

"But it is my daughter and your son who must suffer."

"Because we have been too busy with our affairs we have taken upon ourselves to attend to the affairs God put upon us."

The young woman rapped on the door and entered discreetly. "You sent for Mr. Ledyard. He is here," she said.

"Let him come in."

Weeks Ledyard entered, stopped with astonishment as he saw Daniel Lang at that place, the most unlikely in the world in which to encounter him.

"Mr. Lang," said Islip, "this is Mr. Ledyard. He can help us."

"I know Mr. Ledyard," Lang said. "Like him."

"You know Ledyard?" It was Islip's turn to show surprise.

"He has called at my house—upon my daughter. —Mr. Ledyard, Jane has appeared."

The suddenness of the announcement struck Ledyard with the impact of a blow. Jane disappeared—Jane Lang, whom he loved but had struggled not to love! Without willing to do so, he uttered a sound of expostulation. There was a brief interval during which he was unconscious of Jane's father and of Abner Islip. He was alone with himself; and that instant he saw clearly, admitted to himself what he had refused to admit—he loved Jane Lang. Whatever her defects, whatever blight might lie upon her character, he loved her. She was the woman for him, necessary to him, and he must possess her so long as life continued. . . . Abner Islip was speaking.

"Do you know where Cleghorn is?"

"Cleghorn!"

"He has been paying attentions to Miss Lang. Yesterday she was discharged from her position here for that reason. I fancied you might know something. Cleghorn is not at work today. Do you know where he is?"

Cleghorn and Jane Lang! It was wholly possible. If he had understood Jane rightly, she had contemplated marriage with Cleghorn, a marriage that was composed of barter and sale. But there had been no marriage. He was sure of that. Cleghorn was no bridegroom. Before Ledyard answered Islip's question, he reviewed the events attending Cleghorn's appearance before Chagnon's apartment. His words and manner there. No, there had been no marriage; but what had there been?

"When did Miss Lang go?"

"Sometime yesterday," said her father.

"I know where Cleghorn is. But Miss Lang is not with him."

"Where is he?"
Ledyard shook his head. "I am not sure Miss Lang has anything to do with it."

"With what?" Islip asked sharply.
Ledyard ignored the question. "I will find out," he said grimly. "It doesn't seem possible—" He paused, disregarding the two fathers, battling in his thoughts against admitting that Jane Lang could be concerned in affairs which bore such sinister aspect as did those of last night.

"Take me to this young man," said Daniel Lang.

"No. First I will find out."

"Young man, it is my daughter who is in question."

"And my son," added Islip.

"No."

"Why?"

Some stubborn idea that he was bound in honor to Cleghorn took possession of Ledyard. Something blasting had taken place. Cleghorn had inadvertently put an edge of the secret in his hands, and he would not divulge it even to the boy's father—unless Jane were concerned. And then—in that case something told him he would deal with the matter himself. If it proved to be a fact that Cleghorn had in any irrevocable way sinned against Jane, no father should interfere. Ledyard was slow to rage. His was the steady, deep-running nature of the New England hills—a nature which once aroused may become coldly ruthless. He turned toward the door.

"Where are you going?" It was Islip who spoke.

"To see Chagnon—to find out."

"Mr. Ledyard," said Islip, "something has happened. You know something about my son. It is your duty to tell me what you know."

Ledyard shook his head stubbornly. "Something has happened. I don't know what. You will have to leave it to me. Cleghorn trusted me."

Lang nodded. He understood something of what was passing through Ledyard's mind. "But my daughter?" he said.

"I am concerned there too, Mr. Lang," said Ledyard, his voice unemotional as his face—both schooled against display of emotion by generations of practiced repression. "I love your daughter."

He moved toward the door. "Stay here," he said as if he were the one in authority. "You will hear from me." Then he went out. Neither of the fathers moved to follow him.

"My son—my son!" Islip said in a low voice.

CHAPTER XXII

CLEGHORN ISLIP was in Weeks Ledyard's rooms. He was obsessed by an impulse to hide, to burrow, which he was in no mental condition to combat. In the afternoon following his awful night, he arose and dressed in spite of Ruth Deyo's commands, obeying a decent but boyish feeling that he must take himself out of that house. He feared to bring trouble upon it, and with the rampant



Copyright 1920
A. S. Hinds

This Cream
assists in
developing
a Beautiful
Complexion by
keeping the Skin
Naturally Soft

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

It is the Midsummer use of Hinds Cream that proves its superiority in keeping the Complexion always attractive. The skin would easily roughen and burn by all-day exposure unless protected with an emollient possessing unusual softening and healing qualities.

Everywhere in this great America, Hinds Cream is in daily use by those women whose clear, smooth, fresh complexions add so much to their personal charm. At the seashore, mountain and lake resorts Hinds Cream is the vogue.—Men require it for sunburn and after shaving.

It's the simplest cream in the world to use, and it's gaining favor as a base for face powder.—The new bottle cap makes it safe for traveling.

Attractive Week-End Box, 50c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Comforts are selling throughout America. Mailed postpaid, in U. S. A. from laboratory if not easily obtainable.

FOR TRIAL: Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Trial Cake Soap, 8c.

A. S. HINDS

220 West St., Portland, Me.



Sunburn

is quickly relieved by
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream



BOTTLE CAPPER

Caps air tight all beverages, and is much cheaper than the old way of corks and wax.

Will cap either quart or pint bottles, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

Price \$2.50 Prepaid
to any address in the U. S.

ADDRESS
Malt-Ade Supply Co.
468 1/2 West Washington St.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Music Lessons

UNDER MASTER TEACHERS

At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail

Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument or Voice Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
6209 Siegel-Hyers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

New 35¢ Size

TALCUM
FRAGRANT WITH
PARFUM
Mary Garden
Rigaud
PARIS

Write for "*L'art de la Toilette*" to
GEO. BORGELDT & CO. NEW YORK.

NO SHINY NOSE EVER

LA MEDA
Cold Creamed Powder

And because it is Applied the La Meda Way, you will find your toilet will not be affected by wind, rain nor perspiration.

Highly beneficial and recommended for constant daily use. Tints: Flesh, White, Brunette.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you—or it will be sent postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a large jar.

Trial Jar FREE

La Meda Mfg. Co., 103 E. Garfield Blvd., Chicago
Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the stamp for postage and packing. Or 12c stamps if more convenient.

Name _____
Address _____
I usually buy my toilet goods from _____

sentimentality of youth, held stubbornly the thought that his presence was an affront to Ruth herself—that any connection with last night's events sullied and smirched her.

"I've got to go," he said with mulish determination.

"You mustn't go. You aren't able. Where will you go? Home?"

"No—not home. I don't know—some-where."

"You must stay here—at least for to-night."

He shook his head. "I mustn't. I want to stay. It is so safe here. I feel safe when you are here."

She turned away her face. It was pitifully boyish, his fear and his attitude toward her. It touched her, shook her, made her yearn toward him, but she had taken her determination and would not waver. Even now she would not admit that this boy was very dear to her, that it was her denied affection for him that had forced her to take the attitude toward him that she had taken. She realized that she loved him, and despised herself for it. If Cleghorn suffered, Ruth suffered also—and also suffered with the feverish capacity of youth for suffering.

She was glad, relieved, when Weeks Ledyard came up the stairs and entered. Almost brusquely she left the room.

"Up, eh?" said Ledyard.

"I'm going away—some place. I've got to go. I can't stay here."

"Of course not. You're going home, where you belong."

Cleghorn shook his head. "I'm not going home. I'm going away."

"Where?"

"I don't know. I must get away—a long ways. I've been thinking about it—how I could get out of Chicago. I could start at night and drive."

"Look here," said Ledyard, "you've got to come through. If your friends don't know what you're up against, they can't help you. People like you don't run away. Think of the row it would raise! If you won't tell me, tell your father. It would have to be a pretty bad mess your father couldn't get you out of."

Cleghorn started to his feet. "Not Father—anybody but Father."

"Your father would go to hell for you."

"You don't know him. . . . Where's my car?"

"You're not going to leave Chicago—tonight, anyhow. If you've got to go somewhere, come home with me. Nobody knows you are here, and nobody will look for you there. You'll be perfectly safe from whatever it is you're afraid of." Ledyard scowled. "You're acting like a fool," he added.

"Let's go, then," said Cleghorn, with sudden determination.

Ledyard called a taxicab. Cleghorn was for rushing down to it without saying good-by or thanking his hostess and Ruth, but Ledyard would not permit that sort of departure. He found Ruth in the dining-room, sitting straight and pale, her hands clenched in her lap.

"I'm taking Cleghorn home with me. He's on edge—doesn't realize what he's doing. I'll look after him."

Ruth looked at him with pathetic entreaty. "Don't—be unkind to him," she said. "He's—just a boy. You—you won't let anything happen to him?"

"Nothing I can prevent," he said, amazed at the emotion she exhibited. "Won't you come in and say good-by? Where's your sister?"

"Marketing."

"Then you can thank her for Cleghorn."

Ruth followed him into the next room and held out an unsteady hand to Cleghorn. "Good-by," she said coldly.

"Good-by," he said. "I—I sha'n't ever see you again." Then he turned and rushed down the stairs and hid himself in the taxicab.

"Have you got the evening paper?" he demanded of Ledyard as soon as the car was in motion.

"I've gone through them all. There's nothing about you, if that's what you're thinking about."

"It wouldn't be about me," said Cleghorn dully.

It was late that night when Weeks got his friend into bed. Cleghorn had a child's fear of the dark and of being alone; and more than once during the night Ledyard was awakened by the boy's voice calling to him. Nor did Ledyard sleep well. His own position was irregular. He was sheltering Cleghorn, as seemed to be the duty of friendship; but what was his obligation to Cleghorn's father? That troubled him, and he could not decide. That Abner Islip should know all that was to be known was a fact that stood clear and distinct; but was it his duty to become officious and to tell what had come under his eyes?

FEAR is a terrible emotion when one is in the company of other human beings; when one is all alone, it is the most terrible of all experiences. Concealed as he was in Ledyard's rooms, Cleghorn hid even there. He dared not approach a window. Every sound without had a sinister meaning to him. He lurked in his bedroom unable to read, unable even to smoke. Dozens of cigarettes, lighted and tossed away, heaped the fireplace and Ledyard's ash-receptacles. Cleghorn paced up and down, tense, waiting, always waiting. Something dreadful was always on the eve of happening. Something impended over each tick of the clock. He cried out in his soul for Weeks Ledyard to return. He contemplated flight, but dared not go out upon the streets. Once or twice he crept stealthily to a window and peered through the hangings. The street was normal, drowsy, peaceful.

He glanced at his watch. It was thirty. It had required all that waiting, that enormous period of time, to reach ten-thirty. Then the telephone rang. It might be Ledyard—it might be something else. He was afraid to put into thought what it might be. Cleghorn went to the remotest portion of the rooms from the telephone. It continued to ring intermittently, insistently. There was something mesmeric in the reception of its demand. He was afraid to answer it; yet he had to fight against answering it. It rang and continued to ring.

Cleghorn approached it, touched the receiver and then drew back his hand as if his fingers had encountered unbearable heat. It rang and rang, insisting, commanding, compelling. He lifted the receiver and spoke.

"Hello, Islip," came back a strange voice.

"Who do you want?" Cleghorn asked shakily. "These are Mr. Ledyard's rooms."

"We want you, Islip. We know you're there. We want to see you. No monkeying. We're coming up, and we don't want a fuss getting in. You don't want a fuss. And you needn't try to sneak off. One of us is watching. When the doorbell rings, let us in."

"Who are you? What—" But the receiver was hung up. The sword suspended over his head was falling, and now that its edge was touching his skin, he became calmer—not with a healthy calm of good courage, but with the calmness of desperation that was close to torpor.

The doorbell sounded, and Cleghorn opened the door. He dared not do otherwise. Footsteps ascended the stairs, and two men entered the room, closing the door after them. They were Doc Keenan and Omar Borginski.

"They wasted no time. Keenan spoke brutally. 'You're our cow, Islip, and we've come for milk.'"

"Don't we set down?" demanded Borginski.

Keenan showed his white teeth. "We do whatever we want to," he said. "Now, then, Islip, we want to tell you where you get off. You belong to us. Get that. We got a bill of sale of you, body, soul and bristles. You're a murderer, and they hang murderers here. We don't want you hung, because we're good-natured; so you won't get hung so long as you give your paw when we tell you. It aint no use to go hiding around. What we want you to do is to go back home like usual and stick to your dad—see? Nothing's going to happen to you—nothing, except to do your tricks when you're told. We can tie a rope around your neck any time, but there aint any money in it. We're going to milk you sort of light until we really need you. Get the idea? We're going to be easy on you. All we want right off is five hundred apiece, to bind the bargain. That don't let you off. We'll be back for more, wont we, Omar?"

"I haven't a thousand dollars."

"Git it," said Borginski, twisting his misshapen fingers.

"We'll give you till six o'clock tomorrow. At six we'll be waiting where we tell you, and you have it there. And you don't need to be afraid. You won't be connected with anything no way, because nobody knows but us. You aint in a bit of danger so long as we keep our mouths shut. Your orders is to be home tonight and to act just like always. We're your friends, see? And we'll look after you O. K.—calling for our pair of milk now and then. That's all. Tomorrow at six o'clock you be where I tell you." He designated a place of meeting. "And have the kale with you—or else we spill the beans. . . . That's all."

The pair turned brusquely and went out. Keenan did not turn his head, but Borginski stopped in the doorway to scowl with animal fury at Cleghorn. He closed the door after them.

CLEGHORN experienced a curious feeling of relief. The thing had happened—and he still existed. There was a ray



MOST facial skin troubles—blackheads, pimples, etc.—come from not thoroughly washing the face and from leaving the undissolved impurities of cheap, adulterated soaps in the pores of the skin. When these pores become so clogged, trouble begins and beauty vanishes. Because, it is through these pores that the skin breathes, so to speak. And to retain a healthy, beautiful skin, these delicate pores must be kept clean of undissolved soap, as well as of dirt and dust.

JAP ROSE soap is absolutely soluble in any kind of water, cold or hard. Moistens the cake, and every atom of the pure oils and chemically pure glycerine in this golden, transparent soap—JAP ROSE—changes almost instantly, into clear, pearly, bubbles of pureness that cleanse thoroughly and hygienically every delicate pore of the skin. There's not a particle of sediment. A dash of water, and as if by magic, all is gone.

As you value your health and good looks, do not use a soap on your face which contains any adulterants or impurities, and which does not wholly and almost instantly dissolve.

You can use freely and safely on the most delicate and tender skin, JAP ROSE soap, a scientific blend of the purest oils. Its dainty rose fragrance—its clear golden transparency—its purity and hygienic qualities, all combine to make it the safest and most satisfying toilet soap you ever used for the face and hands, the hair or the bath.

Roses in the cheeks, fluffiness in the hair, fragrant cleanliness everywhere—that's JAP ROSE.

You'll Like It!

An unusual value at two cakes for a quarter.

For a Clear, Healthy
Complexion Start Using
JAP ROSE soap Today.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO.
CHICAGO
Makers of Jap Rose
Talcum Powder



"Through Hell for Him," by Wallace
Irwin, in our next issue.

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning \$30.00 to \$125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 50 in. stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. Please state your age.



The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
2132 Scholfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

PURITY CROSS Deviled Tongue

Seasoned to a turn—not
spiced to burn. Great!
Handy tins—All Quality Stores

FREE BOOKLET
"The Daily Menu Maker"
PURITY CROSS MODEL KITCHEN
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

*Why haven't
you clipped
this coupon?*

IT takes but a moment—to mark the career of your choice, sign your name, clip out and mail.

Yet that simple act has started more than two million men and women toward success.

In city, town and country all over the world men are living contented lives in happy, prosperous homes—because they clipped this coupon.

In every line of business and industry, in shops, stores, offices, factories, in mines and on railroads, men are holding important positions and receiving splendid salaries—because they clipped this coupon.

You too can have the position you want in the work you like best, a salary that will give you and your family the home, the comforts, the little luxuries you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you can do it!

All we want is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There's no obligation and not a penny of cost. It's a little thing that takes but a moment, but it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 3421-B SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Sys. | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimming |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENG'N | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOBILLY OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Dresser or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TYPIST | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
Present _____
Occupation _____
Street _____
and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Canadians may send this coupon to
International Correspondence Schools, Montreal, Canada.

21 JEWEL BURLINGTON WATCH



**\$2.50
PER
MONTH**

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Kinesed at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases. The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at rate of \$2.50 a month. You get watch at same price that wholesale jewellers must pay us.

Write Today See color illustrations of all newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Name and address on a postcard is enough. Write today. Burlington Watch Company Dept. B-120190 St. and Marshall Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Office: 255 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

of hope. For the first time since that dreadful night he was able to think with some degree of coherency. His reasoning was boyish, jumbled, specious, but it was reasoning of a sort, and it was good for him. His mind kept to a review of the scene just enacted, and to him its outstanding feature was that he was not to be denounced. There was hope. The sword was still suspended over his head, but he could reinforce the thread that sustained it with strands of gold. He did not reason past that, did not penetrate into a future which should consist of ever-increasing demands upon him and struggles to answer those demands in secrecy. He did not yet consider where he was to get, without valid excuse, a thousand dollars. He had no thousand dollars. Somehow he would get the money, and with the danger itself postponed, something would turn up. He had youth's confidence in the kindness of the future.

It was while Cleghorn was reflecting in this hopeful mood that Weeks Ledyard admitted himself to the rooms. Cleghorn greeted him in almost light-hearted mood, but Ledyard did not respond.

"Cleg," said Ledyard sternly, "what do you know about Jane Lang?" He watched the boy intently for betraying signals of guilty knowledge.

"Jane Lang?" Cleghorn's surprise was too evident, too genuine, to be mistaken for play-acting. "What about Jane Lang?"

"Has she any connection with this mess you're in?"

Cleghorn actually laughed. "I haven't remembered there was such a person for days," he said. "I'm going home, Weeks."

"You give me your word that you don't know where Miss Lang is, and have had nothing to do with her disappearance?"

"Disappearance? Has she disappeared? Honestly, Weeks, this is the first I've heard of it. I don't know when I've seen her, not for days and days. I was sort of dotty about her. . . . She's a beauty, isn't she?" Youth has its irresistible buoyancy.

Ledyard was satisfied. He went to the telephone, and to Cleghorn's unease, called Abner Islip on the telephone.

"I am with Cleghorn now," he said. "I can assure you he has nothing to do with Miss Lang's going away. That is positive."

"Where is my son?" Islip asked.

Weeks turned to Cleghorn. "Your father wants to know where you are. He's worried, Cleg. May I tell him?"

"Sure. Tell him I'll be home tonight."

"He wants to speak to you," Weeks said after he had given the information. Cleghorn took the receiver unwillingly.

"Hello, Dad."

"My boy, I've been worried about you. You haven't been at work."

"I will be tomorrow, Dad."

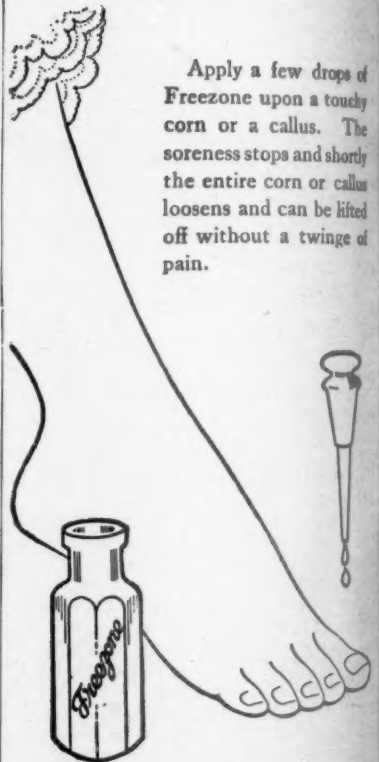
"Has something happened? Are you in any trouble?"

"No."

"Son, I can't wait until I see you to tell you this. If you are in any trouble, there's nobody who would do so much as I to help you. You must understand that.

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere



NR TO-NIGHT TO-MORROW ALRIGHT

Nature's Remedy

NR TABLETS IN THE BEST LAXATIVE Used for 30 years

Get a 25¢ Box

There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, my boy. If you would come to me with things—I've never been hard on you. There's no reason to be afraid of me."

"You're all right, Dad," Cleghorn said, not without emotion. "See you tonight."

He sat down and smoked. For the minute all his troubles had vanished, and he became interested in Jane Lang. Weeks told him all that was to be known.

"So her father landed on me for it?" Cleghorn said ruefully. "You can't beat it! But what in thunder can have become of her?"

"I don't know," said Ledyard grimly, "but I'm going to find out."

NEITHER man spoke for a space. Ledyard was thinking of Jane Lang; Cleghorn was wondering where he could get a thousand dollars. He spoke with a trifle of embarrassment:

"Weeks, you haven't a thousand bucks lying around, have you?"

"A thousand dollars? Me? Wish I had. Look here, what do you want of a thousand dollars?"

"I've got a use for it."

"Ask your father."

"My God, no!" Cleghorn exclaimed in sudden panic.

"You've got to buy somebody off—blackmail?"

"Fiddlesticks," said Cleghorn.

"It's a bad game, Cleg. I've seen it work out. Better face the music than sell yourself into slavery. I don't know what you're up against, but it's a heap better to stand up to it and fight it out than it is to look ahead to years of milking—to having somebody turn up at rotten times, demanding money. It'll make a little hell of your life. If you've a pint of sense, you'll go to your father and spill the whole thing. He can get you out of it. I just came from your father, Cleg. You've hurt him. He wouldn't be hard on you—and he'd shove his hand into fire for you. Let your father clean this up."

"Nobody can clean it up," Cleghorn said in sudden despondency. "It can't be cleaned."

"I haven't a thousand dollars, and if I had, I wouldn't give it to you to pay blackmail."

"I've got to get it—somewhere."

Cleghorn walked to the window and looked down into the street. On the opposite walk he saw lounging the huge, awkward figure of Omar Borginski. He was being watched. A spy was set upon him. Suddenly he realized something of the dreadfulness of his new position. He was not free. He was another man's cow, as Keenan had said, to give milk when commanded. This was the atmosphere in which he must live and from which he could not escape. Always he would be conscious of the prying gaze of unwholesome eyes. He would be a hunted creature, striving always for escape and concealment—but there would be no escape or concealment.

With a dry sob in his throat, the sob of a frightened boy, he leaned against the wall and buried his face in his arms.

The forthcoming chapters of this remarkable novel, achieve even greater interest. Watch for them in the next, the August, issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

The Best Diamond Bargains in 75 Years

Never in nearly ¾ of a century business existence have we offered such amazing bargains as against prevailing prices. Due to very unusual conditions, this old diamond banking house, rated at more than \$1,000,000.00, has been making thousands upon thousands of additional loans on high grade jewels. Many loans not repaid means extremely large numbers of diamonds to dispose of away below full market prices.

Why Pay Full Prices

We send the diamond or watch you select on approval. Try to match it for 60% more—that's our challenge. Customers write: "My \$45 cluster valued here at \$150.00" "The stone I bought of you for \$75 I could not duplicate for less than \$162.00." Hundreds of letters like these. Names on request.

Send Coupon for Latest Bargain List

It is radically different from the ordinary catalog. Every jewel described in detail. The list contains hundreds of rare bargains. Put your name and address in the coupon or a letter or on a post card and mail today. You will be under no obligation. Send the coupon now.

Jos. De Roy & Sons, 2564 De Roy Bldg.

Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

References by permission—Bank of Pittsburgh, N.A., Marine National Bank, Union Trust Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. Your bank can lead us up to mercantile agencies.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS, PITTSBURGH



Jos. De Roy & Sons
2564 De Roy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me free and prepaid, your latest bargain list of diamonds, watches and other jewelry. It is understood I assume no obligation of any kind.

Name.....
Address.....

Genuine Aspirin

Always say "Bayer" and insist upon a "Bayer package"



The "Bayer Cross" on Aspirin tablets has the same meaning as "Sterling" on silver. Both mean Genuine!

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" should be taken according to the directions in each

"Bayer package." Be sure the "Bayer Cross" is on package and on tablets. Then you are getting the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



DeMiracle

Every Woman's Depilatory



The Perfect Hair Remover

WHEN you use DeMiracle there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. Therefore it is the nicest, cleanliest and easiest way to remove hair. It is ready for instant use and is the most economical because there is no waste. Simply wet the hair with this nice, original sanitary liquid and it is gone.

You are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory when you use DeMiracle, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

Use DeMiracle just once for removing hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for free book.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes War Tax.

DeMiracle

Dept. P-19 Park Ave. and 129th St., New York



RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS ASSOCIATE WITH BIG MEN

That is what gives them chances for promotion. They start in at a good salary—earn from \$110 to \$200 a month and expenses. The work is important, for the safety of thousands depends on their vigilance. And when they do their work as we teach them they attract the favorable attention of their superiors. Promotions then are rapid.

Learn This Profitable Profession

All you need is a common school education for entrance to our three-months' course, which is easy to learn at home during your spare time. Take the initiative now, while the demand for Railway Traffic Inspectors is so good. There is a Big Demand in This Field.

OUR BOOKLET tells of this ideal vocation—out in the big out-doors—how you associate with big men—how you can earn an excellent salary from the start—how you can climb to the very top. Send for our booklet D132 today.

WE SECURE YOUR POSITION.

WE ARRANGE FOR A POSITION

Standard Business Training Institute
BUFFALO, N. Y.

MRS. MARKYN

(Continued from page 86)

There was an open trunk in it, besides the bed and the one chair; the trunk's contents of rich-looking dresses, many of them torn and spotted, were scattered on the open lid and hung upon its sides. His breathing tightened queerly as he caught the faint perfume which came from them and filled the room, and he moved closer, looking at the things. The scent was unmistakable and unforgettable as he touched the dresses; his mother's bedroom had been heavy with this strong perfume on the day she died. Were these his mother's things?

PEEWEE could hear voices in the other room—the man's voice, then the colored girl's voice, then the voice of the younger of the two women; they spoke in low tones, and he could not distinguish what they said. Presently the door opened, and the elder woman came in; she pulled about the dresses in the trunk, took one and went out again, reclosing the door. The voices began again. Had they put him in here in order that he might not hear what was said? Finally the voices stopped; the door was opened, and the younger woman entered.

She sat down upon the bed and drew him beside her. "What do you call yourself?" she asked.

He told her: "Peewee."

"You remember the day you saw your mother?"

"Yes'm."

"What did she call you?"

He replied after an instant: "Walter."

"Then that is your real name, aint it?"

He thought it best to agree with her. "Yes'm."

"Then if anybody asked you, you'd tell them that."

"Yes'm." He kept unexpressed a mental reservation.

"What did you think of your mother?"

He could not reply; he had no particular feeling toward his mother, and no opinion of her.

His silence seemed to satisfy her. "Do you think she looked like me?"

He considered her. "No'm."

His gaze went to the rings upon her hands; there was one of them distinctively unforgettable. He recalled his dead mother's thin hands stretched stiffly on the coverlet with their glistening rings.

"You have her ring," he said.

She laughed. "That's right," she asserted. "She was the bad one; I was the good one; now I wear her things."

Comprehension was coming to him; he had thought the man must be Lampert; now he was sure he was. This did not tell him yet who the women were, and he speculated regarding them as she led him back into the other room. The colored girl, he saw, had gone; the dress was gone; the man stood gazing down at him.

"Are you hungry?" the man inquired.

"Yes sir."

"What is it you like best to eat?"

Peewee reflected; the question opened attractive possibilities. "Strawberries," he replied.

"Go out and get some strawberries," the man said to the younger woman.

The woman went out; the man paced slowly about the room, thinking. Peewee watched him questioningly. Was it possible the man was going to give him strawberries? His directions to the woman indicated that, but experience had taught Peewee to guard against the appointment. The return of the woman bringing the berries confirmed the man's intention. Peewee looked on expectantly while she washed the berries and put them in a dish upon the table; she put sugar beside them, and spread bread with butter.

"This what you wanted?" the man asked.

"Yes sir."

"Say: 'Yes, Grandfather.'"

Peewee eyed the berries. "Yes, Grandfather."

The man pointed to the older woman. "Call her 'Grandmother,'" he directed.

"Yes, Grandmother," said Peewee.

The man motioned to the other woman. "Call her 'Aunt Nettie!'"

"Yes, Aunt Nettie."

"Go on and eat," the man permitted.

THE younger woman set a chair and helped Peewee up into it. He took a spoon in one dirty hand, and bread and butter in the other. There was, he thought, with his mouth full of bread and berries, something inexplicable here. The titles of relationship by which he had been made to call these people assured him incontrovertibly that the women he longed in some way to himself. Family relations were not wholly plain to Peewee. He had known that Lampert was his mother's father; he had not been sure what relation this implied of Lampert to himself, or whether, under the circumstances, there was any acknowledgeable relation. The titles made this clear. What was inexplicable was that Mrs. Markyn had called Lampert rough. She had undoubtedly been mistaken about that. Lampert, it appeared to Peewee, was kind.

"How'd you like to have strawberries every day?" Lampert asked.

"I'd like it."

"Grandfather," Lampert warned.

"I'd like it, Grandfather."

"Even in winter when they have to be grown in hothouses?"

"Yes, Grandfather."

"How'd you like to have nice clothes—warm ones for winter and cool ones for summer?"

"I'd like it."

"How'd you like to have a nice bed to sleep in, in a nice room?"

"I'd like it."

"How'd you like to have roller skates? How'd you like to have a bicycle? How'd you like to have an automobile to ride in?"

"I'd like them, Grandfather."

"All right; I'll get you all those things."

Peewee stared at Lampert in amazement.

The elder woman, when he had finished, took the dishes and washed them in the sink. Lampert continued to pace up and down; he appeared to be concentrating, silently, the same line of thought. "That aint all," he broke out. "What you going to be when you grow up?" Peewee observed him without answering; he had his own ideas upon this question, but the contrast between what he meant to be and what he was prevented from confiding them.

"You don't understand," Lampert decided. "There's men that work for other men and get paid what they want to pay men and get fired when they want to fire men; and there's men that sit in offices and have big houses and servants; they work when they want to work. Which do you want to be?"

"Like that," said Peewee. "What business?" Peewee's reply was instantaneous. "Trucks!" "That's right!" Lampert exclaimed. "That's what it'll be. I'll see to it that you own trucks!"

Peewee studied him in bewilderment. Did he mean what he said? The man's one had been again utterly sincere, and Lampert's own excitement confirmed this sincerity. Peewee quivered with rapture, and surrendered himself to contemplation of what these things must mean for him.

The elder woman moved about household affairs; Lampert had seated himself with his forehead in his hands. He was planning, Peewee decided, the best way of getting the things for Peewee; Peewee was beginning to adore Lampert. The younger woman washed Peewee's face and hands at the sink, and he submitted docilely to this indignity, which had become unimportant. She spread a coverlet and pillow on the floor in the inner room.

"You sleep in there," she directed. He judged that she thought it time for him to go to bed; it was unusually early for him, but he lay down obediently. It was useless, for thought prevented him from sleeping. Would the fulfillment of Lampert's promises begin tomorrow? Would he have to wait longer than that? The morning might bring the skates and bicycle. He heard the two women come and go to bed; he heard Lampert go to bed upon the couch. It was plain, therefore, that the morning was the earliest that anything could be expected.

PEEWEE awoke at daylight, but lay still until he heard the others getting up. The younger woman went out early to be thought to work. He watched Lampert. When, later, Lampert went out, Peewee waited eagerly for his return. The older woman worked about the shatterly rooms or sat still doing nothing. The morning passed. When Lampert, in the afternoon, came back, he did not bring anything. Peewee, disappointed, wanted to inquire, but decided nothing would be gained by questions. The woman went out to do her marketing, and it drew toward four o'clock. Suddenly Lampert sprang up; he seemed. Some one had asked a question at the court, and the voice, though not the words, echoed by the inclosing walls, made Peewee queerly but indefinitely.

A HEALING CREAM Mentholum

Always made under this signature *A. H. Hilde*

For Stings
and Bites



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

WHEN Teddy found the wasps' nest he had no idea the "pretty flies" were so hot when they "sat down." The "Little Nurse" covered the stung places with Mentholum and the hurt was healed gently and promptly. For other "little ills"—tired feet, cuts, sunburn, etc.—Mentholum offers quick relief and soothing, antiseptic healing. It is good for the whole family.

Sold everywhere in tubes, 25¢; jars, 25¢, 50¢ and \$1.

The Mentholum Co.

Buffalo, N. Y.



FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED

by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail, 65c. Free book. **DR. C. H. BERRY CO., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.**

For Spot Cash mail false teeth, old and broken jewelry, diamonds, watches, old gold, silver, platinum, War Bonds or Stamps—anything valuable. Cash by return mail Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied. (This Sorting & Refining Company, 1251 Lorain Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.)

Send No Money!

Ladies' Solitaire—
Examination Free,
10 Months to Pay

Examine Ring FIRST, then if you decide to keep it pay only \$2.00. Buying direct assures you the Rock Bottom Price. A perfectly cut blue-white Diamond in ladies' solid gold setting at only \$2.80 a month!

Take Advantage of this amazing offer today. **YOUR MONEY BACK** if you are not satisfied. No Security—No Red Tape.

A Postal Brings You the Greatest Diamond Watch and Jewelry Book Ever Published

Whether you order this ring or not, let us send you this De Luxe Catalog FREE, containing descriptions of rings, watches, diamonds and other articles of jewelry. Everything sent on **FREE EXAMINATION.** Address Dept. 5 M Sweet's Capital \$1,000,000

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
L.W. SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

NEW WAY TO MAKE MONEY

We will help you start this Business

Start up in business as the owner of American Box Ball Alleys. Run the game in your town or neighborhood. Or at parks, resorts or fairs. You need very little cash. Use our money to start. Pay for the equipment out of the alleys' earnings.

Makes \$100 a Week

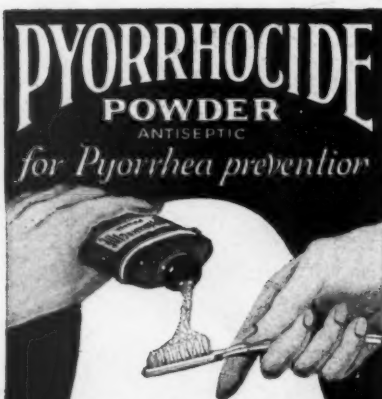
That is what scores of Box Ball proprietors are making. Write us for amazing facts. Box Ball is 5c per player per game. And the game is more fun than bowling. Everybody loves it. Men and women become fans.

No Operating Expenses

No pin boys needed. Pins are reset and balls returned automatically. Another striking feature is the electric score board. Write for full description of the game and the equipment. See the money others are making. Write today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO.,
651 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.





Tender, soft, bleeding gums

are the first symptoms of pyorrhea. If unchecked, pyorrhea causes loss of teeth and menaces health.

Pyorrhocide Powder was scientifically compounded for the specific purpose of restoring and maintaining gum health. It is the only dentifrice whose value in treating and preventing pyorrhea has been demonstrated in clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea research and oral prophylaxis. That is why it is so widely prescribed by the dental profession.

If your gums show pyorrhetic symptoms, Pyorrhocide Powder will aid in restoring them to a healthy condition. If your gums are healthy, Pyorrhocide Powder will keep them so. It cleans the teeth most effectively; removes the mucoid deposits and daily accretions.

Pyorrhocide Powder is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply.

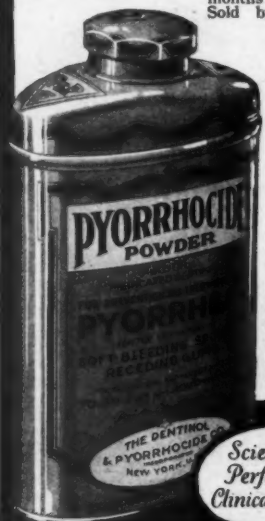
Sold by leading druggists and dental supply houses.

Free Sample

Write for free sample and our booklet on Prevention and Treatment of Pyorrhea.

The Dental & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.

Dept. 9-1480
Broadway
New York



Scientifically
Perfected by
Chemical Research

We shall continue to offer through exhaustive scientific research, only such a dentifrice as is proved most effective—in promoting tooth, gum and mouth health.

L. H. Knight
Pres.

DANCE

the Newest Dances!

YOU can learn Modern Ballroom Dancing now in your own home—no matter where you live—by the wonderful

Peak System of Mail Instruction

Courses on Fox-Trot, Waltz, One-Step and Two-Step include the last word in new Society dances—the Dardanella Fox-Trot, Bellefield One-Step, London Rocker Waltz and the Modern Two-Step. New Diagram Method: Easily and quickly learned. Thousands taught successfully. Success guaranteed.

Send Today for FREE Information. Write at once for surprisingly low offer.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. S.
President, Peak School of Dancing, Inc. Est. 1880
Room 158, 521 Crescent Place, Chicago

It appeared also to have stirred Lampert; he went to the window and looked out; then he spun quickly round.

"You get in there!" he ordered roughly and tensely.

Peewee sped into the smaller room; Lampert came and closed the door upon him. Whoever had spoken in the court—it must be that person, he thought—was coming up the stairs. He heard Lampert open and close the outer door; then, as the voice he had heard spoke again, still unintelligibly but now in the next room, his flesh prickled. Was the man who had come in his father? The timbre of the voice seemed to tell him that, but he could not be certain.

He waited, listening. The voice spoke again and seemed to be demanding something. Lampert replied, collectedly and harshly. Peewee crept closer to the door; crouched there he presently could begin to distinguish words.

"I'm letting you do the asking?" It was Lampert who had said this.

He could not make out the words of the reply. Then he again heard Lampert:

"Do your talking. I expected that."

"You come to my house; you ask to see my wife." This was the other, and Peewee could hear plainly now; the man had perhaps changed his position in the room. "You mouth some indefinite and untrue story about my supporting a child somewhere. You pretend not to know the parentage of the child or why I am interested in it."

"That was just a starter, Markyn."

Peewee's body drew together at the name; coupled with the voice it gave him certainty. This was his father. Had some one told his father he was here? He shook apprehensively, but felt that Lampert would protect him.

"The law has a name for such an act as that, and punishes it." His father had said that.

"I aint worrying."

"If you had come to me—"

"It didn't look good to me to go to you. I wanted you to come to me."

"I comprehended that."

"The reason I went to her was so you'd have to do it."

Did this mean that Lampert was the one who had gone to Mrs. Markyn and told her about Peewee? The boy was not ready to believe that of Lampert. Still, she had known the name, and Peewee could not find any other meaning for the words.

"That is the reason, then, for your telephoning the address here to my office today."

"That's right. I wanted you to know where I was, and hurry you."

THERE was a long silence. Were the men speaking too low for him to hear? Had they left the room? Apparently neither of these suppositions were true, for at last he heard his father's tones again, but now they were queerly changed and flattened.

"How much is it that you want?"

"To keep away from her, you mean?"

"Yes—and to let this rest in every way."

"That's two things, Markyn; take 'em one at a time. How much do I want



The Pleasing Habit of Underarm Cleanliness

The problem how to wear chiffon and without dress shields showing through solved by removing the hair from underarms.

A thorough trial of El-Rado by was accustomed to the highest grade of preparations has earned its recommendation as the most effective and simplest way to remove hair. It is particularly desirable for the underarms, where musky odors are inconvenient and the use of blades is

El-Rado is a sanitary, colorless liquid easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. In a few minutes the hair is to become lifeless, then it is ready to be removed. After shaking on a little talc the result is surprising—clear, smooth skin ever so cleanly in "feel" and dignified appearance.

Even those accustomed to other methods of hair removing find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin.

El-Rado is guaranteed harmless, matter where applied—face, armpits or elsewhere. It is sold at drug stores and toilet companies in 60c and \$1.00 sizes, with money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps if dealer cannot supply you

Pilgrim Mfg. Co., Dept. Z, 112 E. 19th St., New York
Canadian Address, THE ARTHUR SALES CO., Dept. 1
61 Adelaide St. East, Toronto

El-Rado for the Woman's way to remove hair

WE TEACH COMMERCIAL ART

The Meyer Both College is conducted as a Department of the Meyer Both Company, the most widely known commercial-art organization in the field, who produced and sold last year over 12,600 commercial drawings—and by the leading advertisers of the United States and Canada.

YOU get the benefits of 19 years' accumulated experience in this course—and are taught the very fundamentals which enable this organization to dominate its field. To give you facts you ought to know about this intensely interesting, highly paid profession—legally open to men and women—we will send our special book, "YOUR OPPORTUNITY," if you will pay half the cost of mailing—4c in stamps.

Meyer Both College of Commercial Art
Address Dept. 20
N. E. Cor. Michigan Ave. at
26th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

for promising to keep away from her? Nothing."

"Then I don't understand."

"It's plain, aint it?"

"Still—I don't understand."

"I don't intend to go to her again. It aint necessary. When I went to her, I didn't have the boy."

Pee wee stiffened. The boy? That was himself. Lampert had told his father he was here; or at least had told enough so that his father must suspect that he was here. Why had he told him that? Pee wee was no longer so sure of Lampert's kindness.

There was again long silence. Pee wee thought that Lampert was expecting a reply; his voice came again presently.

"See that you get me right," it said: "I have the boy."

When there was still no answer, his voice went on gloatingly: "What was the second of those things you mentioned? How much do I want to let this rest? I want whatever ought to be coming to the boy. I want a home for him and for his grandparents—that's me and Mrs. Lampert. I want credit at the grocery. I want a car for him and me and her to go driving in."

Pee wee comprehended now. It was not Lampert who would give him the things; it was his father whom Lampert expected would give them.

"The law prescribes the allotment for an illegitimate child." His father was speaking now. "But I'm willing to do much more than it decrees. I'm anxious to have him taken care of, Lampert."

"That's twice you've spoken of law. If there's any going to law to be done, I'll be the one that does it. You're afraid of law. Goin' to law in this thing means scandal. Scandal don't bother me. I'm getting old—too old to like to work. The best job I ever had a man named Markyn fired me from. Before that, that same man took my daughter. Her boy—his boy too, she said—looks so much like that man that anyone can see that he's his son. Maybe I'll have to show people the boy. How do I know he aint legitimate? That's for the law to find—not me, I aint afraid of the scandal. But how about its worrying you? How about its worrying Mrs. Markyn?"

"Let us talk this over, Lampert. I am willing to do for the boy anything that is within reason."

Pee wee straightened excitedly. He perceived that Lampert's promises were going to be fulfilled. His father and Lampert would come to an agreement. It did not matter, he comprehended now, that Lampert might have let his father suspect that Pee wee was here. It might even be necessary for Lampert to open the door between the rooms and show Pee wee to his father, since his possession of Pee wee was the reason for the agreement; but he understood that he had no reason in that case to fear his father.

"I'm willing to talk it over, Markyn." This was Lampert.

PEE WEE began to understand what Lampert was doing. Lampert did not expect his father to agree to all he was asking; he expected him to agree to part. The ways of chicanery were known to Pee wee; he had been among people

MARINELLO

The Right Cream For You

If your skin looks dry, rough, dingy, wrinkled or peppered with blackheads, you may be sure you need creams that will restore skin health and beauty.

Marinello Creams have been perfected by tests in more than 4000 Beauty Shops.

To find the Cream you need, stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror and then study the chart.

You may secure the advice of Marinello Experts at our Western Office Eastern Office 366 5th Avenue Chicago New York MARINELLO COMPANY

Chart of Marinello Creams

Acne Cream—for pimples and blackheads.

Astringent Cream—for oily skins and shiny noses.

Combination Cream—for dry and sal-low skins.

Foundation Cream—for use, before face powder.

Lettuce Cream—for cleansing, in place of soap and water.

Motor Cream—for skin protection, before exposure.

Tissue Cream—for wrinkles and crows' feet.

Whitening Cream—for freckles and bleaching.

At Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops.



Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

TYPISTS EARN MORE!



"I certainly will increase that stenographer's salary; his letters are perfect"

Typewrite 80 words per minute or more and you, too will draw big pay. Wherever you are, increased output of finished work will bring the big money—good promotions—the private secretaries—eventually the executive positions. Stenographers who are real Typists are wanted by Employers everywhere. Expert ability means big money—success.

The trouble hitherto has been that stenographers had no way to improve their typewriting. Ordinary methods left them stranded with only a 30 to 40 word ability.

Now the "New Way" has changed all this—it opens the door for every stenographer to high speed in typewriting—to perfect accuracy—to great ease of operation—to promotions and Big Pay.

Based upon an absolutely new idea—special gymnastic exercises for the definite, cultural training of the fingers away from the machine. Marvelously successful.

Ten simple lessons, easily completed in spare time. Your daily typewriting improves from the very start. Cost low. Binding guarantee—no pay retained unless expected results are fully realized. New Way booklet describes this revolutionary new system in full detail—shows you the way to a transformed ability, doubled or trebled salary. Write for it today. FREE.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
1777 COLLEGE HILL, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



Crooked Spines Made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 50,000 cases the past 17 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic an easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.

246 R.O. Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.



who practiced and talked about them; he had heard crooks say they would like to get a rich man into the position his father would be in. Lampert would take, in the beginning, whatever he could get; when he had got that, he would ask for more. There need be, in the end, no limit to what they could get out of his father. This was what Lampert had meant when he had said Peewee might own trucks; it was his father's trucks that Lampert meant. His father could never escape from Lampert except by publicity, and he could not escape in that way without Mrs. Markyn knowing about Peewee. Unless that happened, Peewee could have the things and could still see Mrs. Markyn.

But he felt, he discovered, uncomfortable when he thought of seeing Mrs. Markyn. She had said to him, when he was doubtful about a thing, to think of his mother. He did not now think of his mother that way, but he thought that way of Mrs. Markyn. Suppose, some day, his father should refuse to give anything more; suppose, because of that, Mrs. Markyn should come to know. Would she think more or less of a boy who had been getting things in that manner? He perceived that she would think less. It did not require reasoning to perceive this; it was instinctive and incontrovertible. She would be sorry she had kissed

that boy. She would feel that she was right in hating the boy.

He went to the window and looked out. His father's voice, then Lampert's voice, continued in the other room. A rope used for drying clothes ran through a pulley fixed beside the window. He noted that a boy, even a small boy, by standing on the windowsill could reach the rope. He saw that the boy need not try to go along the rope; he need merely lean upon the rope, and he could step from the windowsill to the railing of the stair-landing below the window.

He got out onto the windowsill and grasped the rope; when his foot touched the railing, he balanced himself; then he jumped down upon the platform. He crept down the stairs, crossed the court and ran out into the street. Suddenly he choked, and his eyes filled with tears; he thought if he could have had even the skates, it would not have been so hard. He had never had anything like that, but he had seen other boys have them. The tears blinded him; he walked on, winking them away. He never cried, and he ridiculed those who did. Presently his eyes cleared, and he began to look from side to side to see whether anything interesting was happening in the street.

The third story in this series chronicling "The Quest of Peewee" will appear in the next number.

"THE LOVERS"

(Continued from page 51)

an obliteration, for timeless moments, of all thought. . . .

They found themselves looking into a long, dark hall, its gloom inadequately relieved by high barred windows. Straw littered the floor and was collected into little heaps along the walls. Dimly discerned in the shadows was a throng of people, men and women—some promenading up and down in solitary dejection, some in groups seated upon the straw at a game of cards, some leaning propped against the wall in listless despair.

A door in the foreground opened, and with a little intimate shock, he saw enter that mysterious duplication of his personality that was he and yet was not he—the sternly ascetic young *représentant en mission* whose plumed hat and sash of office proclaimed his authority in this dreadful place. A subservient turnkey followed at his heels, calling a name.

A young girl—she, she of the bare room overlooking the square, she of—of—he failed to identify another appearance he knew ought to be familiar—started up from a bed of straw where she had been sitting in company with an old man. She approached, in quiet command of herself, neither hastily nor reluctantly.

He was trembling with emotions that almost overpowered him—the soul that watched felt itself gripped in an agony of remorse, of fear, of—of something else that he would not acknowledge. He stammered evidently as he spoke.

"Citoyenne, come with me. You are free!"

She looked at him in blank surprise.

"Free?"

The inaudible words were plain to them two watching souls who had long ago forgotten the crystal that they held. Both thrilled with a sense of crisis in which they were intimately involved.

The young man reiterated his assertion eagerly.

"And my father?" The girl turned her head toward the melancholy figure bowed in dejection on its heap of straw.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Your father is guilty of a crime against the Republic. I can do nothing for him. But you have committed no crime, *citoyenne*."

Her eyes looked into his, probed him. "Nor have many here. Why do you release me?"

He lost control of himself in his eagerness to withdraw her from the danger into which he had himself so wantonly plunged her.

"Because—because I love you! Because I cannot let you die! Because I cannot help it—you are all of life to me, *citoyenne*!"

She looked at him, her face like a seven sphinx, her eyes inscrutable.

"I go—wherever my father goes!"

He stood, deathly pale, wrestling with a terrible temptation. She watched his agony, without malice, without sympathy, cold like a slave in the market who may be bought—for a price.

"Citoyenne, it is impossible. I cannot buy even your love with my disband. Your father has committed a crime against the Republic; but you have committed none."

**WHY DON'T YOU
MAKE
MONEY
AT
HOME?**

You can earn from \$1 to \$2
an hour in your spare time
writing show cards;
quickly and easily learned
NO CANVASING
we teach you how and
SELL YOUR WORK

NOTE TO DAY MEN
FULL INSTRUCTIONS
100 RYNE BLDG. TORONTO, CANADA

INSYDE TYRES

—genuine inner armor for auto tires. Double mileage;
—genuine puncture and blowouts. Easily applied
without tools. Disinfectant washed. Details free.

Insyde Accessories Company Dept. 228, Cincinnati, Ohio

A Happy Marriage
Depends largely on a
knowledge of the whole
truth about self and sex
life and health. This
knowledge does not come
intelligently of itself, nor
correctly from ordinary
every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY
(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in
a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2.25 postpaid
plus for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PULITAN PUB. CO., Dept. 789, Central, Philadelphia, Pa.

Big Profits in Vulcanizing
LITTLE CAPITAL NEEDED

Let us help you start in this profitable business
and be independent. Many of our graduates make
\$1,000 a year and over.

We manufacture the Anderson steam vulcanizer
and teach you the
Anderson Method of vulcanizing. With an
Anderson you can get the
cream of the business
regardless of competition
because you can guar-
antee the work to outlast
the remainder of the tire.
We can show you that the
Anderson machine and
method does a superior
work at a cost of less than
10 per cent of that required
for all other vulcanizers.
This means satisfied cus-
tomers and bigger profits.
We have established Anderson
vulcanizing schools in thirty
states. The course requires 6 to
10 days and costs \$55. If you buy
an Anderson vulcanizer we not
only return your \$55 but pay you
\$5 per day expense money while
you are learning.

We expect Anderson vulcaniz-
ers to do first class work and
expect our students to make good
in a business way. Their success
is our success. Therefore we do
not want you to make one mistake
and miss out on this wonderful opportunity.

Write today for full particulars and address of Anderson school
nearest you.

ANDERSON STEAM VULCANIZER CO.
211 Williams Bldg.
Indianapolis, U.S.A.
Send your name to avoid mistakes.

She shrugged her shoulders in calm indifference. An insulting smile came into her face.

"Then I will do so!" She turned toward the prisonful of victims with the exultant gesture of a martyr who demands the stake, and cried, evidently, with full lungs: "Vive le Roi! A bas la République!"

"Vive le Roi! A bas la République!" came like a murmured echo from somewhere beyond defined space, in defiant mockery of all that he craved.

He watched her turn away from him, an immense despair submerging him, and went slowly, head down, toward the door as though himself condemned.

She turned for one last look at him as he disappeared, a strange wild ecstasy in her face—and then flung herself face downward upon the straw in a paroxysm of hysteric sobs.

Whence came those murmured words, charged with unutterable passion, with the intensity of a soul that gathers its essence for its leap into the infinite dark?

"Now—now I can love him! Death, death! come quickly! Now I have the right to love!"

There was a glimpse of a face suddenly radiant through its tears—and then again blackness, a suspense of thought. . . .

He stood with his back to the room, looking out upon the square filled with a surging mob. In the middle, upon a raised scaffold, stood the terrible red-painted uprights with the gleaming knife under the linking beam, poised ready for the swift fall of its diagonal edge. The mob swirled in a sudden turbulence under the windows. He knew what it meant.

There, forcing its slow passage through the maddened crowd, came the fatal cart—a rough vehicle filled with hatless men and women whose necks were bare and whose hands were bound, men and women who seemed deaf to the vociferations of the bloodthirsty mob that raved about them. He shuddered—slipped his right hand into his pocket, held it there, his gaze fastened in horrible fascination upon that slowly moving cartload of already almost lifeless human beings. He saw, clearly, only one figure, a girl in white, and he waited—in an agony which held him rigid.

The cart lurched its slow way to the scaffold, stopped. The victims began to descend. He saw the figure in white mount the steps to the machine, saw it turn its head at that last moment towards his window—and as though it were the signal expected, he whipped the pistol from his pocket, glimpsed the dark hole of its barrel, and fired.

THE man and woman in the chair stared into a crystal ball whose depths were suffused with a milky cloud. "Oh, Jim!" she murmured. "The last time!"

"Shh!" he said with a squeeze of her hand. "Look! It's coming again!"

Once more the cloud parted; they peered, breath held for further revelations, into a crude contrast of bright light and intense shadow, upon a striped awning at an angle from a wall glaring in the sun, upon a narrow street where dust rose yellow like an illumined cloud above a dark throng of Asiatics, their white



"\$100 a Week!" Think What That Means To Us!"

"They've made me Superintendent—and doubled my salary! Now we can have the comforts and pleasures we've dreamed of—our own home, a maid for you, Neil, and no more worrying about the cost of living!"

"The president called me in today and told me. He said he picked me for promotion three months ago when he learned I was studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools. Now my chance has come—and thanks to the I. C. S., I'm ready for it."

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay.

Why don't you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home in your spare time.

Yes, you can do it! More than two million have done it in the last twenty-eight years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Without obligation, find out how you can join them. Mark and mail this coupon!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 3420-B SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Wks. | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> A TOWNSHIRE OPERATOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overlooker or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ORIENTAL | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | <input type="checkbox"/> Penmanship |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
Present _____
Occupation _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
and No. _____

City _____ State _____
Canadians may send this coupon to 7-81-10
International Correspondence Schools, Montreal, Canada

BECOME A LAWYER

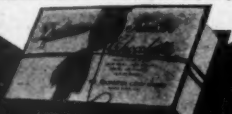
Study At Home. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever. Be a leader. Lawyers earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually.

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for your examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Your own volume Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Bridges" books free. Send for them—NOW.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 766-L Chicago, Ill.

Delcara Chocolates

KNOWN to the discriminating public for 25 years. Recognized as of unusual quality and deliciousness. The great variety of chocolate covered fruits, nuts and cream centers of various flavors will appeal to you. Each assortment packed in a beautiful, distinctive gift box. Ask your dealer for Delcara Chocolates. If he does not carry them, let us send you our favorite package, a pound box of Butter Chocolates, (as illus.) \$1.50 postpaid.



ROYAL Marshmallows

SO light and tender and of such fine texture and flavor that you marvel to find that marshmallows can be so good. Made, untouched by hands, of only the purest and highest grade materials, in sanitary kitchens, spotlessly clean. Royal Marshmallows are the best for cooking. Recipe book of 50 ways to use marshmallows—free. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 70c for a lb. box, 2 lbs., \$1.40, 5 lbs., \$3.50. **THE ROCHESTER CANDY WORKS** 410 State St., Rochester, N. Y.



"THE SPORT OF KINGS"
William A. Fraser has written another racing story for August.



Finished with Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains and Old Virginia White. Milton H. McGuire, Architect, N. Y.

Save 50% of Your Paint Cost

You can do this and at the same time get richer and handomer colors and thorough preservation of the wood, by using

Cabot's Creosote Stains

They cost less than half as much as paint and can be put on twice as fast halving the labor cost. Anyone can put them on, with a wide flat brush, or a spraying machine. They are made of the finest and strongest pure pigments, thoroughly ground in linseed oil, and refined Creosote, "the best wood preservative known," which penetrates the wood and prevents decay.

You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for stained wood samples free.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Mfg. Chemists

18 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

24 W. Kinzie St., Chicago 525 Market St., San Francisco

robes almost blue in the shadow, who gesticulated and pushed each other as they packed themselves into a semicircle of eager faces. Their vision adjusting itself to the violent juxtaposition of high light and deep shadow, they stared into the comparative somberness under the awning, to the object which held the interest of the crowd.

In a cleared space in front of a trio of barbaric musicians who squatted cross-legged upon the ground in serious management of pipe and tom-toms, a dancing-girl postured in fluidic attitudes of her lithe, slim body. Arms and legs covered with bracelets, she turned, stretched and twisted herself in accompaniment to a rhythm which escaped them. Indefatigably she danced, heedless of the eager, appreciative eyes upon her, her face expressionless in a rapt absorption where consciousness of her environment seemed lost. The crowd shouted inaudible encouragements in flashes of gleaming teeth, flung flowers and small coins on to the mat whereon she danced, swayed with contagious waves of enthusiasm.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the rear of the crowd, a jostling and elbowing which propagated itself to the front rank. The throng parted, with alarmed turns of the head to some disturbance behind them. A huge elephant appeared, gliding forward with slow and stately motion to the rhythmic wave of its sensitive trunk. Upon the gorgeous cloth of its back was poised a richly carved and gilt howdah surmounted by a large canopy in scarlet and gold. Beneath that canopy reposed a languid young man, handsome with aquiline nose and splendid eyes under the magnificent turban which crowned his dark head. He lifted his hand in a gesture to the *mahout* perched on the neck of the elephant, and the great animal stopped, left in a clear space by the crowd which fell back reverently from its neighborhood.

Still the girl danced on, heedless, unperceiving, perhaps, of the prince who watched her from his lofty seat. The musicians, after one quick upward glance of apprehension, risked boldly and played on with undisturbed solemnity. She danced with a sinuous grace that held the eye in fascination, with an intensity of restrained movement, daringly provocative though were her postures, which thrilled the watcher with a sense of suppressed and concentrated passion whose potentialities might not be measured. She danced, the incarnation of the fierce pulse of life that beats beneath the fallacious languor of the East, her body charged with vitality as it bent and straightened with lithe precision to another curve, her face carved, expressionless, as though her soul were withdrawn to its mysterious center.

The prince clapped his hands in irrepressible enthusiasm. She stopped dead, stood rigidly upright facing him, arms close to her sides, arabesqued breastlets thrust forward, a slim statue that quivered with magically arrested life, in a motionless effrontery that challenged his regard, his very power. Their eyes met, looked into each other while the musicians ceased to play. What was that of intense communion which sped between them? With a sudden gesture the prince flung a

handful of golden coins into the air, made a grave inclination of his head.

The elephant moved onward. With a smile of triumph, with a breath long-drawn through her nostrils, and eyes that closed ecstatically for a moment as in a dream realized, the girl followed in the train of his gorgeously attired retinue.

THEY knew—those watchers who gazed as through the rent veils of eternity, apprehending with minds that had ceased to be corporeal—recognizing themselves once more, though in an incarnation immeasurably remote, an incarnation whose transient language was long ago forgotten.

The vision changed abruptly. They gazed into the hall of an Oriental palace, arabesqued arches in a colonnade on either side, tessellated marble in cool colors patterning the floor, ebony-black slaves waving peacock fans above a cushioned divan on which the prince reclined. An indulgent smile played over his handsome features as he toyed with the unbraided hair of the beautiful girl who sat at his feet, in confident lassitude against his knee, and turned her head back to gaze up into his face with eyes voluptuously fond. She sighed with happiness—her face no longer expressionless as in the public dance, but charged with a yearning intensity of love. He too yearned over her with his grave smile, bent his head down for the kiss her lips put up to him. . . .

Again the scene changed. It was night in the colonnaded hall, moonbeams patching the tessellated floor, flickering points of yellow flame swinging slightly with the hanging lamps in the gloom under the intricacy of the arches. A shadow moved out of the darkness, stood in the moonlight, waited for a moment, then dropped a veil from its face. It was the dancing-girl. She turned questing eyes about her as though, at risk to herself, she was fulfilling an appointment that was not yet met.

Another shadow slid out of the gloom under the arches, approached her—another woman, young also, and also beautiful, but with a beauty—its character was startlingly vivid to those watchers—that was insinuatingly treacherous, the beauty that smiles as it betrays. She stood now with the erstwhile dancing-girl in the moonlight, spoke to her with an assumption of gravely concerned and pitying friendship, shook her head dolefully as though in distress at her own message. The dancing-girl revolted with a vehement gesture of denial, of impossibility—but her dark eyes flashed, and her nostrils quivered. The other persisted, in emphatic asseveration, her face a study in subtle malice. She pointed to the heavy curtains which draped the just-seen extremity of the hall.

The girl shrank back, shuddered. Then with a slow turn of her body from the tempter, she relapsed into herself, into a fierce meditation where her eyes swept the shadows about her, where her lips uncovered her teeth in a quick-caught breath, and her clenched fist went slowly, tensely, up to the side of her head in an agony that was beyond words. The other woman, contemplated her, just restraining a smile, diabolically malicious—appealed

once more to those hanging curtains for proof of her sincerity. The girl, forlorn, dropped somberly, with set teeth. With one last unobserved smile of evil triumph, the other woman vanished.

For a long moment the girl hesitated. Then with stealthy, feline step, her shoulders crouched, she began to move along the hall. Her gaze, a gaze of wide-open eyes set in the horror of some torture of the soul, was fixed as though fascinated upon those heavy curtains which she approached. She attained them, stopped, stood with one hand in a final hesitation upon their folds, her bosom heaving with fiercely primitive emotions. Then, in a violent determination, she flung them aside.

Beyond, in a small torchlit apartment, the prince reclined in company with another woman. His head turned in sudden anger to the intruder. Before he could make a movement of defense or escape, the dancing-girl had sprung upon him, with a bound like that of a tigress, a long knife flashing in her hand.

EVEN as they gasped their horror, they found themselves once more staring at the milky cloud suffusing the depths of the crystal globe.

"Oh, Jim!" she breathed in an awestricken recognition, "That was my crime—the crime for which you punished me."

"Look!" he murmured. "Look! It is not finished yet."

In fact, the cloud was parting once more, parting this time over a scene in ancient Egypt. Once more they recognized themselves, princess and priest of a temple, in a drama that passed vaguely, too quickly in its remoteness to be fully grasped, before their sight.

Scene after scene unfolded itself in the depths of the crystal, in a succession of varying settings, in an ever briefer duration, an ever more vague drama of relationship whose blurred outlines were perhaps the effect of their fatigued attention, no longer able to follow in their details visions possibly as minutely exhibited as the first. Always their two personalities, in ever-changing incarnations, met and reacted in wild passions that claimed them fully. In the eternal history of their lives, all was possible, all had happened, every variation of experience—save only indifference to each other. An unseen link held them always, tightened into contact from the moment of propinquity. On islands in a blue sea furrowed by long-oared and primitive galleys; in cities of Cyclopean masonry that glittered, as if vitrified, in a burning sun; in dark forests where skin-clad savages went furiously with stone-barbed spears and knelt in worship of the animal that they had just slain; by the side of reedy lakes where hairy, scarce-human creatures crouched and gnawed the bones they plucked from the embers—always they two met, and always they were lovers, fortunate sometimes, tragic sometimes, but always lovers.

Beyond humanity, far into the mists of time where strange shapes bodied themselves, unrecognizable, and were dissipated into others yet more strange, the visions continued in ever-increasing recession—leading back into a distance

The Pink Complexion Cake

Your Complexion Need Never Grow Old

TO let the summer's sun and wind press their burning caresses on your face leaves tiny scars. The ordinary soap and water cure for dust and dirt roughens and coarsens the texture. But the SEM-PRAY way keeps your complexion "Always Young".

Rub SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY, the pink complexion cake, right on your face. In a few minutes rub it off with a soft cloth. A clean, velvety-soft skin results. Next, just a suggestion of "Peach Blow" from the SEM-PRAY Rouge box, and finally, like perfumed fairy kisses, a light puffing with SEM-PRAY Face Powder.

Truly, thousands of women thank their lucky stars for this delightful complexion combination that urges every skin to be its own true best.

At all good toilet counters everywhere

MARIETTA STANLEY CO., Dept. L, Grand Rapids, Mich.

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY
Sempre Giovine

where they lost all sense of personal participation among vague and formless shadows.

They watched, in a breathless fascination.

Still further back, beyond those shadows, something began to glow in the depths of a night that cleared to transparent blackness, a ball of fire, of living light that pulsed with intense incandescence in an uttermost remoteness. And into two smaller spheres that circled as they watched, it divided itself, split about each other, throwing out flames that reached like clutching arms in vain endeavor to reestablish unity. For an incomputable period—it seemed eons to those souls who watched—they circled, held in mutual attraction and yet still apart despite the reaching streamers. And then slowly, slowly, they approached—their light heightening to a yet more vivid brightness as they drew near.

THE crystal globe slipped from numbed fingers into the fireplace. As though roused from a dream by the crash of its contact with the brass curb, the girl started and turned to her companion. He picked up the crystal, stared and fissured with its fall—henceforth useless.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried in poignant regret. "We shall not see—What is going to happen *this* time?"

She held his hand between her two, gazed up into his face in fond anxiety, yearned out to him.

He put down the crystal, drew her close, enfolded her.

"Love!" he answered. "Love—once more and for always! And to us, dear, nothing else matters. It is the one reality."

In each other's eyes they saw, with a perception transcending physical vision, the divine light of those sundered spheres that drew together.

"As easy to use as to say."

"Mum"

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

prevents odors of perspiration

"Mum" has its rightful place on every woman's dressing-table. Without checking natural functions or creating an odor of its own, "Mum" prevents and corrects all body odors—whether from perspiration or other causes.

"Mum" is a snow-white cream "as easy to use as to say," and is harmless to skin and clothing. A small quantity after the bath keeps body and clothing sweet and fresh all day and evening.

You can get "Mum" wherever you are, at drug-and-department-stores. Or from us, postpaid, on receipt of price—25 cents.

Evans's Depilatory

is used by particular women to remove hair from face, arms and underarms. It works quickly and effectively without injuring the most delicate skin.

Complete outfit, 75 cents, at drug-and-department-stores. Or from us, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Evans's Cucumber Jelly for sunburn and windburn—25 cents.


George B Evans 1102 Chestnut Street Philadelphia


Freeman's FACE POWDER

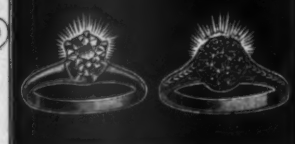
WOMEN whose preference for Freeman's Face Powder has never lessened during 40 years know that the exclusive use of this pure, smooth powder in youth and later life is largely responsible for their clear, fresh, velvety skins.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 1c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE
FREEMAN PERFUME CO.
Dept. 115 Cincinnati, O.







Diamonds

for a Few Cents a Day

SEND your name and address and we will send you our 128-page book of diamond bargains. It is the result of nearly 100 years' experience and shows you millions of dollars' worth of jewelry to choose from—and pay for at the rate of only a few cents a day.

No Money Down

The diamond you select will be sent upon your simple request—without a penny down. Then if you do not think it the greatest bargain you have ever seen, send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it, your credit is good.

8% Yearly Dividends

You are guaranteed an 8 per cent yearly increase in value on all exchanges. You can also earn a 5 per cent bonus. The book tells how.

Write Today

Send your name and address today—NOW. You will be under no obligation. You will receive our 128-page diamond book by the next mail. Send your name and address NOW to Dept. 8 K.

J. M. LYON & CO.

1 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.

BEING SHOWN THE GENUINE

CREX

GRASS RUGS

THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY ALL YEAR ROUND

PERIWINKLE

(Continued)

virtue, sir, it will soon be only a dim memory. I had enough of it."

"But you were not really in the army, Colonel Josh," the slave spoke up.

The Colonel pulled at his pipe, stretched his neck and appeared to look for something down in his collar.

"Liberty, my duty was scouting and the incidental picking up of mules, as the records of the war department will be pleased to exhibit, sir."

After a few minutes' more conversation the Colonel rose. "I will now go back to the ballroom," he declared himself. "Liberty, I came aboard tonight with your third cousin, Miss Lucy Sanders."

"That so? Come down, Marse Drace, and I'll introduce you to her."

"I think, sir, that she has retired," the Colonel was quick to interpose, realizing that he had thoughtlessly suggested an invasion of his own territory.

"Not while there is a fiddle going," said Shottle. "Come on."

Into Virgil's heart flew the hope that the slave's cousin might be the barbaric girl with the roses; there could be no mistaking her, after meeting her, for in that brief gaze he had carried away a master's painting of her, etched in his mind. So he was quick to hasten below with Shottle, the Colonel panting behind them.

Miss Lucy had just left off dancing. No, she was not the thrilling barbarian, but Drace swallowed his disappointment dry, like a swamp man taking quinine. Shottle might have reflected that never before had his kinswoman been so glad to see him. On his arm she hung as she cooed, but her eyes were on Drace, and he listened, not to her words, but to the music of her accent, soft as the notes of a dove. Like a frost-bitten Shanghai, the Colonel stood first on one foot and then on the other. Drace politely asked Miss Lucy to dance with him, and the Colonel dropped onto a chair. Shottle sat beside him.

"She takes to him like a duck to water," said the slave, looking after his master and his third cousin.

The Colonel sighed. "Liberty Shottle," he said, "I am going to tell you something."

"Out with it."

"It is not a matter to be spoken of so lightly, sir."

"All right, go ahead."

"Liberty Shottle, it is this: I am deeply in love with your cousin, and before the dawn of another day I shall pop the question to her."

"Pop the deuce! Lend me ten dollars."

"You shock me, sir."

"Tell you what I'll do," persisted Shottle. "Let me have ten, and I'll make her a speech in your favor that will kill her hair."

"Shottle!"

"And I can do it. They've got up speech on the Periclean Age hung up right now at the University. The Governor of North Carolina said to the

HOUSE
(from page 41)

Governor of South Carolina, just after making his historic remark about its being long time between drinks, that it was the most powerful speech he ever heard." The Colonel scowled, and swore his refusal to enter into any financial transaction involving his heart; and Shottle, realizing that his efforts were vain, sank down into melancholy silence. Miss Lucy, meanwhile, was introducing Drace to some of her friends, not to young women, but to men and to ladies well advanced along the path. Drace soon realized that this society was far from the caricature that Shottle and Colonel might reflect; for the most part it was composed of ladies of exquisite refinement, and men strong in the dignity of medicine or the law.

"You have not chosen an opportune time to visit New Orleans," an old judge remarked to Drace. "We are forced to live under the infamy of a carpetbag government, sir. Political scoundrels, who in the North could never attain to even the meanest office, come down here where we are disfranchised and elect themselves legislators, governors—representatives of parishes that they have never seen. Heavy taxes are levied, and they pocket the money. The Governor was not elected, but named by a gang of freebooters. The real citizens of the State have no vote. Their former slaves and the crooks who now manage them control the ballot-box. This is the true state of affairs. Wait till you see new Orleans, sir."

This talk was too serious for Miss Lucy. She plucked Drace away to walk with her, and she hung laughing on his arm as everywhere his eyes searched for the girl with the roses in vain! And presently he excused himself and went disconsolate to bed.

CHAPTER III

NEXT day the Leona reached New Orleans. To Drace his first look into the countenance of the famous old city was a disappointment; it had not the quick throb; its pulse was slow and rhythmic. The levee was too broad and diffuse to appear active. The buildings looked mean and low. Romance and history had painted for him a picture too lively in color. But soon the charm of this half-lazy delta life began to reveal itself to him. The town was ruled by corruption and violence, but like a true French city, it sang. Paris minuetted in the terror of the Revolution, and her youngest daughter in America, singed with powder, and with blood-stains on her own improvised gayety. Drace saw the carpetbag governor driving through the street, surrounded by an escort of black and mulatto cavalry. From a balcony came a gunshot, and an enormous negro in white gloves, sitting beside his political master, tumbled out upon the ground; but the carriage did not halt in

"Onyx" Hosiery of Silk with "Pointex" Heel

An exclusive Onyx feature fashioned to accentuate the delicate curve of trim ankles.....

At the Better Shops

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.

Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors • New York



FREE BOOK



the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quian Conservatory, Studio B6, 598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quian's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quian Conservatory, Studio B6, 598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

"POPULARITY FOLLOWS THE UKULELE"



If you play quaint, dreamy Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele you will be wanted everywhere. We teach by mail 20 simple lessons; give you free genuine Hawaiian Ukulele music, everything—no extras. Ask us to send the story of Hawaiian music. You will love it. No obligation—absolutely free. The Hawaiian Institute of Music, 1400 Broadway, Dept. 7-H, New York

Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

UP TO the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. This unusual



powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. Women who have tried all kinds of face powder say they can not buy a better powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only thirty cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. J, 16 East 18th St., New York.



They Get the Money Do You?

If you don't, let them tell you how
If you do, match your system with theirs

HERE are six women who are doing unusual things—for women—and in unusual ways. It's the way that counts as much as the woman. Time was, not so very long ago when they were either not on the job at all, or else working for a very small salary. And all the time the world wanted them. When it found them their work broadened and their salary envelopes thickened. You want to know just how it happened. You are told in the July issue of

The Green Book Magazine

From a Maine kitchen to a great New York restaurant was the leap one of these modern American women took and she's a power in her profession today.

She simply wouldn't sit back even if she was a grandmother. A walk through a department store should be her job and she's the only woman on it.

From Stenographer to President that was the rise the fifth woman in the group accomplished and her company is today the last in the world you'd connect a woman with.

From Parlor to Bank another of these women passed without a jar and she's now the president of the first all-women's bank in America—down south too. Her story will interest you.

From Little Milliner to big Modiste was not so terrible hard a climb for another of these six women but to get there she used a part of the brain that is mostly asleep.

From Clerk to Railway Expert was the distance covered by a girl in a very short space of time. Her story will quicken the ambition of any other girl who reads it.

These Personal Stories, together with the Best Fiction and Articles reflecting the new interests of women in the new America of today, may all be found in the July issue of—

**THE
GREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE**



its speed, and the hoofs of the coach beat upon the murdered wretch. In the doorway an old man sat fiddling for his grandchildren to dance on the flagstones. "Oh, you'll find drama enough here that hasn't been rehearsed," said Shuttle. They turned toward the old St. Charles. "They appear to have set the stage for us," Drace answered him, wondering ever again he should find the girl with the torch of roses.

IN connecting rooms and amidst the luxury of old French furnishings the were quartered.

Leaving Drace writing a letter, Shuttle went out, but he soon returned with more of light than usually beamed from his sad stretch of his countenance.

"Well, sir," he cried with astonishment and enthusiasm, "I want to tell you that I am not composed entirely of ingratitude. Last year when I was down here I met an old fellow about to get into trouble with a Mexican roustabout on the levee. I wasn't in any particular hurry, so I stopped, took up a piece of scuffling and knocked the Mexican down. It was a particular trouble on my part, but the old man took it as a favor and urged me to eat dinner with him, which I did being broke at the time. Now what does he do? I meet him out there, and he gives me two tickets for the French ball at the St. Louis tonight."

"All right; we'll take it in."

"I should say we will! Why, then, likely to be a half dozen duels arranged for. We can see them bursting into bloom. But you'll have to live up, you know. You are just a trifle stern, it strikes me. There is too much of your mission showing in your face. I don't know of anything better calculated to correct it than an hour at the roulette wheel. Suppose we go over and give it a whirl."

"Hope springs infernal in the human breast," Drace paraphrased the poet. "Just as well curb yourself, old fellow. I'm not going to feed your passion."

A tap at the door, and Colonel J. announced himself from the outside. He invited to enter, he came in with a sweeping bow, his beard and mustache waving, his hair darkened with dye, giving it a tinge of blue. He bore, and with com monious hesitancy, an invitation from Miss Lucy. She was at the delightful old home of a relative, where the guests would assemble that evening to hear Professor L. Bannock Pettigrew read a paper on the origin and character of the ancient Scythians.

"I'm very sorry, Colonel," Drace cheerfully lied, "but we have another engagement."

The Colonel gleefully replied that he was put into a position of deep regret. He knew that Captain Drace would much enjoy the Professor; his presence would not take up more than three hours of the evening. He would impart to Miss Lucy that Captain Drace found it impossible to come. The Captain assured him that such was the true situation, and brightening, the Colonel gladdened himself out of the room.

THE ballroom which Drace entered that night was as fantastic as a gypsy's vision. It seemed that all

nation had lifted the lids of its worm-eaten chests to array in whimsic reminder of its former self. There was evident poverty making itself neat in old linen, and war-victims proud in threadbare coats. In rags there is history, but no nicestry attaches to cloth fresh from the mill. No unfriendly eye was supposed to look upon this gathering, no antagonistic politics permitted to view it. The walls were draped in the colors of France, and enshrined in a corner was a Confederate banner, its staff splintered, its folds darkened with sacred blood. Beneath this floor, in the rock-bottomed basement, Lincoln, an unknown seer, had stood looking with sorrowful eye upon the sale of slaves from Kentucky.

Neither the graces of ceremony nor the niceties of delicate gayety could awe Shottle into modesty or timidity. Begging pardon for not recalling a name that he had never heard, he introduced his master, making almost a complete circle of the room; and when the first cotillion was formed, Drace found himself agreeably mated with a pretty little collection of flouncers. She did not speak English, and as Drace's knowledge of French was short, they conveyed their impressions mostly in nods, smiles and shrugs. Mademoiselle Flouncers introduced Drace to a willowy and long-skirted sister of her own set, called him Monsieur Drace; and he swung her around, tangling himself in her ancient and insecure finery.

As Shottle no longer held the hope of raising a speculative table-stake, he bent himself to the less interesting life of the dance. But not without mishap! The floor was smooth with wax from the ends of marriage-altar candles; and Liberty's feet, more accustomed to the rough matting and ragged-carpet of the gambling-room, flew from under him. Catching right and left in his fall, he came down with a bit of lace in one hand and a comb in the other, while women shrieked at the devastations he had wrought, grouping about the severest sufferer to screen her into a retiring-room.

"That's what comes to a horse that wanders from his stable-lot out on the frozen pond," said Shottle as Drace came up to laugh at him.

"You've made a rip in the skirt of the ball, sure enough," Drace replied, taking him by the arm. And then suddenly he halted, for he caught sight of a girl coming toward him. A moment before, there had been numerous young women in the room, but now there was only one—the barbaric rose maid, the girl who had touched his heart with a torch.

With her walked a tall, handsome and well-dressed young man. Her hand rested upon his arm, and she seemed to listen with pleasure to his evidently ardent wooing. She looked at Drace, one glance, and then turned her eyes back to her cavalier and passed on. And a flame of jealousy was added to the turmoil that already held possession of him.

"Who is she, Shottle?" demanded Drace.

"I don't know, but I'll find out. Lord, but she is a fetcher."

He moved off, dodging the dancers here and there, while Drace sat alone in a window, waiting.

Summer's Greatest Beauty Aid

Price \$5, Complete (in Canada, \$7.50) If not at your dealer's, we send direct. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 219, Torrington, Conn.

For the Hair and Scalp

For your Complexion and Sunburn

When you are tired, listless, drifting

Try this for that Nervous Headache

The Electric Massage Vibrator

On sale at drug, department and electrical goods stores.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 1 1/2 gold ring, set with a 1 1/2 Hawaiian diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.00 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond tell us and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send nine of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 170 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

Engel "Art Corners"

10 Buys Millions Billions in use to-day

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, white and red gummed paper. Stick them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No mess, no fuss. All photo supply, drug and station stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 100 brings full pkg. and samples

From Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 230-2 1400 Leland Ave., CHICAGO

Home Study Course in SPANISH

Salesmen, Bookkeepers, Clerks, Stenographers, can increase their earning power thru a knowledge of Commercial Spanish. The South American field, now opening up on a tremendous scale, offers splendid inducements to men and women who understand Spanish. The LaSalle Home Training Course gives you a mastery of Spanish in a surprisingly short time. Instruction can be carried on during your spare time without interference with regular work. Every week you let hours slip away in which you could easily learn Spanish and qualify for a responsible position with some large American exporting firm desirous of increasing their Latin-American business. Write for catalog completely describing our Home Study Plan and the opportunities open to those having a knowledge of Commercial Spanish.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 766-S Chicago

"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"



"Best Knit" Hosiery gives greater service than many more expensive makes.

The lustrous appearance is one of its distinctive features. And it always fits perfectly.

"Best Knit" appears stylish—is stylish. The extreme care in knitting and the selection of high quality materials are assurance of this.

Made in full range of colors and most desirable weights and styles. Silk, lisle, silk plaited, silk lisle.

Secure from your dealer. Or write us direct. Milwaukee Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



A THRILLING STORY OF THE WILD

HAL G. EVARTS, who wrote "The Palmated Pioneer" and "The Cross Pull," has written for The Red Book Magazine his best novel "The Yellow Horde." You may count on a treat in this striking story of wild animal life. It will begin in the next, the August, issue of

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Do you want to earn \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year? You can do it easily. See Anderson Steam Vulcanizer Advertisement, Page 159.

FARM LANDS

OWN YOUR OWN ORANGE GROVE in beautiful Fruitland Park. Write today for information how you can own it on easy terms. Lake County Land Owners' Association, 31 Beauty Street, Fruitland Park, Florida.

HELP WANTED

Make \$30.00 next Saturday. Speederator for Fords selling like wildfire. Used by Ford Motor officials. Makes any Ford run like a Packard. Stops stalling and bucking. Put on quick—instant satisfaction. No holes to bore. Sell ten to twelve a day easy. Splendid profits and exclusive territory. Write quick for information. Address Percin Company, 1959 Hayward Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 year. Employment service rendered members. Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Assn., Dept. 141H, Chicago, Ills.

Women Wanted to become fashionable Dress Designers and makers. \$125-\$200 month. Very fascinating work. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 912, Rochester, N. Y.

MAGAZINES

Back Issues All Magazines. BOSTON MAGAZINE EXCHANGE, 108 Mountfort St., Boston, Mass.

PATENT ATTORNEYS, PATENTS, ETC.

PATENTS—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 4387 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents-Trademarks. Write for free illustrated Guide Books and Evidence of Concepcion Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of patentable nature. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 695 Ninth, Wash., D. C.

Inventors who desire to secure patent should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description and we will give opinion of patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 38, Wash., D. C.

PERSONAL

ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS—EMBARRASSED IN COMPANY—LACKING SELF-CONTROL. These troubles overcome. Address R. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

POEMS WANTED

WANTED—POEMS FOR PUBLICATION for magazine of Inspiration and Practical Help to young writers. Send Mas. to The Poet's Magazine, 916 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Room 102.

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH

SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Two sizes, 50c and \$1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.

THE S. C. WELCH CO. DEPT. R-B NEW YORK CITY

The orchestra struck up the supper-march, and Shottle, stalking his prey, saw the lady who had so excited Drace's interest seated with her cavalier in an alcove and supping daintily. Possessing himself of a plate and a goodly portion of chicken, Shottle returned and brazenly seated himself near them, listening with all his ears.

"Nadine," the cavalier was saying, "you wrong me in thinking I seek to influence you through my friendship with your father. It is true he owes me much; and it is true that if I were to become a member of his family I would forget that. But I want to make you care for me, for myself. If—"

"Hush, Mr. Boyce," said the girl. "There are people near—this is no place to discuss such things."

The young man lowered his voice, and Shottle could hear no more. He calmly finished his chicken and then sought out Drace, whom he found pacing up and down impatiently.

"Well?" demanded Drace.

"His name," announced Shottle, "is Boyce. Frederick Boyce, probably—or maybe John. It would be John, I'd think."

"Hang his name!" exclaimed Drace. "Did you find out hers?"

"Nadine," replied Shottle with a triumphant air.

"Nadine," repeated Drace, and caressed the name with his lips. "But what's her last name?"

"Brown, probably, or maybe Jones. Or it might even be Smith."

Drace scowled his wrath at such flippancy. "Look here, Lib," he said. "I'll give you twenty-five dollars to find out her full name and where she lives. I'll give you a hundred if you'll find somebody who'll introduce me to her."

"It's a bet," said Shottle. "But I must warn you you're late. Boyce wants her to marry him, and he's got a hold on her father. But she stood him off."

"H'm—she stood him off? My offer stands, Lib. She couldn't possibly throw herself away on a low-looking fellow like that."

Shottle asked for the twenty-five in advance, was denied and took himself off grumbling. He found Boyce and the girl called Nadine just leaving the little alcove, and stopped them, bowing low. "Sir," he said, addressing Boyce, "I have been directed to inform this lady that she has been awarded a prize as the best waltzer in the room. If you will be so good as to give me her name and address in order that it may be delivered to her?"

Boyce regarded Shottle suspiciously. "Well!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know they did that sort of thing here. What is the prize and who is giving it?"

"The prize," replied Shottle blandly, "is a—a turkey. It is given by the leading butcher of the town."

Boyce laughed, and the girl added her silver merriment. "I'm sure I'm flattered," she said. "The name is Nadine la Vitte, and the address—"

She broke off, and flushed a little. Shottle's jaw had dropped; then he gathered with an extraordinary contortion of his face in the endeavor to mask his astonishment. "And the address?" he purred.

The girl and Boyce exchanged a troubled look. "I think," interposed Boyce, "it would be better to take the fowl home to-night. Perhaps you would be good enough to deliver it to our carriage. It is ordered for one o'clock—Number 297." Bowing with pelican grace, Shottle departed, but he delayed some ten minutes in dark thought before he sought Drace again. For Shottle wanted that hundred dollars, and if he were to tell Drace that her name was La Vitte! Could it be possible that she was Stepho's daughter?

He presented himself before Drace at length. "Master," he announced, "her name is Nadine Brown and her address is Carriage Number 297."

"Carriage Number Two— But that is no address. And—"

"Listen, Master," went on Shottle hurriedly. "I have a scheme—a magnificent scheme. Not only shall you be introduced to this lady, but you shall be presented to her in the rôle of a protector and rescuer."

"How in the world will you manage that?"

"Very simply. At ten minutes past one, you are to be standing on Blank Street just beyond the lamp at the corner of X Street. Carriage 297 will drive past. From out the shadow of a garden wall two men will spring out and stop the carriage—attempt to rob this Boyce fellow and that girl. You will rush up with a cane—a cane, Virgil, no pistol—and drive off the robbers! You are a hero—the lady thanks you. Tableau!"

"But—but—"

"Leave it all to me—but give me that twenty-five dollars. I know fellows who'd hold up the devil himself for five."

At ten minutes past one o'clock Virgil Drace was standing in the shadow of a tree near the street-crossing decided upon, cursing himself for a hairbrained fool and Shottle for an addle-pated rogue. A rattle of wheels came to his ears, and a cab approached him. As it came under the lamp at the corner, Virgil was sure he recognized the flamingo neck of Liberty Shottle rising from the turned up collar of the cabby on the box.

"Good Lord!" gasped Drace. "He's done it. Pray heaven Boyce carries no pistol."

The cab passed him. And then from the shadow of a wall a hundred yards or so distant two dark figures darted out. There came a hoarse command, a stifled scream, a cry for help. Drace ran forward and found Boyce, Nadine and the supposed cabman standing with uplifted hands beside the vehicle while a masked desperado threatened them with a pistol and a second robber demanded their valuables.

Now Drace played his part right gallantly, rushing upon the robbers with uplifted cane. The fellow with the pistol fired once—then a blow on the wrist from Drace's stick sent the weapon flying. The pain of the blow enraged the fellow, however, and as Drace made at the second robber, the first one struck him heavily, momentarily dazing him. The two supposed robbers now took to their heels, pursued half-heartedly by Cabman



A Band like this—and You

TEN times as many bands as have ever been organized in any year of American history will be organized this year. There's opportunity for you. Get busy.

Any number of renowned virtuosos have built their fame with Conn Instruments. They are used and endorsed by the majority of the world's greatest artists.

They are famous for their ease of blowing, lightness in action, perfect intonation and tone quality, artistic design and finish. Choose any instrument from the 3,000 different classes that we manufacture, for six days trial. A guarantee bond accompanies every Conn Instrument.

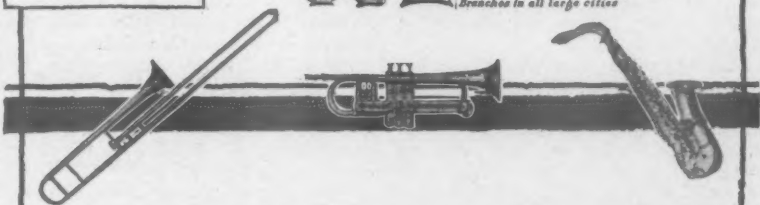
FREE TRIAL—EASY PAYMENTS

Only in Conn Instruments are the taper branches expanded by hydraulic pressure. This makes them smooth as glass inside which means perfect intonation and easy carriage of sound waves.

FREE BOOK. Mention instrument in which you are interested and we will send a special booklet and beautiful photo of it—free. Conn Instruments can be quickly mastered.



CONN LTD.
535 Conn Bldg. B'ham, Ala.
Branches in all large cities



WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

Maybelline

Darkens Eyebrows and Lashes

It makes them appear much longer, thicker and more luxuriant than they really are—easily applied and perfectly harmless.

Lash-Brow-Tine

a pure harmless cream, applied nightly aids Nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes.

Dark, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows, how wonderfully they bring out the deep soulful expression of eyes, adding great charm and beauty to any face. These famous Maybelline Beauty Aids are used and recommended by Stars of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Why not you?

AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. To avoid disappointment with imitations always look for "THE MAYBELLE GIRL" same as above, on every box of both preparations. We guarantee you will be delighted or refund price. Tear out this ad right now so that you will not forget the correct name.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4308 - 81 Grand Boulevard CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

LABLACHE BESPEAKS

its superfine quality and its unusual, refined odor, which pays homage to velvety skins and faultless complexions. Ever constant is Lablache, but delicately unobtrusive. An old favorite, indispensable and impossible of improvement.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 15c for a sample box.

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers Dept. 8,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Shottle and energetically by Boyce, who had been robbed in good earnest. And to complete the mêlée, the poor cab-horse, frightened by the pistol-shot, galloped off with the ramshackle vehicle lurching behind it.

Nadine turned to Drace, her face lighted with gratitude. She held forth her hand. With a grace that would not have mocked a Highlander who, schooled in France, had followed home the queen of Scots, he bent over it and reverently touched it with his lips. Wild was her nature, this half-barbaric maid, and she snatched her hand away, but repenting instantly, smiled and spoke.

"I thank you much. You are brave. You are like one on the stage, the hero."

Her words came freely, and with just enough of accent to convince that they were sweeter than if there were none. Drace asked her if she remembered him, and her black velvet eyes flashed dark in astonishment.

"How could I when never have I seen you? You must mistake me. No."

"I saw you on the boat, at the ball at the St. Louis. But come to think of it, I know that it would be vanity on my part to believe that you have seen me."

"No, it would not be vanity," pleasantly she contradicted him, shaking her head, her cloud of hair. "The brave do not be vain, but I did not see you. I am so sorry. You sorry too, ha?"

She laughed, and Drace thought that never till that moment had he heard music in its sweetest purity. Then Boyce and Shottle returned, panting—Shottle to disappear again in pursuit of his vanished vehicle.

"Sir, I thank you most heartily for your assistance," said Boyce, grasping Drace's hand. "My name is Boyce—Rupert Boyce. May I—"

"Mine, sir, is Virgil Drace," responded that young man. "I am only too glad to have been of help. I'm afraid, however, you'll have to finish your journey on foot. May I have the pleasure of walking with you?"

This suggestion, however, Boyce declined. And although Drace insisted as far as the bounds of courtesy would permit, both Boyce and the girl evaded consent. And they left him standing thunderstruck on the street-corner—for the girl had said, giving him her hand again in parting: "I thank you once more for your help, Mr. Drace. I hope I may see you again sometime. My name is Nadine la Vitte, and I am often in New Orleans."

CHAPTER IV

DRACE passed an uneasy night, his mind torn by his suspicion that Nadine La Vitte was the daughter of old Stepho. And when Liberty came to his room next morning, eager for praise and reward, the truth came out. Nadine was indeed the daughter of old Stepho; Liberty had overheard enough while disguised as the cabman to confirm that. But where she lived in New Orleans, Liberty had failed to learn; he had planned to drive them home, but the runaway of the cab-horse had sent that plan agley.

Yet now more than ever was Drace

resolved to find where the girl lived, to find old Stepho, to— What would he do when he found them? He was bent on revenge upon his father's murderers, on solving the secret of that buried money; yet he was in love with that arch-soundrel's daughter. Or was he? He must find her, make sure. And he said as much to Shottle.

"There are some things that can't be done by mere determination," said Shottle, his mind on filling a flush.

"No, but judgment ought to be the master and director of determination. I tell you what we'll do: this afternoon we'll take the French quarter by streets, and knock at every door."

That afternoon they set out on their quest. But the scheme of knocking at every door soon seemed foolish and impertinent. They decided to halt only in front of habitations that seemed to invite inquiry, consult their instinct; but as repeated failure blunts instinct dull, hope became a critic, without creative adventure, and advised a return to the hotel. Then they thought that night would be a fitter time. They might catch sight of the girl or Boyce at the theater.

They went to one, and from a stage-box gazed through rented glasses at every face. Not there. They went out, walked a short distance, talking not of disappointment but of hope, and turned into a narrow and dimly lighted street. Suddenly there broke the noise of a rising tumult, yells and gunshots. And over walls and from dark recesses came pouring excited men. Drace and Shottle found themselves in the midst of a mob, surging toward another mob rushing into an open space where torches discovered a band of executioners hanging some poor wretch to the limb of a tree. Where there were no houses, the garden walls were too high to offer a means of escape, and as they could not fight their way back, Drace and Shottle were swept onward. Torches flared, and all sorts of weapons were revealed in the pitiful, yellow light—old muskets, swords, pistols with brass barrels from ancient Spanish armory, clubs, and pikes that might have served with Cromwell. Some of the men looked respectable, others desperate; they were of many nationalities, all anger-smitten and excited.

"What's it all about?" Drace inquired of a bare-headed old man who panted beside him.

"The carpetbag devils. They hang a citizen."

"We are on the right side, anyway," Shottle cried. "Give me a gun—give me something."

Some one gave him an old carbine, and another gave Drace a cavalry saber; the man from the North grasped it, feeling that he was to fight the scoundrels that cast discredit and reproach upon his native State.

At this time of man's madness nature could not restrain the introduction of her own grim humor. Dogs gathered in the open space between the bands of advancing rioters, and fought, howling, the victims of wounds without cause.

Not many shots were fired. The authorities made a criminal of the citizen who carried a gun or concealed it in his house. It was a hand-to-hand strife, the

breaking of heads, the cutting of throats. A big red-shirted negro with razor gleaming in the smoky light made a grab at Drace, who had just room enough to leap back and strike with his saber; but the agile negro dodged; the blow was caught by a brick wall, and the blade was broken off at the handle. But with the hilt, a boxing-glove of steel, Drace knocked the negro down and then passed over his body, striking right and left, pushing upward to the front, where the jagged ranks saw-toothed one into the other.

The struggle now was to save the hanging man, who without fall enough to break his neck, was strung up to strange. Drace was the first man to fight his way to him. He dropped his steel boxing-glove, grabbed out his knife, leaped up, caught hold of the limb of the tree with one hand and cut the man down.

Catching up his weapon, he was about to mix in the fight again, when the sharp scream of a woman caught and held him for a moment. He glanced hurriedly about; at various windows were lights and silhouetted figures of onlookers. But as if drawn by some lodestone instinct his eyes went to a second-story window just beyond the tree; and there, in the strong light of a lamp just behind her, he saw again the face of the barbaric room-maid, Nadine la Vitte.

Instantly he whirled and strove to fight his way to a gate which he saw in the wall before the house. But now came a new cry and a scramble for safety. A troop of United States cavalry came sweeping the thoroughfare from curb to curb, their drawn sabers flashing, the aroused anger of Uncle Sam rebuking a riot. Not to run was to be trampled to death, but Drace stood an instant to look about for Shottle. He could not find him, however, and he had to seek his own safety, for the cavalry were near, spreading out upon the sidewalk.

With divers others, he stood not upon the order of his going but ran back down the street and then hurried down a side-street out of the path of the troopers. There he waited until the tumult had subsided—perhaps an hour. Then he made his way back to the scene of the riot.

The house at the window of which he thought he had glimpsed the face of Nadine la Vitte was now dark. But in spite of the curious glances of sundry loiterers Drace took a careful survey of it and of the three oak trees in front—even felt their bark to familiarize himself with them. At the corner he sought the name of the street, on the lamp, but the glass had been broken, leaving only a red "L" and the fragments and "e." But no matter—he would know where to turn, would know the house when abreast of it.

NOW Drace hastened toward the St. Charles. The streets were quiet. But a wagon rattled by, and he saw that it was filled with wounded men. He thought of Shottle, and his spirit was oppressed with sorrow. Shottle's escape must have been impossible, and to-morrow they would take his body, throw it into some oozy hole and cover it with mud.

In the lobby of the St. Charles now stood in groups, talking of the fall in the



The Piano of Character

The first requisite of a fine piano is purity and depth of tone. All other features, however important in themselves, are secondary.

In the Lyon & Healy Apartment Grand Piano, utmost skill has been employed to produce musical perfection. The scale is flawless. Resonance and a full richness of tone are felt, even in the softest notes. Fortissimo playing never loses the quality of distinctive refinement. The action is so developed that the instrument fairly sings under the fingers.

The appearance of the Apartment Grand is worthy of its tonal beauty. Graceful lines and richness of wood give to it the attractiveness of good taste and quiet elegance. Among its exclusive features are the Candelectra and the Silento. The Candelectra are twin electric candles which shed soft light on the music and keyboard. The Silento is used to subdue playing without change in the quality of touch.

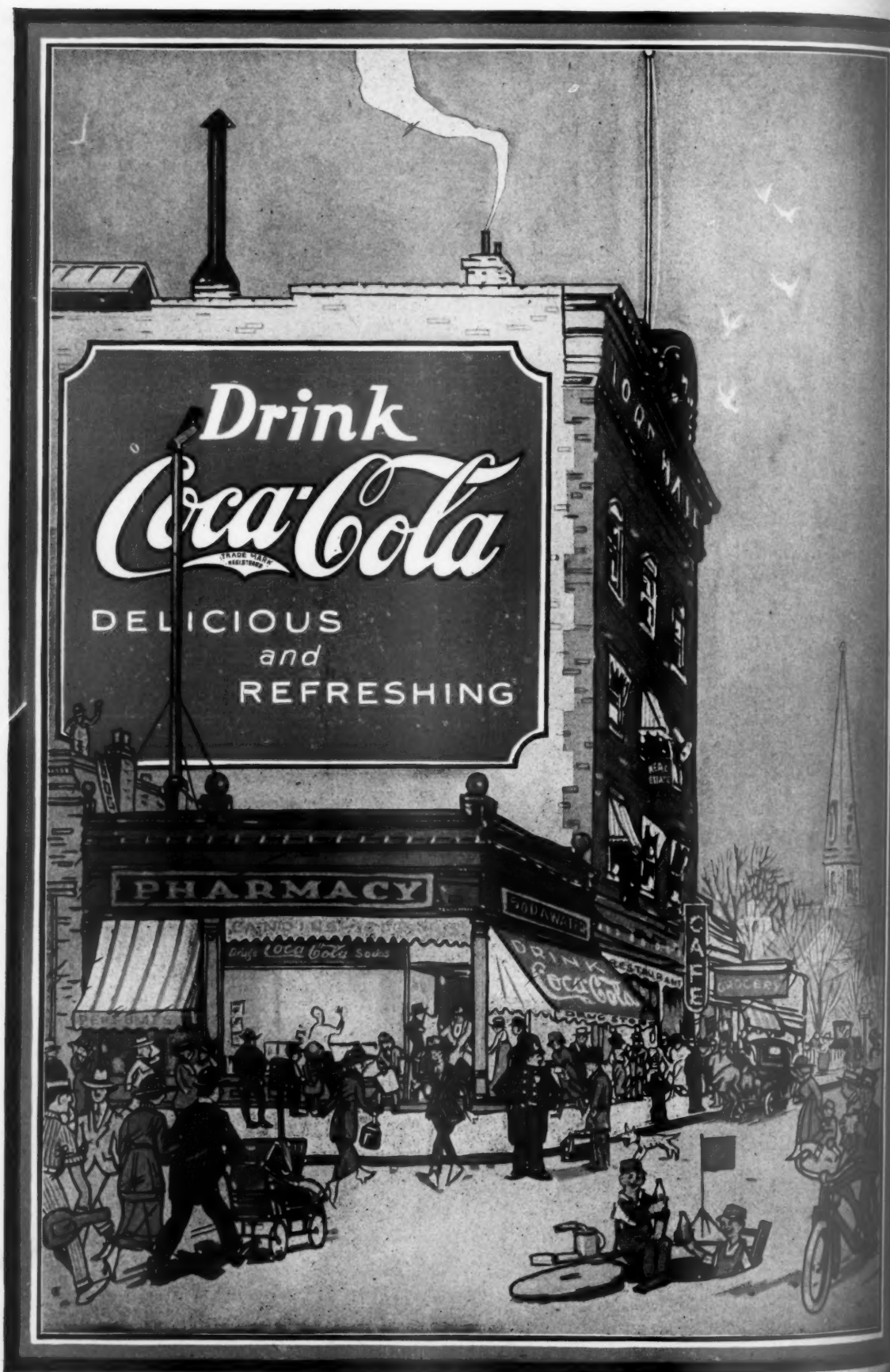


"Music gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything."—Plato.

LYON & HEALY Apartment Grand Piano

LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO

BOOKLET ON REQUEST



price of cotton. The riot, which to Drace meant so much, was not even known, so accustomed was the town to scenes of violence. Drace asked the clerk if Shottle had come in. No, his key was in the box. Then Drace thought that surely Liberty must be dead or wounded, hauled away to suffer. He went forth again, to the department of police, to the cavalry barracks, but nothing could he learn. Then in his room he sat sorrowing over his friend and yet thrilled with a selfish happiness, for he had found the barbaric rose-maid. He went to bed, tossed, slept, dreamed in a mingling of distress and gladness, and awoke. Shottle was standing in the room.

"Thank the Lord!" cried Drace, and spring out of bed.

"That's what I say, friend Virgil. But you will please address me as Colonel Shottle. I am a free man. Here!" He held forth an envelope; opening it, Drace took out a hundred-dollar bank-note.

"What does this mean, Lib?"

"I am Colonel Shottle, sir, and not Lib."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel; but what does this mean?"

Shottle sat down and crossed his long legs. He took out a cigar and lighted it.

"Virgil, I fought as long as I thought it was of advantage. The old carbine I had wouldn't shoot, and I want to tell you that mauling darky heads with a piece of iron is hard work. I looked about for you but couldn't find you, and knowing that you knew how to take care of yourself, I began to sniff for a way to get out, found a hole, in a wall, ducked through and scooted. That was all natural enough. Anybody could have done that. But now comes the inspirational part. I got around into Royal Street and met a steamboat captain who asked me to have a drink, and I needed it, for I had been hard at work.

"So I went in with him. And then up I hops to a gambling-house with the money you'd paid me for introducing you to Nadine la Vitte. The poker-tables were full, so I nipped in modestly at the faro-bank. That's not a very swift game, but sometimes it is as sure as buying houses and lots, if you've got the patience. I invested cautiously till about daylight; cashed in exactly two hundred, and here I am, as refreshed as a horse grazing on clover."

"Colonel, I congratulate you!" said Drace.

THE two breakfasted together, and then Drace set out to find again the house at the scene of the riot—the house at the window of which he had seen the face of Nadine la Vitte. At length he found himself in the side-street where he had taken refuge the night before, and turning out of this, he came to the tree from the limb of which he had cut down the half-strangled victim of the mob. There opposite was the house and there was the window at which he had seen Nadine's face; but across the window, boards had been nailed! The other windows too, and the doors, were nailed up; the place was deserted. Could that face at the window have been only a creature of his imagination?

An old negro in nondescript livery came down the walk from a house a few doors away. He might have been footman to a barlequin. But when Drace spoke, to him, the dignified change in his countenance appeared to alter even the aspect of his attire; and now he might have been usher to a governor. This quick change had been brought about by his intuitive discovery that Drace was a man of consequence.

"Do you know anything about the people who lived across the street?" Drace asked.

"Wall, no sah: Da wuz po' folks, sah."

"Then you don't know where they went."

"No sah. My ployment is ter look after folks ob er higher 'dition, sah. An' den ter preach on Sunday."

"Oh, you are a preacher."

"Called, sah, wid er blast frum de trumpet."

"Does your church ever need money?" In a moment he lost his dignity.

"Look yeah, boss, whut's er nigger church fur ef it aint ter need money? Co'se it need money. But whut you gwine do er bout it?"

"Yassuh," he said when Drace had warmed him with a greenback, "I reckon dey done moved away. There was er kind of rumpus last night. And I reckon they-all thought it wasn't no place foh dem nb mo; dey lef' mighty sudden-like, uhly dis mawnin'."

And that was all Drace could learn; no one in the vicinity would admit that they knew them or their destination. Disliking to call too much attention to himself, Drace walked away heavy-hearted. For a long time he wandered the streets. He came to the levee, and the French Market. He went into the old St. Louis cemetery, and looked upon the novel sight of bodies sepulchered in a wall with doors like a furnace. These compartments, he learned, were rented by the month to the poor; and a short tenantry it was for many a son and daughter of penury answering eternity's call, for when the grim agent failed to collect the pittance promised by sorrow, the shrouded renter was evicted—an old Spanish custom, Drace was told.

Recalled by these grim surroundings to the purpose that had brought him to the South, Drace now determined to give himself wholly to his quest for Stepho la Vitte. He returned to the hotel, and found Shottle nervous in a cloud of smoke. The floor was covered with burned matches and the stubs of cigars.

"Lib, I'm crushed," announced Drace.

"So am I. But how does it happen that the dust-cart drove over you too?"

"Nadine is gone. The place is nailed up."

"That's tough, all right. But what are you going to do about it? Are you going to come to your puritanic senses and give the whole thing up, or do you expect—"

"I expect to fulfill my sacred mission. I must find Stepho la Vitte."

Shottle got up and shook hands with his friend. He swore that he would make the search the aim of his life. "Suppose you hire me by the day," he suggested.

"A man does better work by the day. He always has fresh stimulus every time the sun rises."

"Very well—ten dollars a day."

"That's liberal, Virgil, and I'll take it. And let's get Old Josh to help us. He is more or less acquainted with Stepho's habits."

AN hour later Drace and Shottle returned to their hotel after a ceremonious visit with Colonel Josh. The Colonel knew of Stepho, had indeed met him once, and he promised to make discreet inquiries that should without fail disclose the creole's whereabouts.

Hardly had Drace reached his room, however, before a visitor was shown in—a visitor who introduced himself as an agent of the New Orleans police department and who had a most distressing communication to make:

It was known that Mr. Drace and his friend had taken part in a recent riot. Mr. Drace was one of the leaders, had severely wounded more than one man, and without cause, being from the North, just arrived, and having no possible interest in the city. However, he was to be treated with more of lenity than would rhyme with his crime, for instead of punishment he was only to be banished, along with his friend. A steamboat, the *Bumblebee* bound northward, would leave next morning. The chief of police would grieve if Mr. Drace and his friend failed to register among the passengers.

CHAPTER V

WITH scarcely twelve hours left in which to find Stepho la Vitte, Drace paced the streets in an agony of anxiety, making a hundred plans to find Stepho or to outwit the New Orleans officials and prolong his stay, but all in vain.

Colonel Josh did not appear, but he seemed to have embarked upon the quest, for when the distracted Drace called at his quarters about midnight the old fellow was still absent. Dawn brought Drace back again, for all his other endeavors had been unsuccessful, and but two hours remained before the *Bumblebee's* departure.

Routed out of bed, the Colonel kept Drace waiting a full half-hour before he put in an appearance. Then, however, he offered a faint, faint ray of hope. He had discovered that a certain Frenchman, a wine-dealer, living at an address he produced scrawled on paper, was reported to be an intimate of Stepho. Possibly from him Mr. Drace might—

Drace hurriedly explained the decree which had banished him; then he "presented" the Colonel with a check on account, asked him to convey his respects to Miss Lucy and took his departure.

On his way to the Frenchman's he stopped at the hotel, where he found Shottle strapping up their baggage—and a police official paying an informal but suggestive call. An hour's grace remained. Drace paid his score at the desk, sent his baggage to the boat and then summoning a cab, drove off with Shottle to the house of the Frenchman. It proved to be a mean abode, both wine-

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION



WITH CUTICURA SOAP

This fragrant super-creamy emollient for cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and complexion tends to promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health if used for every-day toilet purposes. Largest selling complexion and skin soap in the world. Sold everywhere.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume. Everywhere for 25c. Sample each free by mail. Address postal: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. AA, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Clear Out Rats In 3 Nights

"Rough On Rats" rids your premises of all rats and mice in 3 nights. Change the bait you mix with "Rough On Rats"—that's the secret. Rats won't eat the same food that they know killed others. Varying the bait fools them. Druggists and general stores sell "Rough On Rats"—the most economical, surest exterminator. Write for "Ending Rats and Mice." Mailed free to you.

R.S. WELLS
Chemist

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

Jersey City,
N. J.

ROUGH ON RATS

shop and dwelling. Drace knocked eagerly. A small man, his mustache dyed, came to the door, blinking.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am a friend of Mr. la Vitte, and—"

"Pardon, monsieur, but you do not look like him, ze friend."

"But I am. And I came with word that will be of advantage to him. The police are after him—"

"Aw, he know zat. Monsieur would trouble himself for nothing. Good morning!"

"Just a moment, please. You have no need to look on me with suspicion. I am his friend—and—"

"If you his friend," interrupted the man, "you know he gone—to Europe, on steamer to France."

Drace was about to abandon the man in despair when Shottle, who had been staring at a case of wine which stood by the door ticketed and sealed for shipment, suddenly interrupted.

"Ah," he cried, "can this be the famous

Continued in next issue.

THE BLESSED SEASON

(Continued from page 35)

absently. "I collect them, you know."

"Is that so?" She opened her eyes wide, and the thrush sang again. "You're a fan, then?"

"You might call me that, perhaps."

"What's your favorite?"

"Picture?"

"Sure."

Andrea hesitated but a moment.

"I have often wondered about that same thing. Possibly it would be 'Sacred and Profane Love.'"

As she sat there moveless in her glassy booth, her heavenly eyes gazing at him under heavy lids, he had the impression of some precious polychrome miraculously endowed with the power of speech.

"Who's starring in that picture?" she asked.

"A beautiful Italian lady. I don't know her name. She's been dead a long time."

"Some of the film-favorites burn 'em-selves out awful quick. Who did the scenario?"

"A chap named Titian."

"Never even heard of him."

That settled Titian, but the gentleness of her voice made it easier as she went on:

"I'm in a position to know all the important people in the business—names, I mean. Sometimes I see the program six weeks ahead. But it's a funny thing about me." An expression of saintly melancholy made her lovelier still as she leaned forward and rested her little chin on a hand slender as a lily.

"Funny about me!" she mused. "I've been working here a long time, watching people go in and out, the best pictures in the world showing inside. And do you know I never get a chance to see any?"

"The doorkeeper of the Louvre once told me the same thing," said Andrea encouragingly.

"The what?"

"The Louvre."

"Where's that?"

"In Paris."

Château Yquem?" And brushing past the Frenchman, he leaned over as if to examine the bottles. With a cry, the wine merchant shoved him rudely away. "Zat is ze private stock," he snarled. "It is not for sale. I am not yet open for business, sirs. Good morning."

Shottle grasped Drace's arm and drew him away. A cart had halted outside, and as they entered their cab, they saw the carter shouldering the case of wine and bearing toward his vehicle.

As they turned the corner, a deep-throated blast from the *Bumblebee* sounded a warning. Shottle turned upon the disappointed Drace with a gleeful countenance. "Master," he said, "I thank you for that money again. I've found him."

"Found him!" exclaimed Drace. "How?"

"That case of wine was addressed to Stepho la Vitte at Farnun's Landin, Mississippi. That wine is going to Stepho on the *Bumblebee*. And so are we!"

"Say!" she trilled. "You bat around in a lot of queer towns, don't you?"

And so it continued for ecstatic minutes. Andrea talked tenaciously, never to be understood. Subject-matter was nothing to him; he was playing for her attention. It was as though one were permitted to gaze upon and worship the Mona Lisa just so long as she consented to listen.

At last the multitude began filing out of the theater, and she said:

"Better beat it now. We aint allowed to talk, and Mr. Barker might get us cold."

"I'm very lonely—" He still lingered.

"That's what they all say." She smiled adorably before looking nervously round.

"Well, good night," he said reluctantly.

She put her mouth close to the glassy circle. It was the sweetest picture in the world, and his heart stood still when she whispered:

"Stick around!"

Andrea stuck. It was somewhat difficult sticking as the November night waxed chilly, and the worshipers, filing out of the temple of wonders, went their several ways, leaving Andrea to smoke cigarette after cigarette in the shadow of an awful poster which portrayed beauty undergoing a hearty choking at the hands of a masked villain. The automatic cash-and-ticket machine—as wonderful in its way as Mr. Edison's invention for photographing moving life—was being emptied and vised by two coldly practical business men. A Fourteenth Street patrolman sauntered by and paused to stare at Romanez, suspecting the worst.

Finally she appeared, linked arm in arm with a somewhat obvious young woman of an auburn cast. The doorkeeper, dapper now in civilian clothes, followed closely in the rear.

"I didn't catch your name," said the lovely cashier in the formal manner as she came to where he stood.

"Romanes."

"Mr. Romanette, meet Miss Casey and Mr. Clogg. Mr. Romanette's in the picture business," she added somewhat airily as soon as Miss Casey and Mr. Clogg had been met.

She took Andrea's arm, and together they sauntered toward Third Avenue.

"It's lucky you showed up," she told him. "Annie's got an awful crush on Mr. Clogg, but she's that finicky and particular she makes me go along. But I don't like playing gooseberry, do you? Especially to a girl who's lots prettier and more stylish than I am!"

"Of course one wouldn't," he sympathized.

"Annie's head usher at the Topaz," she explained, "and I guess I'll have to be looking for another roommate pretty soon."

"You're living together?"

"Yes. And say, this supper's on Mr. Clogg, see? Don't you make a break to pay for anything, because he's closer than the skin on a hard-boiled egg."

Their destination proved to be a black-fronted oyster-grotto on Third Avenue. Miss Casey required little or nothing of her chaperon, so it turned out, for Andrea and his companion were shown to a table several removed from the active romance of the auburn head usher. The lovely cashier fed a healthy young appetite while Andrea, eating almost nothing, admired the dainty languor of her gestures. His adventure had been quite idle up to now; yet he found himself forming in his mind the wildest projects. Here was an object of art, a delicate, priceless thing, requiring varnish, restoration, a decorative setting. He remembered a Capo di Monte urn he had once found among beer-crates behind a Bowery bar-room.

Her name, he found, was Cherry Harlan—suitably incongruous. She should have been Lily or Cynthea—Violet might have done, since violets are often white and always fragile. Her parents, she told him, had been vaudeville performers, but her mother was dead, and her father, having married again, had faded into the sunset realm known technically as "short time." She didn't care for the stage, which in some indefinite way she ever blamed for her mother's death. She had clerked in small shops and found herself hating the work. A friend of her father's had found her a position in the ticket-window of The Topaz, where she had been now for nearly two years. She was not without intelligence, this Cherry Harlan, but her outlook on life had been as narrow as the hole in the window through which she served out change to Fourteenth Street. She was grossly ignorant of everything outside her small experience. Of course she expected to marry, but the young man she preferred had a weakness for gambling, and Mr. Gunzmann, a prosperous adorer, was no gentleman in spite of his standing in the retail leather business.

This, in a paragraph, was the biography of Cherry Harlan. Romanes, who had been considering her both physically and psychically as she talked, at last came out with the question:

"Are you perfectly satisfied?"

"Where I am?" she asked, and raised



JOIN the joyful Ivory Garter clan. Say "Ivory Garters" to your dealer and that's all the introduction you'll need. Thereafter you'll tread as if on air, so happily sensational is the ease and comfort of Ivory Garters.

The reason is as simple as Ivory Garters themselves. Ivory Garters have no metal nor pads. They cannot rust: they will not heat or press your legs. Correct constructive principles make them conform naturally to your legs without catching, pulling or binding. So light, you hardly know you're wearing garters, yet they're game to the end and keep your socks and feelings up to time.

A lot depends on this simple precaution. Make it a point to say "I want Ivory Garters" and you'll shake with yourself for following up a live one.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY, New Orleans, U. S. A.

Ivory Garter

REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. **A. O. LEONARD**
Suite 227, 70 Fifth Ave., New York City

Get Well—Be Young—Grow Tall



This University discovery is the most important health invention of the century. It stimulates and rejuvenates the Human Body. It produces normal spine, it frees impinged and irritated nerves, corrects contracted muscles, shortens ligaments, eliminates congestion, improves circulation and drainage of the body. It will increase the body's length.
The Pandouloufer Co., 334 Advance Bldg., Cleveland, O.



FREE For 10 Days Wear

Send no money. Just put up to send you either of these wonderful, dazzling, genuine Tifin Gem rings to wear for 10 days. If you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.
No. 1. Solid gold 14 K. 2. Solid gold 18 K. 3. Solid gold mounting. Eight ladies newest six-prong tooth clip design flat mounting. Has a mounting. Complete wide band. Almost guaranteed genuine Tifin Gem, almost a cape, guaranteed Tifin Gem, almost a crown.
In sending, send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger. If satisfied upon arrival send \$4.00—then \$2 monthly until the ring price, \$12.00, is paid for either one. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any payment made. This offer is limited. Send while it holds good.
The Tifin Gem Co., Dept. 781, Chicago, Ill.

MAKE BIG MONEY

Earn \$200 to \$600 per mo. Big future. New invention. Guaranteed prevents puncture. Sell all motorists. New territory open. Exclusive rights. Write the Tire In-Sole Mfg. Co., Dept. 96, Findlay, O.



Double the Use of Every Electric Socket in Every Room

Use any electrical appliance without loss of light and without inconvenience.

"Every wired home needs three or more"



BENJAMIN TWO-WAY PLUG

The Leading Plug

Millions in use, making electricity more convenient

3 for \$3.50 OR 6 for \$6.50

At your Dealer's

Benjamin No. 2462 Shade Holders enable you to use any shade with your Two-Way Plugs.
BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
Chicago New York San Francisco

Your Safety

The name is easy to remember



There's an added pleasure in walking when you have confidence in every step.

There are no holes to track mud or dirt.

Be sure your repairman puts Cat's Paws on your shoes, because



The Foster Friction Plug
—prevents slipping

And makes them wear longer than the ordinary kind.

Black, white and tan—for men, women and children—at all dealers. Insist upon them.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

Ever Trainsick or Seasick?

Be guided by the experience of thousands of travelers the world over and use

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

It prevents and relieves nausea. Officially adopted by Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water. Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products or their derivatives, nor other habit forming drugs.

Sold by leading druggists—60c and \$1.20 on guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO.
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Also at 19 St. Bride St., London.

Montreal, New York, and Milan.



STANDARD UNDERWOODS REGENCY

PICK YOURS QUICK SAVE MONEY



STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
1320 Strongfort Institute, Newark, N.J.

WAY LESS THAN MANUFACTURER'S PRICE!

Buy, at big saving, root or save one of my rebuilt-like-new Underwoods. Money back if not satisfied. Look, write and we will mail you one like new, fully equipped. Write for offer No. 20. E. W. S. Higgins, Pres., The Underwood Co., 24-26 W. Lake St., Chicago.

QUIT!

Pill, laxatives, saline waters and purgatives will not cure that constipated habit—you ought to know it by this time. Be sensible—you have been whipping your bowels shamelessly into action, and weakening their natural functioning more and more. Now you are full of ailments—your system is upset—your blood is poisoned—you are sluggish and dull witted—your food will not digest well—you lack stamina—you are nervous, listless. Lack ambition—have no energy—no vitality—you are failing in manhood—it's all your own fault. No matter what your condition or ailment may be—under my method of physical and health upbuilding known as

Strongfortism

you can be restored in vigor and vitality and be entirely free from constipation or any other ailment or disorder. Let it be what it may—Strongfortism will restore, rejuvenate. Send three 2c stamps to cover mailing expenses, and I will send you my book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." Read this book. It is for your interest and welfare.

her eyebrows a hair's-breadth. "Nobody's satisfied, I suppose. There must be a lot to see—somewhere."

"I have something you might consider," he went on diagonally. "Movies?" she demurred. "I'm not in the movies."

"Oh!" A fleeting expression suggested his descent in her esteem.

"I'm a collector." How could he tell her? "I gather old things—interesting old things—with the idea of selling them."

"Secondhand business." That was how she got it. "I knew a secondhand man up in Albany who was a regular swell."

"I need an assistant to help me in my shop," he went bravely on. "Of course it would take you some time to learn the business, but we wouldn't quarrel about the matter of salary."

"Place on Third Avenue?" she asked. Andrea brought out his card.

"Andrea Romanes, Museum Collections," she read aloud. "Mr. Gummann," she added, "took me to the Metropolitan Museum once and showed me the mummies. They gave me the creeps."

"We haven't a mummy on the place," he promised her.

"Well," said she, arising after a far-flung signal from Miss Casey, "I'll come round tomorrow morning and look it over. Can I bring Annie along?"

So that was settled. All the way home Andrea cursed himself for a fool; but there was a vigor in his stride that he had not shown since one bleak Scottish afternoon when he had kissed dead lips and folded away that pathetic, priceless wedding-veil.

IT was some thirteen months after Andrea's evening of adventure that Mr. Elgar Rose stood in the armor-room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the taste of Lorenzo the Magnificent in the matter of silver breastplates had brought the old gentleman into an animated discussion with the curator. Certainly the cunning of Florentine armorers should have held the rich man's attention from the superficial phenomena of modern New York. But the whisk of a skirt and the trill of a pretty voice caused his amber eyes to stray away from the learned portfolio which the curator was holding under his nose.

"Just a minute," apologized the patron of arts abruptly as he took his way, rather nimbly for a gentleman of his age and weight, round the legs of a sculptured horse armed cap-a-pie, and down the echoing corridor.

In the distance he could see the couple, mutually fascinated, apparently, just disappearing through an arcade. When again he saw them, they were sauntering up the marble staircase toward the second floor.

"I'll eat my hat!" declared Mr. Rose earnestly.

Well might he have done so, for the sight was unique, even in America's greatest museum. Leaning devotedly—for the girl was not tall,—Andrea Romanes' distinguished profile could be seen. There was no mistaking it. Old Rose uttered a chuckle of sly humor. But who was the lady? Lady quite apparently she was, slender, young and wearing her simple blue suit with the modest grace of

a schoolgirl. They paused halfway up the stairs, and Romanez, indicating a tapestry on the wall of the great main hall, permitted the spy to catch one appreciative glimpse of her face. He chuckled again.

On the floor above he spied once more—just an instant this time, for the game was becoming dangerous. Their backs were toward him, and they were standing before a row of masters old and new.

"Andrea," he heard the sweetest voice in the world asking, "why should they have hung a Sargent next to a Velasquez?"

"Why do you think?" asked Andrea in turn as he cast adoring eyes upon her.

"Contrast, maybe?" She hesitated on the words, and her tone was clear and penetrating as a thrush's note.

"Good!" crowed the instructor.

"Somehow I don't like it that way," she declared. "It seems all wrong, doesn't it, to be putting that splendid old knight jam up against a banker in a frock coat—"

Elgar Rose, too astonished to smile, moved swiftly away in time to avoid an embarrassing recognition. On the floor below, he found the curator of armor waiting for him with that patience which a scholar must show to a wealthy donor. Rose resumed his portfolio at the page he had neglected, but his mind was not on his study.

I have given you this peep, just as Mr. Rose took it, merely as a hint of what had happened to Andrea Romanez and Cherry Harlan during that year since their first tête-à-tête in a Third Avenue restaurant. Elgar Rose, who had never set foot in the Twenty-third Street loft since his purchase of the Ming horse, was not more astonished at the sight than you or I would be, having seen the first act of Andrea's story.

No one but Andrea could have accomplished the miracle—ordinary men, sane, commonplace and practical, would never have attempted it. But the Oriental strain in him had fused much patience into his fastidiousness. His profession had trained him to wait for the thing he loved, even though the years had not taught him how to hold fast to his heart's desire, once he had attained it. I am not sure that Andrea Romanez loved Cherry Harlan at first nor for months after he had found her in so unpromising an environment. He loved the sight of her, her grace, her cool beauty, the infinite delicacy of her charm. But he had recognized the task before him, the problem of filling that nebulous, untaught thing, her brain, with a knowledge of beauty, an appreciation of the fine things which are as necessary to a lovely woman as an esthetic globe, let us say, to a gold-fish.

And as a gold-fish takes to water and languorous water plants and multicolored stones, so Cherry Harlan took to luxury. She was young, therefore plastic; and women of her delicate type are most susceptible, I think, to a sort of cultivation. The ingenuity with which Romanez found her lodgings in an exclusive hotel for single ladies, and the tenacity of purpose with which he taught her how to write and to speak her language, would in themselves serve as material for another story. The marriage and subsequent removal



"Another \$50 Raise!"

"Why, that's my third increase in a year! It just shows what special training will do for a man."

"When I left school to go to work I couldn't do anything in particular. All I could hope for was just a job—and that's what I got, at \$60 a month for routine, unskilled work. I stayed at it for three years, with one small increase each year."

"Then one day I woke up. To tell the truth, I wanted to get married. Of course I couldn't on what I was making and that made me do some serious thinking. I found I wasn't getting ahead simply because I couldn't do any one thing well. Almost anyone could step in at any time and do what I was doing. I decided right then to put in an hour after supper each night preparing myself for more important work. So I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business."

"As I look back now, I wonder why I didn't realize before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work and its possibilities. You see, I was just beginning to really understand it. I made some suggestions to the manager and he was immensely pleased. Said he noticed how much better I was doing lately and wished he had more like me."

"Just after that an opening came and he gave me my chance—at an increase of \$25 a month. Then I really began to grow. Six months later I was put in charge of my department and my salary went up again. Since then I've had two more increases of \$50 a month and now I've got another \$50 raise!"

"This will be great news for Mary. We'll have a home of our own with the comforts and enjoyments we've dreamed of. And I've only just begun. I can see a real future ahead now with more money than I ever hoped to make."

For 29 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

More than two million have taken the up road with I. C. S. help. More than 110,000 are now turning their spare time to profit. Hundreds are starting every day. Isn't it about time for you to find out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, you can have the kind of a salary that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like your family to have. No matter what your age, your occupation or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it—without obligation on your part or a penny of cost. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon.

gave me my chance—at an increase of \$25 a

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 3419-B, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Mfg. | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
Present _____
Occupation _____
Street _____
and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Canadians may send this coupon to 7-22-15
International Correspondence Schools, Montreal, Canada.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Diamond Rings
Latest Designs
All the popular mountings, plain and fancy engraved, Green, White and Yellow Solid Gold, very special at \$85, \$100, \$150 and up. Credit terms. See Catalog.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
Stores in Leading Cities

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
JEWELRY
LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
JEWELRY
LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
JEWELRY

WATCHES ON CREDIT

Send for Free Catalog

There are 123 pages of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, all priced unusually low. Whatever you select will be sent prepaid by us. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it, balance divided into eight equal payments, payable monthly. Send for Catalog today.

Loftis Peerless Diamond Ring

Don't Neckbrace \$15 to \$500. See Catalog.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. B122, 106 N. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c
Stillman's Rouge - - - 25c
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM COMPANY
Dept. 40 Aurora, Illinois



Play the Hawaiian Guitar Just Like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complete lessons and pieces of music.



**Send Coupon NOW
Get Full Particulars FREE**

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway NEW YORK

I am interested in the HAWAIIAN GUITAR. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN R. B.

Write name and address clearly.

to Newark of her friends the Cloggs had divorced her from her dingy past, leaving her entirely under her master's influence. She proved a docile scholar and a remarkably quick one. It delighted him to behold her progress. She had a natural taste for music; they went to the Metropolitan opera twice a week during the season, and although he often caught her looking wistfully up toward the golden boxes and their mystery of wealth, his lectures were never wasted on her as he instructed her patiently in the score and the libretto and the artistic valuation of the singers. She had a good memory and a desire to learn. Possibly her native intelligence urged her always to the next step upward.

Prosperous parents, lavishing wealth and years on your daughter's cultivation, you would be amazed at what a year of culture—intensive culture—did for Cherry Harlan. Or possibly you would smile and say: "Surface glaze cracks quickly." A quick electroplating rubs off." I have no quarrel with your theories, doubtless sound. But I was witness to what a year did for Cherry Harlan.

ROMANEZ' business, meanwhile, was going downhill. His infatuation at home kept him from traveling, sharper collectors garnered the bargains in New York. He sold his stock, a stick at a time, to meet his obligations; but obligations are like jealous lovers—once fail to keep your tryst, and all the Furies are to pay.

It was on the afternoon following their tour of the Metropolitan Museum that Andrea sat near the north light in his big loft reading to her out of a thick book. It was Taine's History of English Literature which he had chosen for her betterment, and as he slouched in a high Spanish chair, his fine face bent over the fascinating pages, Cherry sat crouched on a cushion at his feet, her ultramarine eyes upraised, her delicate lips parted in an expression of angelic interest. Slowly a fragile hand fell upon his knee, and at the gesture he reached down and gathered her in his arms.

"Sweet," he whispered, "what have I done?"

"You've made me, Andrea," she said, and stroked his dark hair.

"Yes—but what have I made you into? You are a princess, my dear. Pages should carry your train, and they should lay a cloth of gold for your feet. What can I give you? Even the chairs you sit in are sold or mortgaged. Is there anything I have that isn't for sale? I'm a gypsy, my dear, picking up trinkets by the way, hawking them where I can. But you—you belong in the king's house."

"There aren't any kings any more," she said as naively as she might have spoken through the glassy hole in the motion-picture booth.

Was it a coincidence that caused the studio door to rattle at that instant with two distinct, unpleasant knocks? Fate often enters like that, upon the cue. Two knocks again, louder and more disturbing.

"You'd better go to the back room," whispered Andrea. "No use borrowing trouble."

As she scuttled away, he went across the broad space and opened to his caller.

Select the Right School

**Upon the wisdom of
your decision may rest
your future success**

If you are having difficulty in making a decision, the intimate and comprehensive information supplied by our Educational Bureau is at your service.

In order that we may most satisfactorily assist you in making an intelligent and happy selection, it will be necessary for you when writing to give complete data upon the following points:—

1. Type of school you wish—preparatory, college, finishing, business, technical, art, music, dramatic, or summer camp.
2. Location (City or State).
3. Approximate amount you wish to pay per year.
4. Exact age, and year you will enter school.
5. Religion and previous education.

In order that information sent you may be reliable, all data supplied by this Bureau is gathered through a personal visit to the school.

Educational Bureau
The Red Book Magazine
33 West 42nd St. New York City



Violin, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Guitar, Mandolin, Cornet, Tenor Saxophone or Banjo
Wonderful new system of teaching notes made by me. 25c pupils in each locality, we give a \$20 expert Violin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Cornet, Tenor Saxophone or Banjo, likely free. Very small charge for lessons only. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write now. No obligation.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc. Dept. 34 CHICAGO, ILL.



For Pleasure or Business
At Work or Play

Remember

Luden's soothe husky throats;
a blessing on dusty days

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF

Elgar Rose, mink-collared, purple and puffing, stood in the door.

"If you'll put in an elevator," he complained, giving his friend a fat hand, "I'll pay for it."

"We'll see the owner right away," laughed Andrea, his nervousness overcome by a hope that the great man's visit would bring relief to the present stringency.

Mr. Rose entered, threw his fur coat across a chair and began at once his stately progress round the wall's.

"H'm!" he decided at last. "Nothing new—place bare as a bone. What's become of those Flemish landscapes?"

"Sold," explained Andrea.

"Who got them?"

"Prosper Clement."

"That robber!" Rose grunted. "Probably he's got them on exhibition as genuine Jacob van Ruysdaels. Are they?"

"No. But they were done by somebody who could paint Jacob van Ruysdaels—that's practically the same thing, isn't it?"

"Practically," agreed old Rose with a knowing wink. "When I was in London last, I saw twenty-three Turners in a little junk-shop off Soho Square. They'd fool anybody. They fooled me for a while. But they're copies."

"They're not copies," declared Romanes. "I know the place you mean. They're Turners, all right, but you can buy them for a hundred pounds apiece."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They're not Turners; that's all. An obscure genius in Chelsea paints them for a salary of five pounds a week. He doesn't copy Turner. He actually creates Turner paintings. A great museum once paid thirty thousand dollars for one of those synthetic masterpieces. There's no way of saying it isn't a Turner—possibly the old chap's soul enters the body of the little imitator and makes him paint—"

"Nonsense!" declared Mr. Rose, looking slyly round the room. "The place has changed a lot since I was here last. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Experimenting," explained Andrea, trying with all his might not to look toward the rear door.

"A bad habit at your age. I see you still have that Venetian chest."

"It's for sale now."

"So?" Rose grinned, showing his powerful teeth. "At the same price?"

"The same price."

The patron made a gesture toward his check-book; then he paused and again stared round the room.

"I don't know what the game is," he stammered suspiciously, "but it's something. What are you keeping back from me? Anything on the shelves?"

"Bare as a picked bone," protested Andrea.

ELGAR ROSE went at it again, opening drawers, closing them again, slamming cabinet doors, quite evidently on a pique. Now and then he would lay hold of an inferior piece, sniff, set it down impatiently and go rummaging again.

"No way to run a business," he muttered. "Always keeping something back—"

And it was then that he did an alarm-



Cartoon Stars make big money



"Andy" who has made big royalties for Sidney Smith.



This young lady is a money-maker for Clare Briggs.



Everybody knows The Conductor of the Toonerville Trolley by Fontaine Fox.



"Min," Andy's wife, drawn by Sidney Smith.



"Skinny" has made Clare Briggs famous.



The Powerful Katrinka brings dollars to Fontaine Fox every day.

Sidney Smith, Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox and other cartoon stars make from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year. Bud Fisher makes over \$50,000 a year from Mutt and Jeff. R. L. Goldberg's yearly income is more than \$125,000. Yet both Fisher and Goldberg started as \$15 a week illustrators. Ministers, bookkeepers, and mechanics have become successful illustrators and cartoonists through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning. Don't let your present job hold you back. Capitalize your cartoon ideas. The way is now open to you.

Send Six Cents for

A Road to Bigger Things

This book shows studio pictures of the 32 greatest American cartoonists who are on the staff of the Federal School. It tells how in one course you can learn cartooning, animated cartooning, chalk talking, and window card writing. One of these is your big field. It shows how by home study, you can learn the skill, stunts, short-cuts, and the professional touch of these famous cartoon stars on the Federal Staff.

These stars make big money from simple cartoon ideas. Do you want their fame and incomes? Just send us your name and address, with 6c to cover postage, for this book that tells you how. Be sure to give your age and present occupation.

Do it NOW!



Federal School of Applied Cartooning

079 Warner Bldg.

Minneapolis, Minn.



saw the blank and frightened look on Cherry's face.

"I'm afraid I can't," she was saying like a child abashed.

"Oh, come, Miss Harlan," Andrea broke in with a good-natured laugh. "It isn't everyone who gets such a chance." Then turning to Elgar, he lied. "Miss Harlan is afraid her family mightn't like it. But I'll arrange that—just leave it to me."

That settles it, then. Eight o'clock," cried the patron of the arts quite merrily. "Now, remember, Miss Harlan, Mr. Ramirez is responsible for you!"

His bow was all for Cherry as he closed the door behind him.

"What's his name?" she asked in a faint little voice.

"Elgar Rose," said Andrea, already regretting his rash acceptance.

"You don't mean the big clothing-millionaire?"

"Yes. He's one of the greatest collectors in America—in the world. I want you to see his house. It's an education in itself."

"Oh!"

She was standing at the window, and as Andrea was aware, her heavenly eyes bent down to watch the top of a fat blue limousine moving slowly away toward Fifth Avenue.

AS Andrea looked back upon it, he was convinced that a clairvoyance peculiarly feminine had warned Cherry Harlan against Elgar Rose's invitation. Poor Andrea's thought in the matter had been all for her. She had been in the making more than a year now; her beauty-sense had flowered; the shoddy varnish of Fourteenth street had been all but rubbed away. She was becoming the adorable thing he would possess—it was not like Romance to admit perfection until every test had convinced him. But after the first instinctive qualm had passed, he found her in a state of eagerness to be taken to the treasure-house which stood so high in Andrea's regard. Cherry was as always hungry to learn, to aid in the splendid experiment with her soul.

It was Andrea who saw to it that she should be becomingly arrayed for her first occasion in the great world. Some months before, he had bought for her a number of gowns of cut and material which he approved. Therefore she drifted into Rose's Florentine drawing-room looking cool as a moonbeam in a gown of silvery gray; in her ears she wore aquamarines in old French settings which Andrea had borrowed from his stock. She did well that evening—too well, perhaps. Proud as he might have been of his work, Andrea was a little frightened. It was not so much the impression she made on the company as the impression the company made on her.

Mr. Rose had selected his party with the discrimination he showed in everything. A landscape painter, a sculptor and an art critic came with their wives. The *haut ton*—who had long since decided to gild away Elgar's grubby origin—was thinly represented in the persons of two bachelors who, being esthetically inclined, were tolerated as amiable eccentrics among their social connections. A French prima donna, brilliant, wicked,



**Wanted
At \$1,000 a Month**

Can You Fill This Job?

AN official of one of the largest concerns of its kind in the United States recently asked us to put him in touch with men capable of earning \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. His letter is typical of many others we receive stating how difficult it is to find men qualified for big jobs.

WE are being called upon constantly to recommend applicants who have been examined and coached by us in special and general executive work.

OUR success in training men and women, capable of qualifying for important executive positions, has given us a nation-wide reputation among large business concerns for developing employees for positions paying \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year and up. Our service has the written endorsement of many of America's leading corporation officials, bankers and business executives.

THE practical value of this service has been tested by men holding responsible positions in practically every large corporation in this country, including 364 employees of Armour and Company; 390 of the Standard Oil Company; 811 of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; 309 of the United States Steel Corporation; 214 of the Ford Motor Company; 303 of Swift and Company, etc.

HIGH-GRADE positions are always seeking applicants of superior intelligence and training. By our methods we find employees in subordinate positions who have the inherent ability to direct responsible work, but who need only the proper vocational guidance and special training that we supply to make them high-priced men. For instance, we developed a \$20 a week ledger clerk into a \$7,200 a year Auditor; a \$70 a month

shipping clerk into the Traffic Manager of a big rail and steamship line; a \$300 a month accountant into a \$70,000 a year executive; a small town station agent into a successful lawyer and district attorney; a bookkeeper into a bank executive, etc.

ADVANCEMENT is not a difficult problem for men who prepare themselves for promotion thru LaSalle training. A short period of preliminary training by mail, under the personal direction of LaSalle experts, has been sufficient to increase the earning power of thousands of men from 100% to 600%.

IF YOU are really ambitious to place yourself in a position of higher executive responsibilities in line with your natural qualifications, and without sacrificing the best part of your life in waiting for bigger opportunities, write us fully and freely as to the kind of position it is your ambition to fill. We will advise you promptly how our training and service may be of advantage in solving your personal problem of advancement. We have an organization of more than 1,150 people; financial resources over \$4,000,000, and representatives in all the leading cities of America. Our sole business is to help men to better positions.

IT WILL cost you nothing to investigate this opportunity, and you may find out some surprising possibilities about yourself and your future that are unknown to you now. Mark and mail the coupon below, indicating the kind of position for which you would like to qualify. We will send full particulars, also a free copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a book that has been an inspiration to more than 215,000 ambitious men. Send for your copy now.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
Dept. 766-R Chicago, Illinois

Send me free "Ten Years' Promotion in One," also catalog and particulars regarding course and service in the department I have marked with an X.

- ☐ HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY: Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.
- ☐ LAW: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ COMMERCIAL LAW: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ BANKING AND FINANCE: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ EXPERT BOOKKEEPING: Training for position of Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ BUSINESS ENGLISH: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

- ☐ BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ BUSINESS LETTER WRITING: Training for positions as Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors, and all executive letter-writing positions.
- ☐ INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY: Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of industrial efficiency.
- ☐ COMMERCIAL SPANISH: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.



- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC: Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, etc.
- ☐ EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Chautauques, etc.

Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

Wave Your Own Hair
IN 20 MINUTES BY THIS SIMPLE
LITTLE DEVICE WITHOUT HEAT

WEST ELECTRIC
Hair Curlers



Product: most beautiful and lasting wave
Cannot catch, break or injure the hair.

Card of 5-25* Card of 2-10*

West Hair Nets
GOLD SEAL 25 Cents
Tourist 3 for 50 Cents
Beach and Motor 15 Cents
GRAY AND WHITE Double Price
Full head size—made by hand
from long strong human
hair. Free from knots.
Perfect match in all shades,
including gray and white.
On sale at most
good stores or sup-
plied direct on re-
ceipt of price and
your dealer's name.



Look for
this
folding
cabinet.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**Fashion says
the use of
DEL-A-TONE**

is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.



Druggists sell Delatone
or an original 1 oz. jar
will be mailed to any
address on receipt of
\$1 by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. LT, 399 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

cultured, added sparkle to an occasion which, lacking her wit, might have been heavy.

"I did not know zey made zem in America," she whispered quite audibly, looking over at the girl whom old Rose had been devouring with his attentions.

"Come, come, noble ally!" laughed Andrea, who had been watching the comedy between his pupil and the patron of art. "Try to admit that the Yankees do a first-class job now and then."

"Yanki! First class zhob!" she drawled through her wicked little nose. "But she is not of the New York. She must be made in Petrograd or Italie—no? Browning should have discovered her. You read Browning?"

"Sometimes."

Andrea's eyes again strayed anxiously toward his yellow-haired pupil.

"*Porphyria's Lover*—you remember?"

"What makes you think of that?"

"Zat leetle neck, zat yellow hair—"

He shifted the topic with almost hysterical haste as he vaguely recalled the tale of *Porphyria*, whose lover strangled her in her hair on the eve of her marriage to a rich old man.

That night when he took her back to her hotel, Cherry's pale cheeks had flowered to pink, and her eyes were dancing with excitement.

"How did you like it?" he dared at last to ask her.

"Andrea," she said, as though she had not heard his question, "one of those pictures—the one by Franz Hals showing the girl in the stiff skirt with the wineglass in her hand—is worth half a million dollars."

"There's a great market for Hals," he agreed.

"Think of it! Half a million for one picture! Didn't it make the artist awfully rich?"

"Hals? There were times when he couldn't buy paint to put on his canvas."

"Oh!" She thought awhile. "And I suppose people didn't think much of his pictures when they were kicking round cheap boarding-houses."

"I suppose not. Beauty requires background—a diamond, after all, is only a pebble until it has been cut and polished."

"Are you going to take me to the opera tomorrow night?" she asked when they were saying good night. "Mr. Rose has asked us to come and sit in his box."

"Do you want to go?"

"Do I? Andrea! To sit up there in the golden row we've been looking at from a distance! What's the matter, Andrea? Don't you want to go?"

"Of course I want you to go, my dear."

MIDSUMMER!

Will be marked in The Red Book Magazine for August, by the greatest collection of American short stories reflecting this amazing day that any magazine has ever published. It will be well for you to ask your newsdealer to save you a copy of the August issue.

It's 'Orphée'—how I envy you your first impression of it! We'll get the book and read up on it tomorrow."

And they shook hands conveniently as they always did when saying good night at Cherry's hotel.

IT was a pretty sight, at this stage of her education, to see her asking his consent to do that which, as a free woman, she had a perfect right to do. Andrea had no intention to warn her against Mr. Rose. Why should he? In his capacity as guide into the labyrinth of art, he might as well have warned her against the Metropolitan Museum as against the marvelous house of Elgar Rose. That he took her there with an enthusiasm entirely simulated upon the old collector's invitations, which were growing more and more frequent.

But the time came when Cherry did not ask Andrea's consent. She was away from him a great deal; he saw suggestion in her eyes when she came round to the loft, took off her little hat and pretended to busy herself among his things just as she used to do. He was smiling and patient, but a wall of ice lay between them. She never got very close to him during that terrible phase in Andrea's story.

Romanes' manner of life had bred in him a certain cynicism, I think. You can't be forever falling in love, even with inanimate beauties—loving them, and selling them again—without becoming, to an extent, a sophist. So Andrea held her peace, permitting her to come and go, saying little, asking less. But sometimes her ultramarine eyes, showing through the north light in a sort of saintly supplication, plainly revealed that she knew he knew. Then it was that the Oriental in him would hiss like keen steel upon a whetstone, and he frightened himself with the thought of *Porphyria's* lover, who saved the price of a great wedding by twisting a hank of golden hair into a clever hangman's knot.

Then one day he saw them together on Fifth Avenue. They were entering the shop of a fashionable photographer. Cherry beaming with delight, old Rose waddling behind like a stately penguin glorious in a fine coat of feathers. That was too much for Andrea. He waited until six o'clock that night, then rang up Rose's town house and made an appointment for an interview that evening.

He found old Elgar alone in his Chinese room, a stiff interior all in straight lines, with delicate designs in carved teak, and old gilt at the angles of the doors. The small room was severely formal, its detail exquisite. On the flat gray walls hung narrow panels framed in teak—winter scenes, mostly, showing deer and fabulous animals coming down misty trails out of mountains as fragile as the mists that veiled them. Straight-legged tables and chairs were set at stiff intervals; against the wall three onyx-topped cabinets glowed softly with a watery green light—the Rose collection of jade.

"Well, well!" cried old Elgar, looking more mandarin-like than ever in a beaded dinner-jacket as he waddled forward and presented a fat hand. "George, Andrea, I'm glad you dropped in. Just got three fine incense-boxes out of

for
summer
days

MAVIS

TALC - TOILET WATER

Mavis Talc

During the sultry days of summer, Mavis talc is as soothing to the skin as a cool breath of mountain air.

Mavis Toilet Water

Refreshing—fragrant—delightful! A summer luxury that has become a necessity because it brings unusual comfort. These MAVIS preparations create summer comfort.

Talc
Toilet Water
Perfume

Face Powder
Rouge
Sachet

Irresistible!

Have You Heard The Mavis Waltz?

A beautiful melody that expresses the fragrance of Mavis. It will be sent you for six cents in stamps. Hear it on the Emerson Record, No. 10152 for sale at all phonograph shops.

PARIS

VIVAUDOU

NEW YORK



BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

The Profession That Pays Big Incomes

Never before have there been so many splendid opportunities for trained accountants—men whose training combines a knowledge of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Income Tax Work, Management and Finance. Few professions offer better opportunities to young men of ambition and intelligence. The tremendous business growth of this country has created a rich field for the expert. There are only about 3,000 Certified Public Accountants to do the work of the half million concerns needing proficient accounting service. The expert accountant is needed today in every big business organization.

Knowledge of Bookkeeping Unnecessary to Begin

If you are ambitious, you can train for one of these big positions. The LaSalle method will train you by mail under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a large staff of Certified Public Accountants including members of the American Institute of Accountants. You will be given whatever training, instruction or review on the subject of bookkeeping you may personally need—and without any expense to you. Our big free book on the accountancy profession fully explains how we train you from the ground up, according to your individual needs, from the simplest bookkeeping principles to the most advanced accounting problems. All text material supplied in the course has been especially prepared in clear, easy-to-understand language so that you can readily master the principles by home study.

Send for the Facts Now

Mail the coupon now and get our free book which fully describes our expert training course and tells all about our Money-Back Guarantee, C. P. A. examinations, state regulations, salaries and incomes, and how you can qualify for a high-grade accounting position without interference with your present position. Send in the coupon and find out how we have helped over 215,000 ambitious men, and learn what we can do for you.

Valuable Book FREE

A prominent Chicago executive says: "Get this book, 'Ten Years' Promotion in One,' even if it costs you \$5.00 for a copy." Let us send it to you free, with literature explaining how you can train for a Higher Accountancy job without interference with your present duties.

Send coupon today—
NOW.



— Mail This Coupon —
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
Dept. 766-H Chicago, Illinois

Send at once, without cost or obligation to me, your valuable book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," also your book of Accountancy Facts and full details of your course in Higher Accounting.

Name _____
Present Position _____
Address _____

the Tao Wo collection—all emerald jade! Still interested?"

"Always," agreed Andrea with a sorry smile as he fingered over the precious little objects which were no larger than match-boxes yet schemed with a decorative perfection.

"A nice trifle, this," crowed Elgar as he held up the smallest of the three. "Nothing like it this side of China. Ever see such color? How I love to look at jade! Remember what old Confucius said it symbolized? Kindness and purity."

"Yes," mumbled Andrea. "It's a cold stone."

"And look at this one," urged the great amateur. "Notice the imperial crest—"

"I didn't come to talk about jade," declared Romanez, setting the box down roughly.

"What's the trouble, Andrea? Decided to sell something?"

Mr. Rose was not to be disturbed by any turn.

"Sell something?" asked Andrea vaguely. "I think so."

ROMANEZ looked at his patron a long time with his odd, unfathomable gaze, and then he said:

"Mr. Rose, what are your intentions toward Miss Harlan?"

"Miss Harlan?" For the first time Rose betrayed his uneasiness.

"There's no use beating about the bush," Andrea went on, now cool as the jade at his elbow. "You and I have dealt together too long to harbor pretenses. I know that you have taken a fancy to her and have been showering her with favors—and she's been accepting them. That's all very well. But of course, you understand, it can't go on indefinitely."

"Look here, Andrea," broke in Rose, showing his square teeth in a stiff smile as he reddened to the shade of brick, "in what capacity are you talking? Brother, maybe, or father?"

"Both. She hasn't a living relative worth rat-poison. Whatever she is I've made her, and I don't intend to see her thrown away."

"She won't be thrown away!" The ungainly face purpled with eagerness, and the fat hand clutched the teak chair-arm. "Andrea, if she's your girl—"

"I beg your pardon!" the knife-edge hissed upon its whetstone.

"I beg yours. I'm absolutely puzzled as to the situation."

"I'm taking care of that," said Andrea coldly. "Now answer me one question. Are your intentions—serious?"

"Serious? My God!" Again the fingers bit into the hard teak. "Andrea, I'm an old man. But I'm rich, and I have all the beauty in the world to offer—material beauty. Yet I'd burn my collections, I'd walk in rags, for her."

"That's just the thing she wouldn't like you to do," said Andrea a little dryly. "But let's come to the point. Are you willing to marry her?"

"Do you think she would?" Old Rose came to his feet, electrified.

"Haven't you asked her?"

"Yes. But you know how women are. There's something always in the way. I think it's you."

ANDREA bit his lip under his fine mustache and was silent for a moment before he went on in a sober tone:

"I have been in the way, yes. But I've come to you to talk over that point. Mr. Rose, there's no sense in my interfering. Don't you see what I've done? I took her out of a motion-picture booth, educated her in art and the fine things of the world, showed her the whole fairhand of wealth, showed her what all the silversmiths, lapidaries, ivory-carvers, weavers, painters, singers of the world have been working for five thousand years to give to beautiful women. I've educated a taste for luxury in her; yet what have I to satisfy that taste? A grubby old lot in Twenty-third Street, a jumble of old objects which I keep for a week, then pass on to the rich men who can afford them. You see it, Rose. She's a luxury beyond my means, that's all. So I'm offering her to you—perfect. . . . I intended to marry her myself, if that's any guarantee."

"I believe she's in love with you," muttered the old man, pausing in his walk round the Chinese rug.

"Do you?" asked Andrea with a wan smile. "Should that make any difference?"

"What is your proposition?"

The teak chair groaned in every joint as old Rose threw himself into it.

"If I persuade her?"

The fiery head nodded slowly, and the amber eyes narrowed behind thick glasses.

"That you go on with her education, that you keep her always among beautiful things."

"No trouble about that," said Elgar thickly. "Anything else?"

"Another thing—yes."

Andrea drew a cigarette from the old leather case he carried, but he held it unsteadily between his delicate fingers.

"I'm a dealer by instinct," he went on. "My ancestors were traders and gypsies. This is something very precious that I am handing over to you without price—"

"Oh, then you want a settlement!" Rose showed his square teeth.

"Don't insult me. I'm thinking of much of her as of myself. She'll be very happy with you, because you represent the things she's learned to worship. But there will be times when she'll refuse to feed on jade and ivory and carved wood. They fade rapidly, these flowers of heaven—"

"Just what are you getting at?" demanded the old man, leaning forward to regard his visitor.

"The other condition."

"Well, come out with it. I've asked you that."

"Just this. You'll marry her, and there'll be a great to-do. I shouldn't wonder if you'd fancy a high-church ceremony with a vested choir and a scarlet carpet across the sidewalk. Then she'll be yours to look at every day, three hundred and sixty-four days in the year—"

"Three hundred and sixty-four?"

"Three hundred and sixty-four," explained Andrea patiently. "There's my condition."

"What happens to her on the three hundred and sixty-fifth?" asked Elgar.



SHE CHARGED: "Men are too lax in these matters"
HE REPLIED: "I admit it; but have women the right to judge them?"

RECENTLY I published the letter of a woman who had written me protesting against what she called my "unfairness" in setting up a standard for women which I did not seem to apply to men.

"Get after the men," she wrote. "They are the real offenders in these matters. Few women I know need to be told these facts about themselves; but most men I know certainly do."

To this a man now replies: "I must admit the truth of what your correspondent says, most men are too lax in these matters. But after all, have women the right to judge men where so many women fail? Is it not natural we should look to your sex for a standard in such matters? I can well believe that no woman who was conscious of the fact would let perspiration odor or moisture mar her daintiness. But every man knows how many unconscious offenders there are, even among the very nicest women."

Adam-like, the man tries to excuse his sex by blaming Eve. But it will not do. Undoubtedly all women have not yet learned how necessary it is to take precautions against perspiration. But this does not alter nor excuse the fact that men as a whole are much more lax than women in this matter of personal fastidiousness.

An old fault—common to most of us
 It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to

this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly

harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 815 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agence Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agence Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneva. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W.C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Co., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City. For U. S. A. to

The Odorono Company

815 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Clean Your Closet Bowl the Easiest Way

SCRUBBING and scouring are no longer necessary to keep the closet bowl clean and white. Sani-Flush takes all the hard work off your hands and produces far better results than you could obtain in the old way.

Follow the directions on the can; the rust stains, incrustations and markings in the bowl will promptly disappear and the closet bowl will be left as glistening white as new and absolutely odorless.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and housefurnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send us 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

The Hygienic Products Co.

723 Walnut Ave., Canton, Ohio

Canadian Agents:

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD., Toronto



"Then she must come to me."

The old man's mouth, which had fallen open, emitted one tremendous fat laugh.

"You're a curio," he said, but there was no humor in his tone. "Have you decided what day in the year is to be devoted to this peculiar arrangement?"

Andrea had not decided; but across his impressionable mind there flashed a picture—a fearful jumble of electric lights, a glassy booth on Fourteenth Street, a Della Robbia saint with a profile slightly turned against a background of cerulean blue.

"The thirteenth of November," said Andrea, for that was the night upon which he had first beheld her.

There fell a long silence. Elgar Rose lit a fresh cigar, puffed reflectively, then reached over to the table and picked up a jade box. It was the smallest and most precious of the three which he held in his great palm, turning it over and over as though its fabulous coolness and exquisite carving brought pleasure to his sense. It might have been Cherry's soul which he held thus, a thing to be possessed and prized. And Andrea knew that he would be good to her.

ON SCARLET WINGS

(Continued from page 61)

the corridor and saw Ben Melburn come in at the door.

We watched him in breathless tension as he went to the desk and began to write Bertha Wilson's death-certificate. Only the scratching of his pen broke the silence. Then he spoke. I wish that I might set down the cool impersonality of his voice.

"The wagon-man tells me," he said, "that this woman was, in her time, one of the most famous crooks in the world. Queer, isn't it, how they all come to this? It's something in the blood, I begin to think. They start wrong, and they go wrong, and nothing we can do, whether we're physicians to the body or physicians to the soul, ever really brings them straight."

Mollie Baird had not moved from her post at the window, and her eyes had watched him broodingly. She turned to me a gimleting gaze. Plainier than words, she was asking me one question. Would I tell Ben Melburn the truth that might separate them?

I shook my head in negation.

She moved across the room until she stood before him. Unflinchingly she looked down at him as he lifted to her that old look of tender solicitude. "Bertha Wilson is my mother," she said.

"Mollie!" he cried, springing up to come near to her. "Mollie, you don't think that this could make any difference to me?"

THE look that she gave him was not sorrow but scorn. "No," she said, "I'd never be the wife for you—even if I wanted to forget. It's in the blood, as you said, and we all come to the same end."

She went out of the room without a backward look.

I followed her up the stairs and found her standing over Bertha Wilson's bier.

"Go see what she thinks about it," commanded Rose at last gruffly.

THEY were married in December at Swithen's fashionable church, which Elgar Rose had recently become convert. Society came more in anger, slightly puzzled as to what it was all about, but willing to forgive anything in so mighty a patron of the arts. Mr. Rose had payed well for the newspaper publicity which informed the world that Miss Harlan had been a goddess and had come of an impoverished English aristocracy. People wondered why the world knew so little about her, even as they admired the beautiful picture she made before the altar. Some artist chap named Romance gave the bride away.

Anything more of interest? Oh, yes. My wife found this paragraph in one of the morning papers which featured the event. She tore it out with a hairpin, so the text was mangled, but I got much of it:

... which she wore over her underskirt of silver. The bride's veil was of antique Point d'Alençon.

She spoke to me with a hard determination more certain than hostility. "I'm going away," she said.

"Mollie," I pleaded, "remember to you said to me: Think of what you can give him. Even I can see that."

"No," she said, "I could give him nothing. I thought that he was of my kind but he isn't. He's of yours."

"You are unjust, Mollie."

"Unjust? How could he help it? His life, and he'll have it, just as you have yours, and I'll have mine. You'll be good to him, won't you? Not his fault that he doesn't see."

"I shall try," I answered. "Only—"

"It's no use," she said. "Wild people don't nest in a temperate climate." She smiled a little sadly on the face that once glowed in pride upon her. It was a strange look to give to the dead—sorrow, and yet more than sorrow, might be the seal, I thought, of their ship.

I HAD to take the message back to Melburn. The gold of sunrise gleaming on the windows across the street. Wagons rattled noisily over the cobblestones; an elevated train roared into spur station; and boats boomed long signals from the river. The city awakened to another day. Gone was the night of watching and of death. I felt, as I told him of Mollie Baird's decision, that something had died for both of us. The greatest thing in his life, the most vivid thing in mine, was going from us. A swift bird of passage, less, gorgeous, luring, she had fallen down into a nest of city sparrows, the sparrows, for a little while, in feeble soaring toward the great sky as she rose in wild flight on scarlet wings.

Hot towels and finger rubbing not needed with Palmolive Shaving Cream. See this for yourself. Use a trial tube free.



Stop Shaving the old way

There is no need to use hot towels to soften the beard. Nor to rub the beard. Nor to submit your face to a lather that dries quickly and irritates the skin.

Once such things were considered a necessary evil in shaving. But they are without reason today. For science has found a better way of preparing the beard for the razor. An easier way. And a quicker way.

It lies in the use of Palmolive Shaving Cream. And to show what a big difference it makes in shaving, we are sending trial tube free to every man who requests it.



Palmolive lather maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes and thus lubricates the shave.

Secret of softening the beard

Every hair of the beard is coated with a natural oil. And that oil has been an obstacle in shaving.

The ordinary shaving soap or cream fails to cope effectively with this oil. Thus the beard cannot absorb water enough or quickly enough to make the hair cut easily. That is why men have had to use hot towels and rub the beard with the fingers—to force moisture into the beard.

Palmolive lather instantly emulsifies the oil on the beard. Then the beard—a horny substance—quickly absorbs the water. It absorbs 15 per cent of water within one minute after lathering, as proved by laboratory tests. And that makes a wiry beard wax-like.

This achievement alone cost us 18 months of effort. And we tried out 130 formulas.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee U. S. A.

Copyright The Palmolive Co. 1920

Stays foamy 10 minutes

Palmolive makes a richer, creamier lather than you have ever known. And it stays moist and foamy on the face 10 minutes. You don't have to relather.

A mere bit is ample for a shave. For Palmolive multiplies itself in lather 250 times. There's enough for 152 shaves in the regular size. A cream that is so active, you know, is something new.

Palmolive is also a lotion. It contains palm and olive oils. Thus it soothes and refreshes the skin, and gives a delightful "after feel."

Try it FREE

Note that we are sending a trial tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream to all men who request it. There is no charge of any kind. Take advantage of this free offer. Learn what it means to use a lather that instantly emulsifies the oil-coat on the beard. And a lather that contains both Palm and Olive oils.

Mail coupon for free trial tube. Let your own experience reveal the wonders of Palmolive Shaving Cream.



Send For Free Trial Tube

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY,
Dept. 117, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Please send me a free trial tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

Within one minute the beard absorbs 15 per cent of water and the horniest beard becomes wax-like.

SEND NO MONEY ONLY THE COUPON

SAVE \$43
New \$100 Oliver only \$57

*A finer
typewriter at
a fair price*

YES, we will ship you a new Oliver for five days' free trial in your home or office without a cent in advance from you. Mail only the coupon—no money. Use the Oliver all you wish for five days. Choose for yourself whether you want to keep it or not. If you decide to buy, pay only \$3 a month. If you don't want to keep the Oliver, send it back at our expense. We even refund outgoing charges; so you can't lose a penny on this offer.

Our new plan

Our new plan saves you \$43. It gives you a new \$100 Oliver for only \$57. If we were selling the old way we would still have to charge \$100 for the Oliver. But during the war we learned many economies. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. As a result, \$57 now buys the identical Oliver formerly priced at \$100.

Pay only \$3 a month

Take over a year to pay for your Oliver and have the use of the machine all the time. Only \$3 a month is all you need remit. Think of getting a brand new Oliver No. 9 on terms so easy as to average only about ten cents a day. No longer is it necessary for anyone to think of putting good money into a second-hand or rebuilt machine.

Mail the coupon

Send no money on this offer. The coupon brings the Oliver for free trial. Fill it out now and mail at once. Don't hesitate, for you risk nothing. If, however, you should wish our catalog before ordering, simply mark the coupon accordingly. But the better way is to get the Oliver for free trial and judge it by actual use!

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
115A Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Illinois



August 1, 1920, the price of the Oliver Typewriter will be \$64. We are compelled to make this advance because of the increased cost of production. The Oliver remains the same. We will not lower its quality. The addition in cost insures its superiority. The \$57 price of the Oliver has been widely advertised. We want to be entirely fair so we notify you in advance of the change.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY 115A Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$57 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me, under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name

Street Address

City.....State

Occupation or Business

Hire



"I Said Hires"

IT is important that *you* say "Hires." Because Hires is pure and healthful; while imitations of Hires, being artificially made, may be harmful.

Nothing goes into Hires but the pure, healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries—and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is

maintained in spite of tremendously increased costs of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.

Don't trifle with imitations. Say "Hires" at the fountain or order in bottles, by the case, from your dealer.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Hires contains juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries



**MAKES
STURDY
LEGS**

CUT HERE

Run a sharp knife along the dotted line and separate edges to
make it gap. See that the gap is closed after the required amount
of food is poured out. Don't cut top off.

Grape=Nuts

REGISTERED IN UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

Made of Wheat and Barley

MANUFACTURED BY

Postum Cereal Company

Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

A FOOD

Containing the natural nutritive elements of these
field grains thoroughly and scientifically baked

ECONOMY

Four heaping teaspoonsful of GRAPE-NUTS for
the cereal part of a meal is sufficient for an
ordinary person. More may be used if desired.

NET WEIGHT TWELVE OZS.

Grape=Nuts

**A wonderful food for
Children and Grown-ups**

